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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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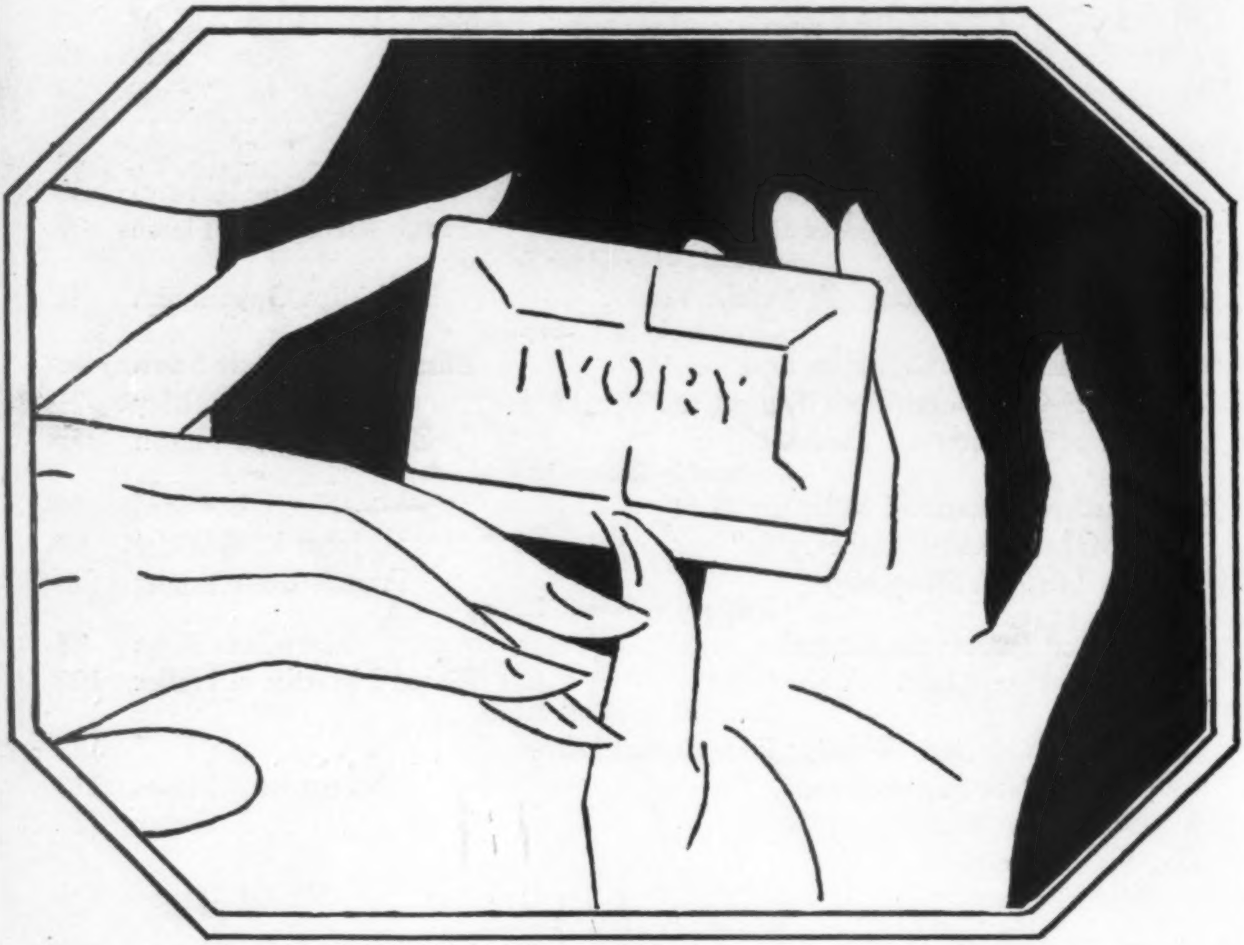

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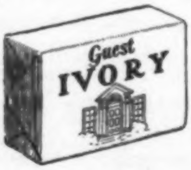

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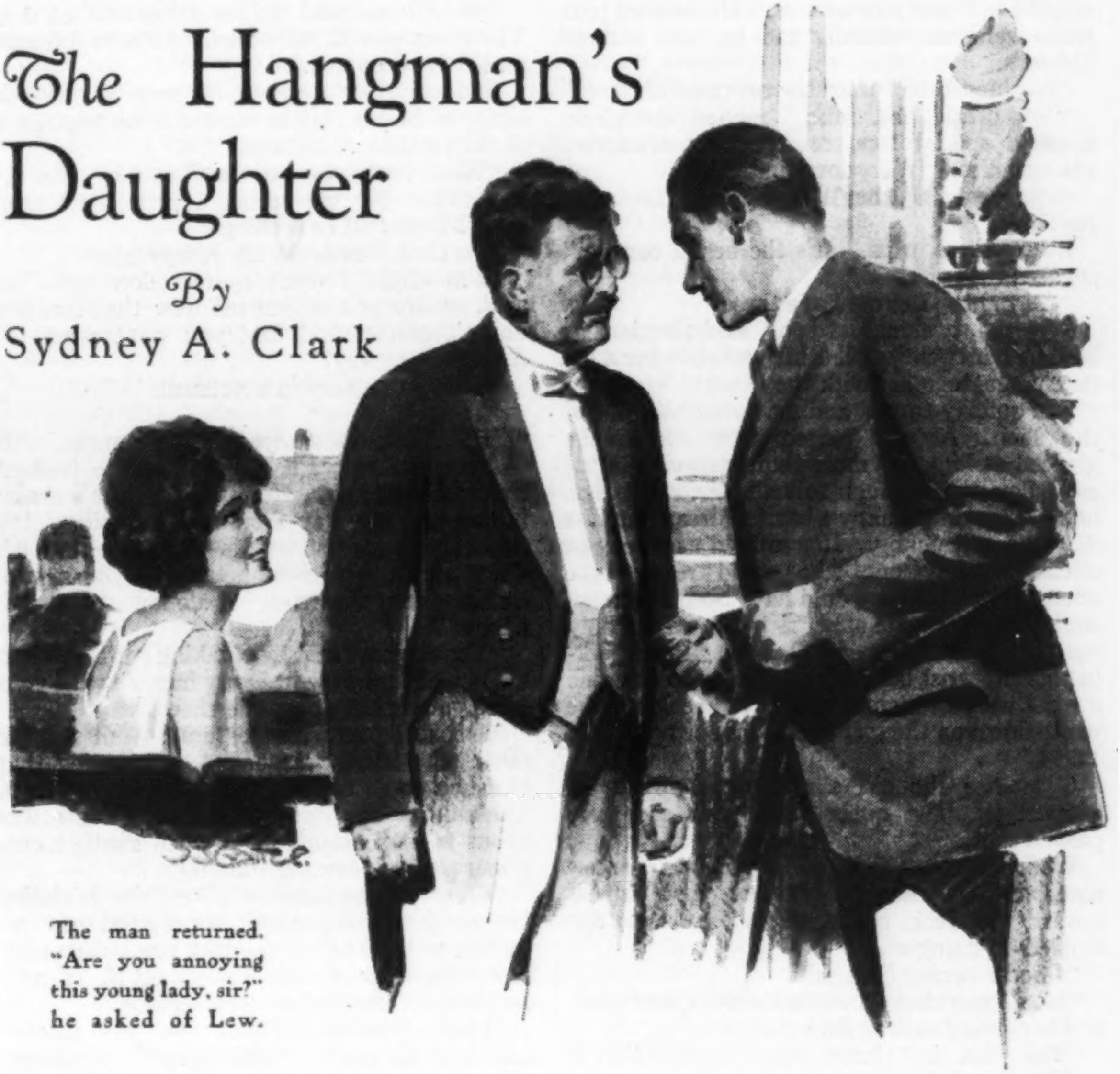
Advertising section continued in rear of book

A young realtor and a spirited girl play ducks and drakes with the plans of a hard-headed business man

The Hangman's Daughter

By Sydney A. Clark



The man returned. "Are you annoying this young lady, sir?" he asked of Lew.

LEWIS FFOYLE stood before Telson's, hesitating whether to go in and chance another rebuff. He had been chancing them and receiving them steadily all the morning. As a real estate broker, a young one with his way to make, he knew that rebuffs were all in the day's work, and he took them standing up. There was, however, a limit for one morning, and he was beginning to feel that the limit had been reached. All up and down Hamilton Street he had been trying in vain to stir up some business, especially among the smaller shops where his chances of success would be greater. But it seemed that every small shop-owner on the street was eminently satisfied with his present location; would not consider expansion, sale of lease, branch stores, anything. Furthermore they were all full of business, real or quasi, and with varying degrees of courtesy wished the young man on his way.

He stood now before Telson's, watching the customers hurry in, wrangle for a few moments with one of the clerks, and emerge with the little pasteboards that meant orchestra or box seats at the *Follies* or one of the other popular shows. A rebuff here would be particularly conspicuous, with the wealthy customers looking him over from beneath raised eyebrows. He decided to settle the thing by tossing a coin. Heads he'd go in. Tails he wouldn't. It was tails.

With a sigh of gratitude he strode away, but suddenly wheeled around to a dead stop, staring again at the fascinating Telson's. A young lady swathed in rich gray furs was entering. Lew Ffoyle, standing outside in a slightly frayed overcoat, reached a decision as sudden as it was momentous. He decided that coins were not reliable, and he, too, entered Telson's.

"Nothing better than the seventeenth row?"

"I'm afraid not, miss," replied the clerk, using a special tone reserved for attractive young ladies. "Very sorry indeed."

"Oh, dear. Father'll be upset. He's very particular."

"Very sorry, miss. It's the best I can do," sugared the clerk.

"All right. Let me have three."

"Q—ten, twelve, fourteen," said the clerk as he took her twenty dollar bill and gave her a little change, together with the tickets.

She quickly turned and made her way out of the shop. As she passed Lew Ffoyle she glanced at him—no more than glanced—but it gave Lew time enough to smile the smile that had broken down many a barrier already and its day was still young. It was bold and yet not offensive. Any one who could really take offense at that smile would have been inhuman. And the girl, in spite of her rich furs, was plainly human. Lew whipped out a pencil and jerking his left wrist before his eyes as if to examine a wrist watch which should have been there he wrote down on the soft cuff of his shirt "Q—10, 12, 14."

Of course the girl saw what he wrote or guessed it. The queer little pout she gave proved that.

Well, that was that. The girl was gone—northward on Hamilton Street. Lew drifted toward the clerk, completely at sea as to his motives in doing so.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, sir. Seats for the *Follies* or *The Green Peach* or *Richelieu* or—"

"The fact is," interrupted Lew, "I'm a realtor and was going to try to interest you in a branch shop so that Telson's could sell more tickets, but now that you put it up to me I might buy a seat to some show if you've got just the right one. I'm pretty particular."

The clerk looked at him rather frostily. There was nothing sugary about his tone as he said:

"State your wishes, please."

Lew did not know what show he wanted but he knew the row.

"To tell you the truth," he said, lowering his tone confidentially, "my eyes are focussed so delicately that unless I get just about the right seat I can't see well. Too far front or back it's all a blur. What have you got on the seventeenth row? The show doesn't matter."

The clerk stared at him coldly.

"I could give you one for the *Green Peach*," he said without emotion.

"That all? Haven't got any on that row for the *Follies*, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Or *Richelieu?*"

"No. I just sold the last three on that row. The lower priced seats begin at the eighteenth and they're all sold."

Suddenly Lew made up his mind that *Richelieu* was the one play he wanted to see regardless of the position of his seat.

"What have you got for *Richelieu?*" he demanded. "No use seeing a poor show after all. I'll see that or nothing."

The clerk was decidedly jumpy now.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," he said. "Are you telling me now that location doesn't matter and that you want a seat to *Richelieu* anyway?"

"That's the story in a nutshell."

THE clerk suddenly lost his temper. "If you ask me, I'll say you're the freshest cheese I ever saw. Here then. Here's a seat in the balcony way around at the side. It's probably the worst seat in the house, but it's about all there is in the house and you say location doesn't matter. A dollar and a half please."

"Thank you," said Lew, taking out his wallet. "You make a fellow feel very humble with your telling metaphor about the cheese."

He flashed one of his pleasantest smiles on the clerk, who faintly responded, murmuring that he never could take a joke just before lunch. The sale of the worst seat in the house was about to be consummated when another customer pressed forward and said:

"Were you looking for a seat for *Richelieu* for tonight, young man? If so, I'm just returning in three beauties—fifth row. You may as well have one of them if you want it. I can't use them. They're four forty-apiece."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you very much," said Lew turning. Three tickets! A sudden thought raced through his mind. "Three, did you say? Fifth row?"

"Yes."

"Fine. If they're so good as that I believe I'll take them all. Would you mind hurrying, sir. I've got to catch a train."

The man, smiling at his suddenness, took the seats from his pocket and handed them to Lew who gave him thirteen dollars and a half.

"Never mind the change. I'm awfully obliged," and before the customer or the ticket clerk had caught a full breath he was out of the shop and hurrying along Hamilton Street—northward.

"Hey there," he heard a voice behind him. "You're making a speculator out of me."

He knew that the customer and the clerk were enjoying a windy laugh about him and he cared not a whit. Northward! Where the deuce would she have gone when she reached Windsor Avenue? Lew approached a traffic officer who was busy sorting out dense lanes of trucks and pleasure cars at that crossing.

"Beg your pardon, officer. You haven't seen a nice-looking girl in a gray fur coat, I suppose?"

"Lord, yes. Lots of 'em," replied the officer smiling. "It's one of the troubles of a traffic officer. Hey you. Look alive!" and he bawled ferociously at a truck driver.

"Well, but one specially, you know. Extra special. Do you happen to know what direction she went? I've got to find her. Life or death."

The officer ignored his questioner for a moment, straightening out a tangle in the traffic.

Lew thought he was not going to discuss the matter further and exclaimed beseechingly.

"Hey, officer. Here."

He pressed a two dollar bill into his hand. "Get the kiddies a glass of beer when you get home. Now for God's sake where did she go? You must have noticed her."

"I don't want your money, young feller," he said gruffly as he put it carefully in his pocket. "There *was* a swell jane a couple of minutes ago turned in here toward Churchill and Lyman's. I dunno if it's her. You might try. Swell looker. Couldn't help noticing. All done up in a swell gray fur."

He blew his whistle to shift the direction of the never ceasing traffic, and Lew Ffoyle, regardless of such an unimportant thing as sudden death jaywalked straight through it at top speed, taking the shortest line to Churchill and Lyman's. He entered the great department store, the throbbing core of the city's retail trade. It was seething with shoppers, most of them wearing a strained, bargain-hunting look. To search for the girl who had flashed meteor-bright across his vision was like hunting for a needle in a haystack except that all needles look practically alike and this girl, he was ready to swear, looked like no other in the world. He walked rapidly through endless aisles. And finally he found her. He came upon her so suddenly that they both gasped and then laughed simultaneously. Swooping at aeroplane speed around a mahogany counter whereon an unblushing wax model displayed the Churchill and Lyman idea of lingerie he came head-on and nearly ran her down. She was inspecting some silk and lacy articles which she promptly dropped as if they had burned her.

"Oh," he said, floundering. "You're here."

She did not reply but turned to the lady clerk who had been waiting on her.

"I'll come back a little later," she said, and hastily turned away.

"I beg your pardon," said Lew, his ready tongue serving him badly for once. "I—I beg your pardon."

"No harm done," she said lightly over her shoulder. "You didn't *quite* run me down."

"No, but I mean I beg your pardon in another way. That is—you know—"

The girl plainly didn't know and didn't intend to discuss it.

"The fact is," he said all in a rush. "I happened to get hold of some first class tickets for *Richelieu* for tonight just after you were in Telson's. Some one came in to turn his back and I grabbed them. But it's a funny thing. I can't really use them so near the front. They're in the fifth row. My eyes won't focus for the fifth row. I wondered if you wouldn't swap yours for mine. I couldn't help hearing you as you bought those in the seventeenth and I saw you were disappointed."

THE girl looked at him doubtfully but his smile was functioning at its best.

"I don't know you," she said slowly. "Father would think—would think—"

"Yes, but in this case surely he couldn't object. Your not knowing me doesn't affect the validity of the tickets. And really you'll be doing me such a favor, too, not that you need to think of that side of it."

"But there are three tickets," she said. "Are the other two people with whom you're going so very far-sighted, too, that they have to have seats in the seventeenth row?"

Lew, in his haste, had not thought of this fine point, but his assurance was coming back.

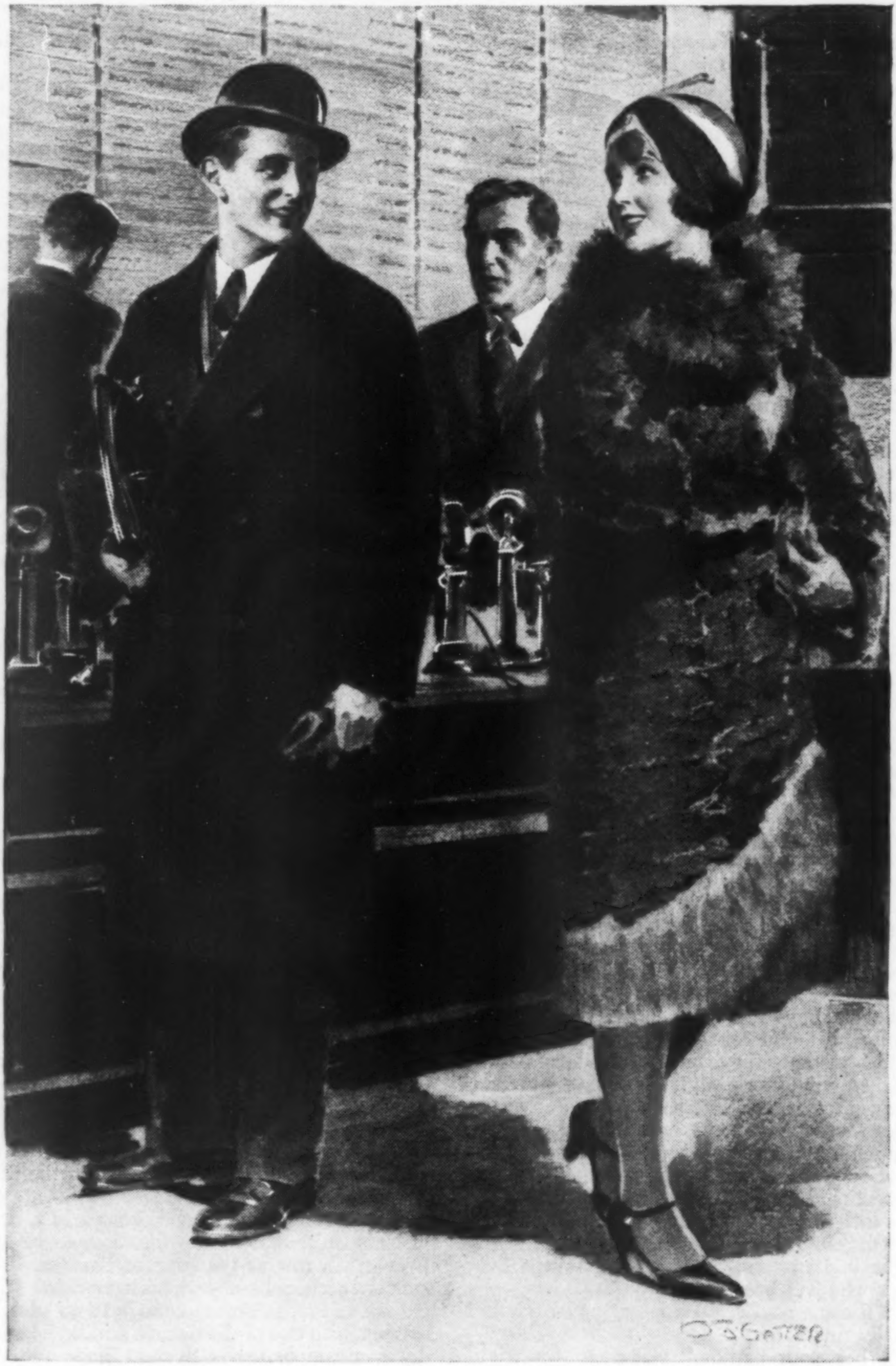
"It runs in the family," he said easily. "All the Ffoyles are far-sighted."

The girl seemed about to ask "All the what?" but checked herself and thanked him very sweetly. She took her own tickets from her purse and exchanged them for his. Lew in his turn thanked her, which made her eyes light with mischief.

"Good-by," she said. "I hope you'll enjoy *Richelieu*."

Lew was all for discussing this point further but the girl was hurrying away. A little ruefully he looked at the three tickets in his hand. Thirteen dollars and a half plus two for the policeman! And what good had it done him? The girl was probably laughing at him. He was no nearer to scraping acquaintance with her. He fell to wondering vaguely what *Richelieu* was like. If there was a snappy chorus he might as well have risked his eyes in the fifth row seats.

That evening Lew Ffoyle dressed in a neat business suit, was occupying a seat in the seventeenth row at the Empire Theater. His overcoat occupied a second, his hat a third. He had not felt quite brazen enough to go back to Telson's with two of the tickets, nor did he want any companions. His liveliest hope for the evening was that he might catch a glimpse of the girl as she came in and again as she went out. He could hardly expect to see her in the fifth row, far-sighted as he was.



Illustrated by O. J. Gatter.

As she passed Lew Ffoyle she glanced at him—no more than glanced—but it gave Lew time enough to smile the smile that had broken down many a barrier already.

The curtain went up and she had not come. Lew, oblivious to the stage, craned his neck constantly to look for her among the incoming late stragglers. Ah! Ah! There she was! The light was dim but he could not mistake her. She wore an exquisite evening wrap, but it was partly open and beneath it was a hint of lavender. She walked between two middle-aged men. That was reassuring, but a bit odd. The one with the mustache was doubtless her father, although the other was old enough to be. No doubt that was Uncle George or Uncle James.

They disappeared in the darkness of the theater, aiming, when last seen, toward row five. Lew gave scant attention to the intriguing of the wily cardinal. If the show was highbrow or low or medium what matter? He was disconsolate at the evident chasm which separated him from the girl. Her father and Uncle James of course arrayed in faultless evening dress. And she looked a queen. Lew belonged to another world. To him, for instance, thirteen dollars was thirteen dollars—a lot of money.

In the intermission at the close of the second act he noted that the girl's father and uncle rose and made their way out to the smoking-room. They had no sooner passed him than he plucked up immense spirit and hastily sought the girl. She could not do more than give him the cold shoulder, which would make matters no worse than they were.

She recognized him with a little start, but did not repulse him.

"Good evening," he said, feeling a trifle rattled. "I thought I'd come and ask you how you like the show. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes it's very good, but you really mustn't stay here. Father might come back and he's very strict."

"Well, but couldn't you tell him I'm an old schoolboy friend or something? Just happened to see you, you know?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't get across. Besides, I didn't say *I* wanted you here."

"No, but you didn't say the opposite."

"Well, you may stay just a minute. Are your seats far enough back for such a far-sighted family?"

"Oh, they do very well. The rest of the family consists of my hat and coat. They have a seat apiece."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Then that was all a bluff? I thought so, and it makes me feel very silly, to say the least. You ought not to have done it."

"But I wanted to see you again, after I had caught sight of you in Telson's. It was the only way I could do it."

"Well, you shouldn't have done it. I can't think what father would say."

"I can guess," he said smiling, "but after all there isn't any reason, is there, why I shouldn't see you? If you'll help me think of some mutual acquaintance I'll get him to introduce me."

"That's very fresh and impertinent. You must go now and not bother me."

"I'll go if you'll agree to meet me, say, at Huyler's at three o'clock Monday afternoon, so we can arrange about finding that mutual acquaintance."

"Of course I won't agree to any such thing. You sound as though you're threatening me."

"Then it's settled, is it? Huyler's at three on Monday?"

"Certainly *not*. Now *go* before I call an usher."

BUT at that very moment they both perceived that one of the girl's escorts had returned. It was the man with the mustache. He regarded Lew very sternly.

"Are you annoying this young lady, sir? Did I hear you say anything about calling an usher, my dear?"

Lew blushed handsomely. In spite of his business suit he did not cut a bad figure.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I certainly didn't intend to annoy your daughter."

The effect of this simple apology on the other two was profound and wholly inexplicable to Lew. The girl seemed divided between a paroxysm of laughter and intense mortification. The man, catching his breath sharply, was wholly and entirely angry.

"Now, go, you impudent young fool," he said hotly, "before I have you thrown out."

Lew in great bewilderment went. This last sudden turn had shocked him out of his self-possession. What on earth had he said, anyway? Perhaps he had been hasty in jumping to the conclusion that this man was the girl's father. Maybe the other one with the smooth face, who looked a trifle younger, was her father and this the uncle. But even so, that need not have brought on such a curious squall. Through the remainder of the play he puzzled over this and left the cardinal to do as he pleased with his plots and counterplots. When the audience left the theater at the end of the performance he caught a distant view of the girl with her two escorts. The man with the mustache held her arm and seemed to be marching her along rather grimly. Lew could not read her expression. Disconsolately he took himself home and to bed. This time his nerve had got him in wrong for fair!

On Monday afternoon his business took him to that section of Hamilton Street where Huyler's shop was located. Of course the girl would not come. There wasn't a Chinaman's chance. But just the same he would wander around and keep his eyes open.

She did come, looking a trifle excited and clandestine and altogether lovely. Lew's heart leaped into high.

"Oh, I just had to come," she said hurriedly. "I couldn't leave things without explaining."

"Come in," said Lew, surprised that his excitement permitted him to talk rationally. "We'll have a hot chocolate or something."

They entered and took seats at a twosome table in a far corner.

"Now I'll tell you about it," she said, eager to justify her want of convention in coming to meet him after all. "You see, Mr.—was it Fole you said?"

"Ffoyle. Two f's. Crazy name but mine just the same."

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Ffoyle, you made rather a bad break the other evening. You see Mr. Robinson, after a short smoke outside, came back to keep me company. He found you talking to me and you took him to be my father whereas he's actually—actually—well, I must say it—my fiance. You can see what a bomb it was, your taking him for my father."

"Good God!" exclaimed Lew forgetting himself.

"Yes, he's my fiance, I suppose, though Heaven knows I've had little enough to say about it." Lew could not find his tongue and she raced on: "Naturally it made him furious to be taken for my father, though your mistake was equally natural. He's only four years younger and he looks older. As for me, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I compromised by laughing then and crying when I got home."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, well, nothing. I've said too much already. I only wanted to apologize to you for Mr. Robinson's rudeness. You were very good to give us your tickets and I didn't like to think of your being treated so badly."

"But about your laughing and crying. Won't you tell me a little more about that?—what you meant?"

"N-no. I can't."

"I can understand your laughing but why did you cry?"

His persistence seemed to tempt her to speak out and finally, losing all sense of caution, she did.

"All right then. I've told you too much already so I may as well finish it. My father happens to be the president of Churchill and Lyman. My name's Esther Churchill."

Lew uttered a gasp of confusion and consternation.

"For many years his store has been in keen rivalry with Robinson Brothers. Before this city grew to be such a metropolis, they were the two leading department stores, and they still are in spite of the others that have come in. They've eyed each other and fought each other, cursed and copied each other, in regular small town style. If father opens a new department or starts a new scheme the Robinsons imitate it and try to go one better, and *vice versa*. Oh there's been no love lost, I assure you. But a little while ago father thought he was sagging a trifle under the strain. Then he suddenly conceived the idea of bringing the bitterness of the rivalry to an end—through *me*. He had the ghastly idea of marrying me off to Charles Robinson, the junior partner of Robinson Brothers, who's a widower and fifty-four and nearly bald. It was he that turned on you so fiercely at the theater. And I suppose I am really engaged to him. Father engineered it like a master strategist. He and I have been very close to each other since my mother died and he put this thing up to me in such a light that when Charles—ugh—began paying me attentions there seemed to be nothing for me to do but drift along with the current. We've been engaged for weeks now. We're to be married in two months. I've just been good—and miserable. I've never rebelled. But somehow when that old—when Mr. Robinson turned on you the other night something snapped in me. I couldn't seem to stand it any longer. I felt like running out of the theater screaming."

"So you're Mr. Rodman Churchill's daughter? Good night."

"It's only afternoon," she said in feeble raillery.

"Look here," exclaimed Lew suddenly brightening. "One thing's sure, isn't it? You don't care for this fossil of yours? You're drifting toward him only because you don't like to go against your father?"

"Since I've told you the story, yes."

"All right then. As to myself I'm a real estate broker—of less than no importance. Total estate now estimated at three hundred dollars. But I suppose there would be nothing to prevent even me from having a good idea. Now listen, Miss Churchill." He uttered her name cautiously, as if realizing the enormity of his nerve in talking to a millionaire's daughter. "It looks to me as though if you go ahead and—marry Mr. Robinson it would be, well, forming a combination in restraint of trade. It sounds sort of anti-Sherman and unethical."

THE girl smiled at him in a way that made his heart pound. "I wouldn't want to be anything as dreadful as that," she said.

Lew rode on the crest of the wave now. "I have an idea," he said. "It may not be so good, but I should think it might work and if it does—well, it lets you out for one thing."

Eagerly he outlined the inspiration that had come to him, his hot chocolate, unheeded, becoming cold chocolate. Esther Churchill listened with equal eagerness, her eyes bright.

"Oh, it's just too wonderful," she said when he had finished, "if you can do it. But father keeps a barbed wire fence all round him. He'll be hard to get at."

"I suppose so, but I don't mind barbed wire much. The scratches generally heal up. If you're with me on it I'll make an awful try."

The sparkling, eager look of her eyes gave him the answer before she spoke the words.

THE next forenoon found Lew Ffoyle anxiously pacing up and down outside the general offices of Churchill and Lyman. He had sent his card in to Mr. Rodman Churchill and was trying to keep cool in case he should win his way into that august person's presence. After what seemed an interminable wait "Information" told him that Mr. Churchill's secretary would see him. He went in and stated to the secretary that he wished to see Mr. Churchill personally. The secretary smiled coldly and said she was afraid that would be impossible, but if he would disclose the purpose of his call she would inform Mr. Churchill. Reluctantly and feeling very lame he finally told her that it was an important matter in connection with real estate.

"Ah," she said. "Real estate? Then I'm quite sure Mr. Churchill would not wish to see you. He takes up all his real estate problems with Soames and Fuller."

"Yes, but this is something quite special."

"No doubt," she said, becoming faintly acid. "Real estate matters always are. But Mr. Churchill's policy is to discuss such matters only with his own brokers."

"Then you—won't tell him I'm here?"

"I will if you insist." She was very icy now.

"If you would, please," he said, knowing all the time that he was clawing at a blank wall; "and tell him, please, that it's something very special; that it concerns his interest."

The secretary withdrew to the inner office and promptly returned in cold but faintly triumphant mood.

"Mr. Churchill says he does not care to take up real estate matters except with his regular brokers. You may talk with Messrs. Soames and Fuller if you care to."

She sat down at her desk and became very busy with letters. Lew, temporarily defeated, withdrew. He continued thereafter to try in various ways to break through the barbed wire fence. It apparently could not be done even with scratches. Telephone calls and a longhand letter marked "Personal" brought bleak results, the watch-dog secretary warding off all attacks. He was making simultaneous attacks on Robinson Brothers but with no more success. But Lew had no intention of giving up. The thought of Esther's sparkling eyes when he had outlined his plan spurred him to great ingenuity.

He learned that on fine days Mr. Churchill often walked the two miles or so from his home to his office; that he left his home, on such occasions, at about nine o'clock. He first got the hint of this from "Information" who proved immensely more friendly and confidential than the lady secretary, and subsequently he checked it up by observation. So on a conspicuously fine morning in early April he commandeered his closest personal acquaintance, Donald Thurlow, rehearsed him carefully in a conversation, and lay in ambush near the imposing Churchill house. The ambush consisted of a crossing where the two young men could appear to be waiting for a trolley-car while actually watching the Churchill front door.

At precisely nine o'clock Mr. Churchill came out, looking very much the finished product of business civilization. He walked along briskly with head erect. When he had passed the cross street and gone a little way beyond, Lew and his friend hurried across the street and, walking rapidly, gradually gained on him until they were within easy ear-shot.

"Yes Don," said Lew. "It's the handwriting on the wall. People have been talking about the Arnold Square district for ages, but nobody's quite dared to be the pioneer. Now if Robinson Brothers really take that Pinkham property the rush is on. It means the downtown retail district will be uprooted and there'll be a scramble for Arnold Square."

"And are Robinson Brothers really likely to do it?"

"It looks that way to me, Don. Agreements aren't actually signed yet." He lowered his voice somewhat but not enough to make it inaudible to Mr. Churchill. He had noted a sudden stiffening of that gentleman's carriage, though he had not turned around.

"When will they probably take possession?"

"Oh, this spring sometime if it goes through. You know Churchill and Lyman really ought to have had the property. They're the large concern, but I couldn't get through to Churchill to save my life. He keeps himself done up in barbed wire. I wasn't able to lay eyes on him because his secretary showed her teeth whenever I came near."

The figure ahead gave such a start at this point that Lew thought he would turn around. He had prepared his face for the emergency. But Mr. Churchill evidently fought down the temptation. Gradually Lew and his companion forged ahead of him, talking all the while in the most natural tones about the future of Arnold Square. When they finally separated half an hour later Lew thanked his companion and said laughing:

"Don't forget the second act, Don. You'll meet me at Wilder's at one o'clock, won't you? As for Churchill, if the old boy didn't get a jolt this time I'm mistaken. Did you see him stiffen up? I have a sneaking suspicion that I'll be able to get through to him on my next try.

[*Continued on page 145*]

A Globe Trotter Glances Back

For over thirty years Burton Holmes has spent six months of each year in foreign travel. Stories cluster about his rare collection of souvenirs gathered from every corner of the earth

by Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr.

"THE distance a man travels means nothing," says the famous sightseer. "It's not how far you go but where you go and how much time you spend along the way." Quaint and unusual local customs, dress, and individual racial characteristics generally will soon be things of the past, according to this veteran observer. Meanwhile, Americans who are going abroad in greater numbers each year will enjoy the opinions and suggestions of a man for whom travel has never lost its charm.

SOMETHING like a dozen stories up in the air, in his apartment overlooking Central Park, I met Burton Holmes, America's foremost traveler. As I entered, by the merest opening of a door, New York was left behind, and I stood in the Orient. Everything bespoke the Far East, furniture, ornaments, hangings. It might have been a Chinese mandarin's salon, so far as I could see. Later it turned out that the furnishings were more related to a temple than to a private house. Temples in China must be remarkably comfortable!

Burton Holmes is the world authority, unrivaled in his field, on where to go, what to see, and how to see it. For thirty-three years he has journeyed to every quarter of the globe, each of his trips lasting six months. The remaining six he spends in the United States, giving his famous illustrated travelogues, by means of which he takes his audiences to far countries and distant scenes, or back with him through their own country. His unusual gift for seeing things in a human way and an inborn understanding of what people would like to know or have recalled to them, results in giving his audiences an intimate slant on the customs of other countries.

"Before you sit down," greeted Mr. Holmes, "you must come and be presented to my Buddha."

The Buddha was in an adjoining room. It rested on a Japanese altar of intricate design and wealth of color. Over it hung a canopy of golden filagree resembling brass, but carved from wood, which Mr. Holmes brought back from Japan last year. On the base of the impassive god were four small crystals, which he remarked were his seismograph, apprising him of earthquakes when they fell off!

Mr. Holmes is tall and dignified. He has great charm of manner, and a delightfully quiet sense of humor, but he is far too modest concerning his talents and achievements.

"How did I come to be a professional traveler?" he repeated with a smile. "I wanted to travel, to see things, and to take pictures. To do that you must have money which I didn't have. But I had enough to start, so I took my first trip—to Japan, before a roll-top desk could come down on my hands like a pillory."

The young man inherited this love for travel, and when a boy he had acquired proficiency in photography. His first trip to Japan in 1886, then several more trips to the Orient, then his appearance before his first audiences in Chicago, decided him upon his life career.

"In return for the privilege of looking at my pictures, and hearing about what I had seen," he smiled, "I found the world would buy me a steamship ticket and a letter of credit. I am still engaged in inducing the public to continue to send me abroad as deputy sightseer."

The question of inducement is a fiction of the past. Burton Holmes and his travelogues are permanently recognized as an important part of an American's general education.

He began to travel when he was twenty-two.

"At that age," he remarked, "everything is wonderful, but I have a special feeling for Japan, and I have been back nine times."

I asked if he had favorite countries, any one that he preferred above another.

He did not answer for a few seconds, then he said reflectively, "My two favorite countries are Japan, in the Orient, and Italy in Europe. I like them because they are so good to look at,

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BURTON HOLMES, world-traveler and lecturer, made his first trip abroad in 1886 at the age of twenty-one. Since then he has made sight-seeing a profession by traveling half the time and lecturing the other half. His special fondness for the Far East is reflected in the furnishings of his home and in the valuable collection of Oriental souvenirs he has gradually accumulated over a period of years.

THE business house headed by Louis Annin Ames, of New York City, has been closely identified with the making of history in peace and war ever since our conquest of New Mexico and California in 1847. Flag making as an industry was started by Mr. Ames's grandfather.

Every Day is Flag Day to Him

Making flags has been the business of Louis Annin Ames' family for eighty years. Behind most flag designs are stories of historic symbols representing national ideals for which men have willingly laid down their lives

by Nina Purdy

A YOUNG man sat in an office of a perfume house in New York City. His assistant stuck his head in the doorway, announcing, "Your Uncle John is here to see you."

Before the words were fairly out John Annin had pushed into the room and was at his nephew's desk. "My boy, I've come to take you back with me into the business," he said.

LOYALTY to the flag is so deep-seated that people almost unconsciously respond to it. Mr. Ames tells of an English officer and his two children, a boy and a girl of twelve and fourteen, respectively, who came in to purchase a British Union Jack. When the flag was unrolled the children reverently dropped on their knees before it. Irishmen are still loyal to their old national flag displaying the harp and the shamrocks. Even now some Scots prefer their ancient Cross of St. Andrew to the red lion flag, and patriotic Poles display the old red and white spread eagle of their forefathers.

The business meant but one thing to the Annins. It meant flag making. His brother had recently died leaving a gap in the firm of the house of Annin. Therefore John, the remaining member, immediately sought his sister's child. The natural place for Louis Annin Ames, his nephew, was at his side, filling that gap. This was a family business. He could not take a stranger in. Many young men already established would have refused to follow the family tradition, but Louis Ames accepted his uncle's offer.

This was thirty years ago. Today Louis Annin Ames is president of Annin & Co., the largest flag house in the world. The company's factories, situated in New York City and at Verona, New Jersey, employ some thousand people. During the past year they turned out more flags than there are Americans—115,000,000 in all. These include pennants and banners and the national colors of countries all over the globe. They range in size from the smallest miniature flag to one 60 by 105 ft., the largest so far they have ever made. This particular one, an American flag, was displayed by a Detroit department store on May 30. Of the Annins' entire output, naturally the greatest proportion is American flags.

Mr. Ames affectionately calls his present headquarters in New York with its colorful display of flags "Old Glory Corner." There I found him, a genteel, gray-haired person with a mild and deliberate manner and an air of quiet efficiency. In marked contrast to his qualities of repose, is his sudden kindling at the mention of flag making. For to Louis Annin Ames nothing is more interesting or fascinating.

"So much is tied up in a flag," he explains, "the symbol of home and country, the history and development of nations, emotions and loyalties. All these are woven into it and with them human relationships and the idiosyncrasies. In flag making you are indissolubly linked with the drama of history, with progress, both social and scientific, and with the aims and hopes and hearts of human beings."

From the date of the founding of the house of Annin, its flags have been interwoven both with the history of the United States and with the histories of other nations.

Alexander Annin, Mr. Ames' grandfather, was the leading ship chandler of New York City. Like every ship chandler he made a few flags. In 1847, having earned a competency for himself, he retired at an early age. But when he did, he set up two of his young sons in the business of flag making.

That same year the new firm of Annin made the flags for the American armies of conquest in the wars of New Mexico and California. Three years later it figured in the history of the arts by making the flags used in the decoration of Castle Garden upon the first stage appearance of Jenny Lind in America. A little more than ten years later it participated dramatically in the history of another country by making the flags which were carried by Garibaldi's "Thousand" in their triumphal march through Italy.

During the stirring events leading up to the war between the States, and throughout that struggle, Annin & Co. continued to furnish flags to the Federal government. They made the flags used at the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln and those used at his inauguration. Shortly after, they were turning out military flags by the thousand as regiment after regiment with colors flying marched to the front. Their flags were in every engagement on land and sea from the beginning to the close of the war. And as the troops came home, their flags continued to fly over the battlefield cemeteries where the Blue and the Gray slept in a reunited country.

When the country went to war again in 1898, Annin flags went with the Navy to Santiago and Manila and as Regimental Colors for the Regulars and Volunteers, to Cuba and the Philippines. Then, when it was all over, they decorated the great Arch of the famous Dewey Parade. It was only fitting that when the country was again at war, Annin's should be the Colors presented by the Colonial Dames to the first American troops sent overseas with Pershing's Expeditionary Force in 1917.

Meanwhile Annin flags have been identified with innumerable peaceful events at home and abroad from expositions to Arctic explorations.

Not least important in its business of flag making are the personal contacts of the house of Annin with prominent public officials and world leaders. Foreign Ministers, Ambassadors, Consul-Generals, Mayors, Governors, and leaders of industry frequently call at Old Glory Corner for the purpose of discussing and ordering certain special flags. Indeed it has been Annin's proud privilege to serve three presidents of the United States who called in person to purchase flags. They were General Ulysses S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, and Theodore Roosevelt.

The First American Battle Flag

IT IS perhaps little known that the first American flag displayed "at sea" was raised by Colonel Wynkoop, commander of the *Royal Savage*, one of Benedict Arnold's little fleet in Lake Champlain, in 1776. This flag was a replica of the first striped flag, hoisted over Washington's headquarters at Cambridge. It consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes in the field and retained the colors of England, the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground, in the canton. This flag was known in England as "The Rebellious Stripes."

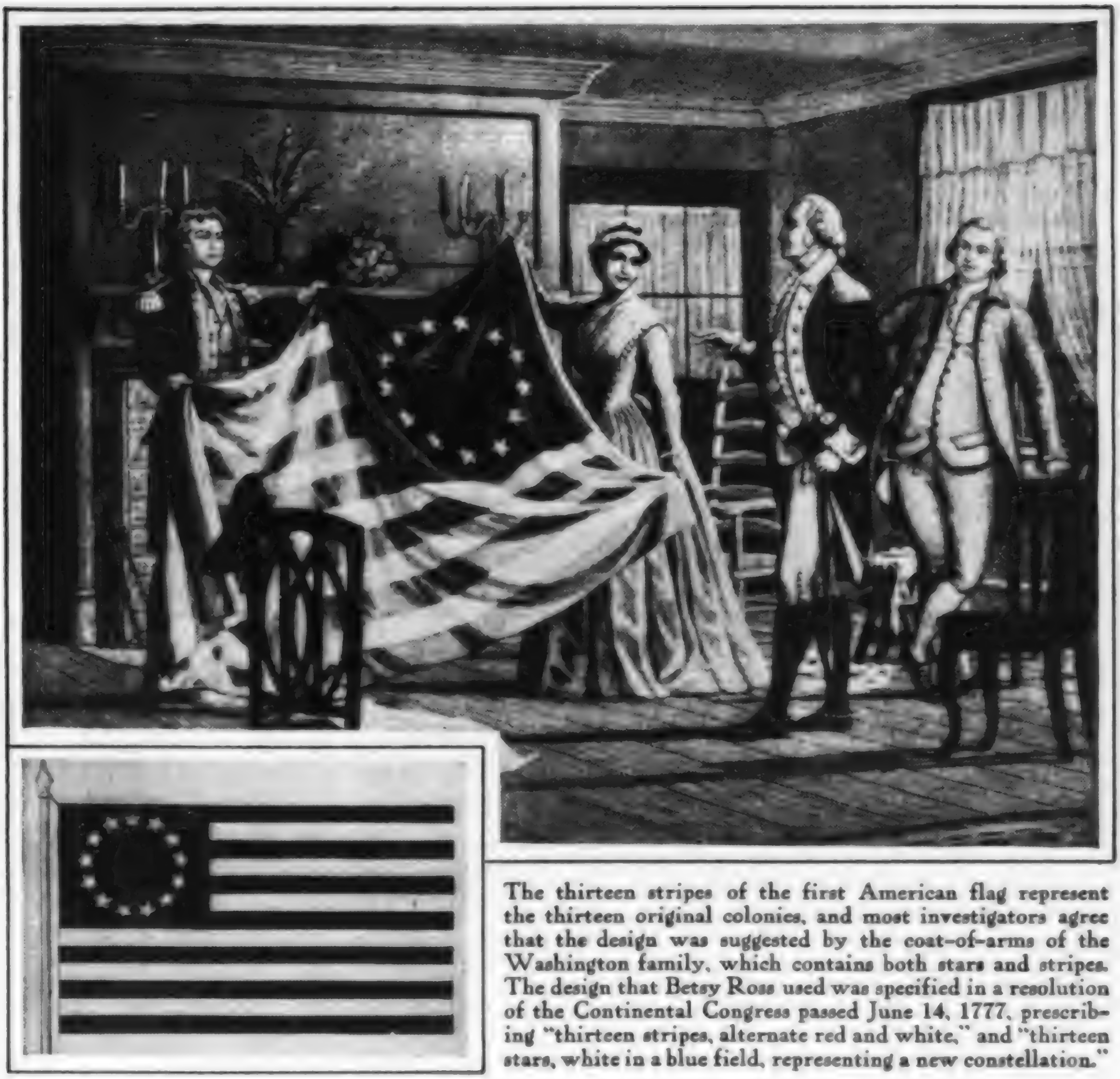
"A picturesque incident is told of the first stars and stripes used in a military engagement," said Mr. Ames. "The revolutionary flag ot thirteen stripes with a circle of thirteen stars was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777, but the statute was not officially promulgated until the 3rd of the following September. Meanwhile a copy of an Albany newspaper describing the flag had fallen under the eye of a Continental officer from Massachusetts on his way with reinforcements to Fort Schuyler, formerly Fort Stanwix, where the city of Rome, New York, now stands.

"He arrived at 5 P. M. on August 2nd and very opportunely, too, as it turned out. For the British attacked the fort the following morning, which was Sunday. Before the end of the day the garrison had run up the first American battle flag. White stripes from shirts and hospital bandages alternated with red stripes made from the scarlet petticoat of a soldier's wife. A blue canton was improvised from the military coat of one Captain Abraham Swartout, who, a year later, wrote to the commandant of the fort requesting 'an order on the commissary to supply me, as promised, with eight yds. of broadcloth in lieu of my blue coat which was used for Colors at Fort Schuyler?'

PEOPLE frequently bring Mr. Ames historical relics to appraise and admire. Usually he can appraise, unfortunately, he cannot always admire. Recently such a flag was brought to him. The owner claimed that it had been in her family since the battle of New Orleans, and that an ancestor had carried it under Andrew Jackson. Mr. Ames examined it and told her that undoubtedly it had been made since the Civil War. Its stripes had been joined together on a sewing machine. The owner immediately became indignant and insisted that she possessed documents sworn to by justices of peace down through the years, substantiating that its age dated back to 1820. Mr. Ames was unconvinced. The fact remained that its stripes were machine-sewed.

"So deeply a part of their unconscious feelings are the attitudes of people toward their flags that their loyalty often expresses itself in extreme sensitiveness, even in touchiness," observed Mr. Ames. "Shortly after the War an English officer and his two children, a boy and a girl of twelve and fourteen, respectively, came in and purchased a British Union Jack. That, as you know, is not the red flag you see on steamers, or the white one you see on warships, but is the big blue battle flag with the white and red crosses extending from border to border. As I showed the flag to them the children reverently dropped on their knees before it. Just at that moment an Irishman happened in to buy a flag of his country. Noisily and volubly he berated the children, saying that they should be spanked and sent home to bed. For a few seconds I thought there would be a *free-for-all* in the store.

"Loyalty to the flag of their earliest allegiance is very deep in people whatever their official flag may be. For instance, the Irishman's loyalty



The thirteen stripes of the first American flag represent the thirteen original colonies, and most investigators agree that the design was suggested by the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, which contains both stars and stripes. The design that Betsy Ross used was specified in a resolution of the Continental Congress passed June 14, 1777, prescribing "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white," and "thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

to the Old Irish flag—the green flag of Erin with its harp and its shamrocks is much deeper than his regard for the present flag of the Irish Free State which is a tricolor with a broad stripe of white, symbolizing peace, joining the orange and the green. The orange represents the traditions of Ulster and its adherence to William of Orange in driving the Stuarts out of Great Britain, and the green represents all the rest of Ireland.

"A prominent Irish florist, now deceased, expressed his attitude toward the new flag with great feeling. 'You don't expect me to put up this new flag, do you?' he asked. 'Why not?' I questioned. With characteristic Irish wit he covered his emotion with the graceful answer. 'Well, I'm a florist, and I believe in shamrocks.'

"Great Britain has given Scotland a gold-colored flag with the red lion rampant from the arms of Scotland as her official banner. Does Scotland love it? Way back in 370, so the story goes, Regulus, a Greek monk of Papras, was assigned to guard the remains of St. Andrew who had died a martyrdom on a cross shaped like the letter X. Regulus learned in a vision that the Emperor Constantine proposed to remove these remains to Constantinople. In compliance with the instruction received in the vision, he at once visited the shrine, removed the arm bone, three fingers of the right hand and a tooth, and with a half dozen companions set sail he knew not where. After a stormy voyage the ship was dashed upon a rock and Regulus and his companions landed on a strange, gloomy, forested shore. The natives heard their story and gave them land on which to build a church and enshrine the relic. This shore was Caledonia or Scotland.

"Thus St. Andrew became the Patron Saint of Scotland and the cross on which he died, its emblem. At the time of Scotland's union with England, St. Andrew's Cross was the flag of the Scots. According to every Scotsman, it still is and always will be the flag of the Scots, red, rampant lion notwithstanding. At every Scottish banquet the only flag flown is the blue and white of St. Andrew's Cross.

"Likewise at Polish banquets the Poles use the old red and white flag of Poland with its white and red spread eagle, in preference to the entirely white eagle in the entirely red field of their new flag.

"Perhaps the greatest fascination in flag making is in the knowledge that often you are playing a concrete part in the making of history. All the elements of real drama are in it, romance, fervor, mystery, suspense. Sometimes we are informed as to the significance of the part we are to play. At other times designs are submitted, orders placed and filled, and while we sense the drama, we must be content with mystery and conjecture until the secret comes out, and our flags fly, making an epochal event.

"SUCH mysterious cooperation was ours about sixteen years ago. Two young Chinamen, students at Columbia University, came in and asked our advice about a design for a flag. They heard our comments, drew aside and conferred. With true Chinese deliberation they placed no order that day. Weeks later six other young Chinamen, also students, came in and ordered thousands of dollars' worth of flags made up in the design previously submitted. They left instructions for their delivery to the 'Youth of China' an organization on Pell Street in Chinatown. We filled the order and heard nothing further for two years. Then, overnight, came the Chinese revolution. The next day our flags were flying all over China. They fly over China today—the five bars of the Chinese republic, red, gold, blue, white, and black.

"Another interesting and hurried participation occurred in 1911 when a dark, foreign gentleman came excitedly into my office. Twenty-four hours before, Portugal had declared herself a republic, he told us, and he was her representative. She must have an official flag right away. We made the flag that day. The following day the foreign gentleman chartered a yacht and set sail. Three days later he landed at Horta, the capital of the Azores and immediately hoisted the green and red flag we had made him—the first flag of the republic of Portugal.

How to Honor the Stars and Stripes

Never let the flag touch the ground.

Never leave it up after sunset nor hoist it before sunrise.

When flags are massed together, the Stars and Stripes should precede the others or be carried in the center above them on a higher staff.

The blue union should be at the left as you face the flag when it is hung as a banner.

When the flag passes in a parade, or is being hoisted or lowered, all men not in uniform salute it by taking off the hat and holding it at the left shoulder. Women salute by placing the right hand over the heart.

Where displayed with another flag, the National Flag should be placed to the right of the other.

On shore the flag should never be dipped by way of salute or compliment to any one or anything.

The Church Pennant is the only flag ever flown from the same staff or above the United States Flag, and then only in the Navy during divine service.

The flag of the United States may be flown from your house on all patriotic occasions, but especially on the following days:

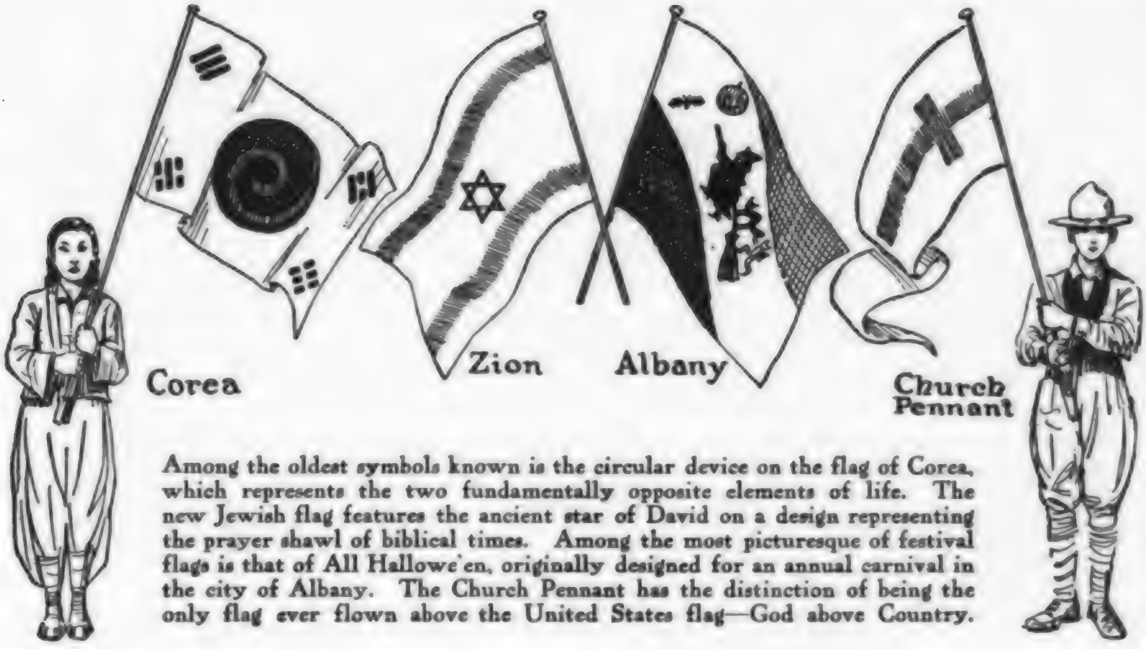
Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Mothers' Day, Memorial Day, Flag Day (June 14th), The Fourth of July, Labor Day, Armistice Day.

Never fly the flag upside down (with the union reversed) except in case of dire distress at sea. In this case it must be answered immediately.

Remember that the flag represents a living country and should be treated as if it were a living thing.

"An event in which we had more active participation was in the first display of the new flag of the Republic of Panama. The flag was designed at a meeting of the leaders of the republic. It was to consist of four quarters alternating white, red, blue and white. The white symbolized peace calling a truce between the red, which represented the liberal element and the blue, the conservative element. On one white quarter of peace there was a blue star and on the other a red star. We were commissioned to fill the order. Following cable instructions one of our men took the completed flag, caught a newspaper boat and went out to meet an incoming liner from Panama. And up through the harbor steamed the ship flying for the first time the colors of the new republic.

"One story of our connection with history has always interested me. As a matter of fact, it began before I was born. 'Way back in 1869 during the ten years' war of the Cubans' rebellion against Spain, Ned Buntling, an author and soldier of fortune, submitted to my uncle a design for the flag of this cause for freedom. It combined the colors of the United States, consisting of five alternate stripes of blue and white representing the five divisions of Cuba, and a triangular field of red with one large white star, representing the republic to be. Mr. Buntling



Among the oldest symbols known is the circular device on the flag of Corea, which represents the two fundamentally opposite elements of life. The new Jewish flag features the ancient star of David on a design representing the prayer shawl of biblical times. Among the most picturesque of festival flags is that of All Hallowe'en, originally designed for an annual carnival in the city of Albany. The Church Pennant has the distinction of being the only flag ever flown above the United States flag—God above Country.

took the flag to Cuba and presented it to General José Marti of the first Cuban Cavalry. After several unsuccessful engagements he brought the flag back to the house of Annin for safe-keeping, and as he put it, for future use.

"My uncle never saw him again. He heard later that he was taken in a filibustering expedition in Cuba but never discovered whether the report was true. The flag remained with the house for thirty years. Then came the Cuban revolution of 1895—the blowing up of the *Maine*—the climax of the Spanish-American war, and finally, the freedom of Cuba. At once the new republic adopted the old filibusters' design. We made all the flags for the insurgents, and after Cuba became a full-fledged republic, her government sent to us for that first flag, ordered by Ned Buntling. It is on display in Havana today.

"We have also had something to do with the Confederate flag which was so gallantly borne in so many terrific battles. The red battle flag with its white starred, blue St. Andrew's cross is still loved and cherished in Dixie today. One incident of peculiar significance was the visit of Mrs. Jefferson Davis to Old Glory Corner. She wished to present a banner to the Confederate Veterans at one of their reunions. 'I want a red banner,' she said, 'but not maroon, carnelian, or dark scarlet, or brick red. I want a bright, fresh, blood red. Like this!' She quickly pricked her finger with the pin-point of a brooch, squeezed a tiny drop of blood, and said, 'This is just the shade I want.' We matched the drop of blood on her hand with a bit of sewing silk and later made up the old flag of the Confederacy in red of the exact shade.

"It is interesting to note that the American flag is actually a parent flag. Not that its offspring are exact replicas. No child is ever that. However some are sufficiently like the parent to be easily recognizable. Closest of all is the flag of Liberia adopted in 1847 when the Republic of Liberia was established by colonists from America. It follows the design of the American flag with its field of alternate red and white stripes and its blue canton which has one large, white star, signifying the republic. The flag of Porto Rico has red stripes too, but the blue background for its one white star is triangular, as in the Cuban flag."

We all know that flags carry an interesting symbolism. We are familiar enough with the meaning in our own flag—the thirteen red and white stripes for the original thirteen colonies and the forty-eight stars for the present forty-eight states in the Union. However it may be news to most people that each star, reading from left to right, is supposed to represent a certain definite state. The order of these states is based on the order in which the original colonies ratified the Constitution and the order in which the other states were admitted to the Union. The stars, therefore, start with Delaware and Pennsylvania and end with New Mexico and Arizona.

We know that the British flag combines the red cross of St. George for England with the white cross of St. Andrew for Scotland and the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick for Ireland. We know that the blue, white, and red "tricolor" of France represented at the outbreak of the Revolution the red and blue of the arms of Paris and the white of the army standard, and that later they were taken in a way to represent the war cry of the Republican armies—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. We are familiar with the rising sun on the flag of Japan. But I wonder how many of us know perhaps the most interesting symbol of all, the device on the flag of Corea.

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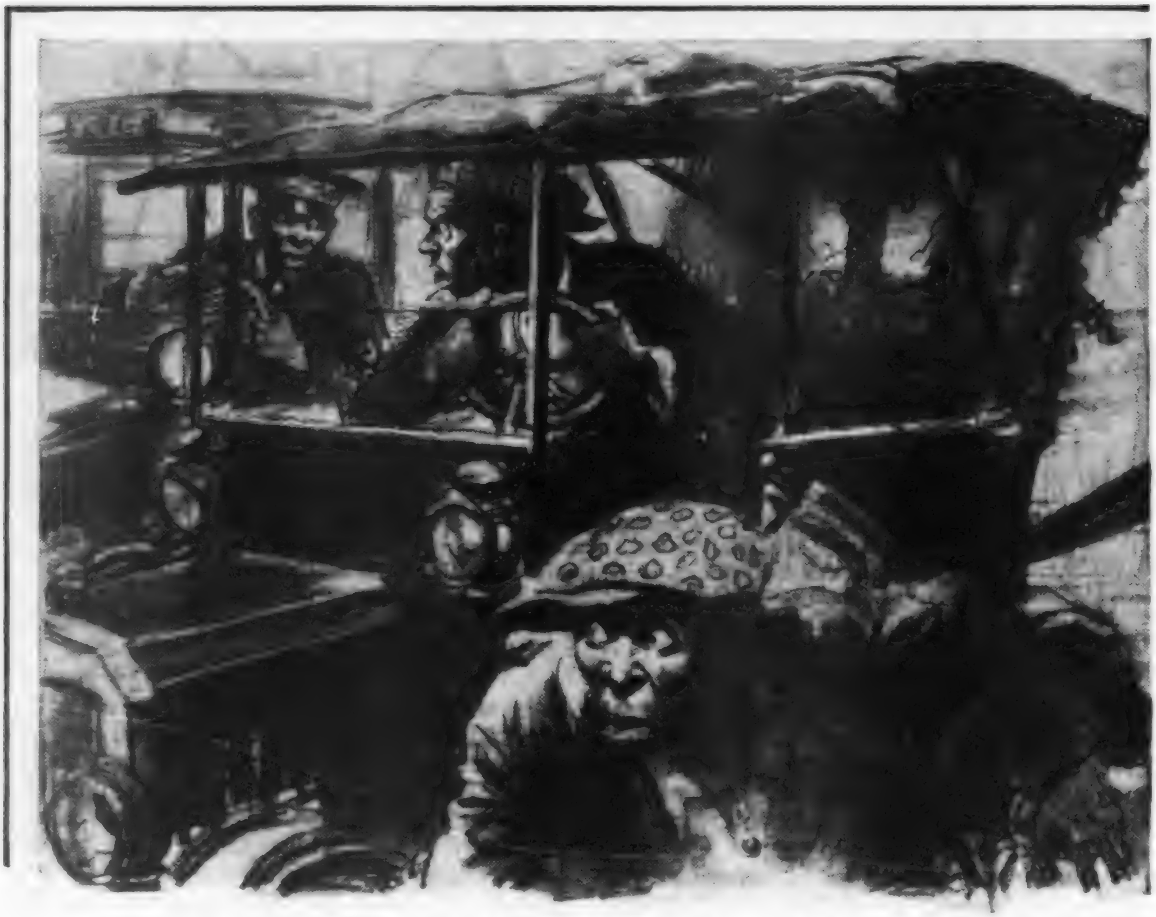


The taxi man shot his machine directly into Clephus' path. Clephus yanked at

A Black Bottom Story

by Sam Carson

Feet

A crap-shootin', hawss-racin' niggah

"AH GOT twenty dolluhs wukkin'," announced Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant, shaking an enormous, yellowed pair of dice above his head. "Who fades it all?"

Thesus was the center of a group of darkies in a Memphis lumber yard. Above shone a full moon, the sole illuminant.

"Ah got it all," a yellow negro spoke up, throwing down two ten dollar bills. "Go on dice, divorce that loud speakin' nigger from his money."

"They don't know what deevorce is," Thesus retorted, casting the dice with a flourish. "Blam! Six—one."

He regarded the group speculatively. "Big money somebody tol' me, was wukkin' in this heah game. Whereat is it? Ah shoots it all."

A quiet little negro with wide, unblinking eyes eased forward, gazed down at the challenger. "Boy," he announced, "when you throws down real money, Ah covers. Amuse yourself with chicken feed. You ain't talkin' to me."

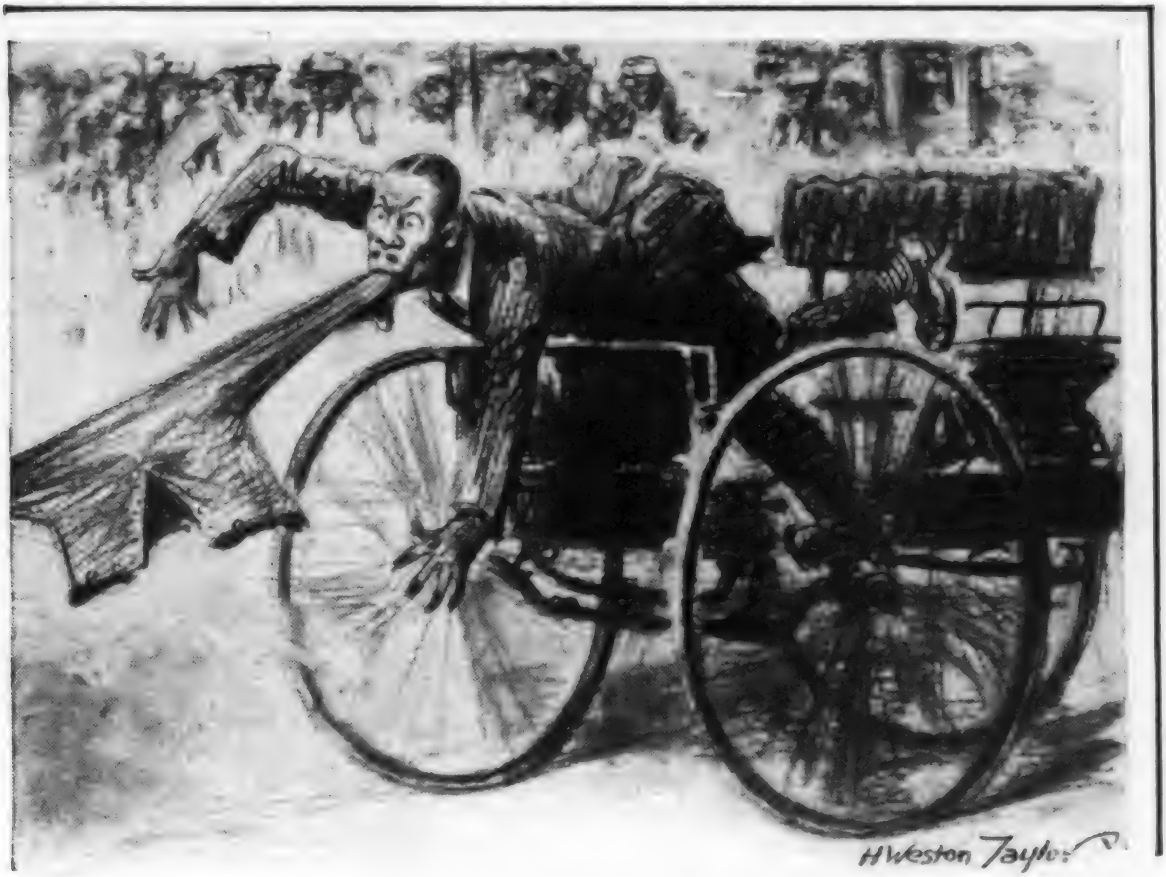
"Ah'm a race hawss man," Thesus replied, "an' sometimes twenty dolluhs speaks out loud. Howevuh—since you is so daggone uppity, Ah shoots one hundred bucks. That int'rest you, Mr. J. P. Mawgan?"

It did interest Mr. J. P. Morgan. And Thesus, with a repetition of his overhand delivery, cast a five-deuce.

"Two hundred—she rides," Thesus announced. "Git on me, Mister Mawgan, I'm hot."

Mr. Morgan got.

This time Thesus could hardly restrain his



the gas lever; the car jumped forward, pulling Thesus half-way out of the buggy.

Let's Go

Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor

plays fast and loose with his friends' money

shaky hand. After all, two hundred dollars risked was a sizeable pile. But he was shooting for four hundred.

Hands poised above head, Thesus heard voices. They were subdued. But an inner voice warned him that they were white men.

"Move from heah!" Thesus shouted. "Th' policeman is heah."

The raiders, learning themselves discovered, charged in a body. Thesus scooped up the four hundred, skirted a corner of the lumber stack, frog like, shot to his feet, running. Behind shots fired. Some one was calling upon Thesus to halt.

"You ain't talkin' to me, Mistuh man," the negro panted, "—cause Ah'se departin'."

This is a partial explanation as to why Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant, plus the major portion of four hundred dollars, arrived in Nashville a day later and proceeded to take life easy in Black Bottom, the heart of the negro section. The other reason was that Thesus, a year before, had spent many happy hours in the company of Matilde Pearl Rice. Matilde Pearl was buxom and light brown. Moreover she was waitress and part owner of the Café Charmont, the only restaurant in Black Bottom which served music with meals. More than once, in his lean days, Thesus had thought of Matilde Pearl with a sincere craving to be in her vicinity.

And Matilde Pearl seemed genuinely glad to have Thesus back again. Upon his first night in Nashville Thesus ate supper at the Café Charmant. That night, due to some fast work on his part, he talked Matilde Pearl into breaking a previous engagement with Usyalus

Jackson, taxi owner and driver, and going with him to the Lincoln Theater.

During the running of a hectic Western film, Thesus gave his companion a fairly comprehensive sketch of his ramblings. He had been with a levee camp out of Memphis, worked at a cane mill, waited in a New Orleans restaurant, journeyed to Tia Juana with the trainer of a large string of race horses and lasted until they had returned to New Orleans early in March.

"An' then Ah gits prosperous," Thesus explained. "Comes a black boy what wuks fur Mr. Cain—he's another race hawss man—and he says to me, this black boy: 'They is goin' to be a boat race in th' seventh tomorrow—Powdah Can!'

"Thesus he ups an' invests. An' ol' Powdah Can goes off. Honey, th't hawss pays me back three hun'red dollahs foh my five. Ah ain't seen Mist' Stockwell, my boss, since. Ain't wanted to see him. Ah is got plenty of money."

Matilde Pearl sighed. "You is the adventurest man I evuh knowed. All these niggers kin talk about heah is th' figgers on dice."

"Huh," Thesus scoffed. "Ah does th't as a side line. Show me a man whut plays th' ponies an' Ah shows you a real spoaht."

"Some does," Matilde Pearl replied. "I used to be with a white man whut had an office on Broadway."

"Ah know lots and lots o' folks bet with him."

"They ain't no moah," she continued. "Th' policeman give the white man a ride an' all they has now is a lottery. Precocious Zander runs that."

"No han'book," Thesus appealed, rolling his eyes upward. "Jus' lissen at th't. Well honey, you mean they wasn't no han'book, not they isn't."

"How come?"

"Cause Ah is th' new han'book operatuh. Ah don' know Precocious Zander. But the name, somehow, soun's foolish. He's got competition fr'm now on."

"Precocious Zander has lots of friends," Matilde Pearl warned. "Him an' Usyalus Jackson is paht ownahs in th' Palace Poolroom."

THESUS chuckled. "Gimme three months, honey, an' Ah'll own both halves of th' Palace Poolroom. This heah needs an apostle of spoahts."

Thesus felt so inspired with his new idea that he decided to call a taxi to ride Matilde Pearl home. It mattered little to him if a bright yellow and crimson striped machine rolled up before the theater at his summons, that a yellow, mustached darky glared at him as he swung the rear door open. But Thesus did notice Matilde Pearl's air—half defiance and half trepidation.

The driver, conscious of a circle of grinning faces from the sidewalk, shot in his gears, with a crash, sped away.

"Mist' Thesus," Matilde Pearl announced in awed tones. "You is hired Usyalus Jackson. An' I think he's angry."

Thesus felt the machine take a corner on two wheels. A moment later and they shot across Broadway, rocketing into Black Bottom. "Does act careless with his gas," he muttered. "Honey, you don't min' me stayin' at your house for a while, does you?"

Under the circumstances, Thesus, although his boarding-house was a half mile away, had decided to walk from Matilde Pearl's domicile. He didn't like the determined manner in which Usyalus ate up space.

To this Matilde Pearl, after due objections, agreed. And Thesus, feeling a trifle more assured, faced the scowling driver. "Ah likes speed," he announced, "being a racin' man. How much is it Ah owes you, my man?"

Matilde Pearl had paused near enough to hear this. Likewise she heard Usyalus mumble that the fare was two dollars. "Foh lan's sakes," she exclaimed, "Two dullahs."

But Thesus handed over two dollars and fifty cents. "Ah gives extra, foh service," he proclaimed. "Fast drivin' is somethin' Ah is fondest of. Ah hopes to engage you again."

"You will," Usyalus promised grimly, shoving into second gear for a speedy getaway.

"And that," Thesus announced, with a deprecatory gesture, "is the way to handle little men."

"You suttenly is eloquent," Matilde Pearl agreed.

The appearance of printed cards, in the hands of certain colored gentlemen, in which Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant advertised his office in the Protective Mutual Association Building, created a sensation. Usyalus Jackson, going into his poolroom, found Precocious Zander staring at one of the cards. It read:

If you have to be a sport, be a good one.
Come one, Come all!
Quick return for your investment.
THESUS ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRYANT
Booking'Agent.
Also Short Term Loans.
Why Fool with a Lottery?
WE DON'T CHEAT.

"Usyalus," Precocious who was squat and very black, demanded, "whereat is this Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant fr'm?"

"I isn't interested in wheah he's fr'm," Usyalus muttered. "It's wheah he's goin' I'm studyin' about."

"I sent Clephus Brewer to his office," Precocious said. "All he's got is a new desk, two chairs and a blackboard. Whut you reckon he does with th' blackboard?"

Usyalus shook his head.

"Well, I knows," Precocious supplied. "This Thesus nigger chalks up hawsses' names—race hawsses—and writes down th' price whut he pays off."

"Where is all this racin'?" Thesus inquired.

"Lexington, this week. Clephus said Thesus goes to th' telephone and rings a numbuh kin' of frequent like. Gets his winnuhs th't way."

"Huh," Usyalus scoffed. "Ain't no niggers goin' to throw away their money. Ain't worryin' your lottery none, is he?"

"Now," Precocious observed, "you is shooting close to home. Usyalus," Precocious lowered his voice, "—he is cuttin' in on my bisness. An' they's a whole raft of niggers goin' up to his office, too. Clephus says so. Usyalus, we is got to deevorce Thesus fr'm this monkey bisness."

"Huh. When I stahted my taxicab bisness, wasn't a bunch of colored boys followin' suit, wasn't they? An' didn't I git me a seedan—an' have it painted? Who's doin' better'n I am, answer me that, Precocious?"

"Nobody. But Usyalus, a lottery is a lottery, ain't it? You can't make money talk louder, can you? Mine is straight. Do I take out moren' twenty dullahs to th' hundred? I pays fuh pertecshun. An' I pays off."

"Maybe," Usyalus suggested, "Thesus pays off, too."

"I hope so," Precocious sighed. "If he cain't, perhaps maybe Matilde Pearl might lose her—"

"Nigger," Usyalus interrupted, "does I hear you insinuate Matilde Pearl's been in that office?"

FOR answer Precocious crooked a finger in the direction of a hulking figure in overalls. "Clephus," Precocious suggested, "you tell Usyalus the name of th' lady you sees mountin' th' steps to that race hawss man's office this mawnin'."

"I sees Matilde Pearl," Clephus responded quickly. "Likewise she says, when she comes out, th't she wins twenty-two dullahs."

Precocious spread out his ample hands. "An' theah you is, Usyalus."

The taxi man gazed out the window with despondent air. Plainly, something had to be done or Matilde Pearl would be lost forever. And then there came inspiration.

"Lissen, Precocious. Reckon you ain't forgot Uncle Zeb Pudd, is you?"

Precocious hadn't.

"Isn't he wukkin' still foh a Lexin'ton race-hawss man?"

Precocious shook his head. "Bin gone so long I dunno, Usyalus. Whut is you thinkin' of?"

Usyalus came even closer. "We gits hol' of Uncle Zeb an' he picks us a hawss whut'll win. An' we goes down an' bets Mist' Smarty Aleck. Blooey goes th' office."

Precocious considered this proposition thoughtfully. "Ain't no writin' matter, Usyalus," he decided.

"Absolootely. Somebody rides th' train to Lexin'ton."

"I cain't," Precocious said. "But Usyalus, does you ride, I splits th' costs."

Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant sat in his office one night figuring out the results of his first ten days as official handbook-maker of Black Bottom. It was a very creditable showing, too. To date Thesus had enrolled a hundred odd clients, instructed fully two score in the mystery of studying form charts, which he sold, and had three hundred and sixty dollars profits.

"Two moah weeks," Thesus observed, considering the figures, written out, "an' I gits th't second-han' autombeel on Broadway. All this town needs is a live man, thassall."

His line of thought was interrupted by a loud knock. It wasn't insistent, but, somehow, Thesus dreaded the sound. Shoving his papers into a desk drawer, Thesus twisted a key, advanced to the door.

It was Clephus, whose last name doesn't count because half of Black Bottom did not know it anyway. "Is you still takin' bets on tomorrow—at Lexin'ton?" he inquired hesitantly.

"Ah is."

"I got twenty bucks to put on Emma B.'s nose," Clephus confided. "Goes in th' foath race."

Now this naming Emma B.'s race was a blunder on Clephus's part. Thesus, his right hand already extended for the two ten-dollar bills, hesitated, gave Clephus an appraising look.

"Colored boy," he inquired, "who sen's you with this money?"

Clephus backs away, eyes wide. "Cain't tell, Hones' Mist' Thesus. Co'se, it isn't wantin' th' money—"

"Ah takes all an' any money," Thesus announced. "But Clephus, your ratin' don't give you twenty dolluhs. Ah got a line on everybody in Black Bottom."

"I is an agent," Clephus explained.

"All Ah asks," Thesus commented, "is that you gits moah clients. Heah, Mist' Clephus, is yore receipt."

After the late caller had departed, Thesus pondered over Clephus for quite a while. Something told him the darky was merely a carrier, the real better wishing to keep his identity a secret.

"Ain't but two niggers in Black Bottom whut won't come up heah," Thesus reflected. "One of them is Precocious Zander. An' th' other's Usyalus Jackson. Now which?"

Another knock. Another nondescript character like Clephus. And he too wished to bet twenty dollars on Emma B.

Hurriedly Thesus went to his entry list. Emma B. had been raced dozens of times. She was a slow-moving mare, incapable of going farther than six furlongs, and was given a hundred and eight pounds at a mile.

"Boy," Thesus said, writing out another receipt, "you is an agent, too, Ah s'pose. You just tell whoevuh it is th't Ah'll take all th' frog-skins he sen's. Thass my bisness. An' Ah eats it up."

But there were no more bets on Emma B. The next morning Thesus felt better when a racing chart arrived and he found Emma B. was placed far down the list on rating.

But it happened Emma B. won the fourth race at Lexington and her price was better than eight to one.

Thesus, still a bit dazed, faced Usyalus Jackson and Precocious Zander that afternoon. Each had a slip which indicated that Thesus had booked twenty dollars each on Emma B, straight.

"Th't money," Precocious observed, "will come in right handy in payin' off my lottery Sat'day."

"An' I," Usyalus proclaimed, "needs a couple of tires. Much obliged Mist' Thesus."

WITH little of his confidence left, Thesus leaned over his desk and watched his two unwelcome callers depart. Thesus was cleaned out, with but forty dollars left and office rent due within two days, let alone what was coming to his landlady.

At the door, Precocious halted. "How about sellin' you a few tickets in th' next lottery, Brothuh Thesus?" he inquired.

"My taxi is at your suhvice," Usyalus called over his shoulder. "An' they's still speed cravin' to be let out."

Thesus slumped to a chair. Cleaned out! And by a couple of home talent. It was all beyond the bookseller, except that he had a profound conviction that somebody had given them a sure thing tip. Probably Emma B. was the getaway horse, since the meeting at Lexington was about to give way to Churchill Downs.

"When you gits misery," Thesus commented dully, "it's the mostes' of anything theah is anything of. An' it's free."

Thesus was thinking of his date that night with Matilde Pearl. There was a trip to the theater, dinner later, with perhaps a look-in at a dance.

"Somethin'," Thesus reflected, "tells me to travel."

His right hand felt of the lone forty dollars, remnant of a once lordly roll. "Boy," he said, "if you dies, die game. Fohty dolluhs, you is goin' to leave me also.

"A real spoaht," he continued, reaching for hat and coat, "don' breathe his trubbles. Thesus, Miss Matilde Pearl ain't goin' to hear calf rope from you. You isn't los' yet."

So that was why Matilde Pearl went to the theater and had a ride in the dumbfounded Usyalus Jackson's gaudy taxi. "You say you has speed," Thesus inquired softly of his rival.

Usyalus merely gaped.

"Thesus," Matilde Pearl said finally, "you is the entrancinest man I evuh heard of."

"That," Thesus said, with a magnificent gesture, "was only a sample, honey. I'm waiting for some real spoahts to take me on."

"You mean," Matilde Pearl inquired, "that you is amplifyin' yore bisness?"

"Exactly," Thesus affirmed. "Today some gentlemen invested with me, an' thought they had me plum' broke. No use namin' names. But they'll be back, hungry foh moah."

"Guess I knows it was Usyalus and Precocious," Matilde Pearl said. "Thesus, them men are yore enemies."

"They'll be wuss than enemies 'foah Ah git throo with 'em," Thesus promised darkly.

All this was brave talk. But after having said a very satisfactory good-by, Thesus slouched away, hands in pockets. Matilde Pearl had decided to stay at her café until the night's receipts were counted. Having paid his bill, plus a tip, Thesus had but two dollars and fifty cents left.

"Boy," he muttered gloomily, "you has to raise some money. They'll be flockin' into this office tomorruh."

Thesus, with his knowledge of human nature, realized that Usyalus and Precocious would broadcast their coup, thereby doing Thesus a good turn through their boasts. And if fate should decree that a number of investors should win their bets, it would be all off.

Near Broadway Thesus espied another gloomy figure. It was a little black man, talking to himself with frequent shaking of head. "There," Thesus observed, "goes a man whut has more trubbles than myself."

He recognized the woebegone countenance of Bud Major, the guitar-playing tailor of Black Bottom. Bud, the self-effacing, had persistently refused to be customer, either of Precocious or Thesus.

"Brotheh," Thesus called, "you is a puffec' likeness of Job. Is yore wife done come home?"

Bud snorted. "I got trubbles, not afflictions."

"Foh instance?"

"Couple of uppity niggers fr'm Lexin'ton done opened a tailuh shop nex' doah. They'll plum' ruin me."

"How come?"

"One of them puts on swell clothes an' stan's in th' winduh foh people to look at."

"Isn't you got a winduh?"

"I is, brothuh. But I isn't got a model—or extra clothes."

Thesus considered this problem. "Bud," he inquired, "isn't you bin makin' suits foh these niggers more'n ten yeahs?"

"Is I?"

"They knows you make suits hones'?"

"Ought to. My lands."

Clephus of the single name, dashed down the street in his decrepit noisy flivver. "Thas a noisesome boy," Thesus commented. "Say—lissin Bud. How much you pay for a demonstration?"

"A which?"

"A demonstration. Ah means somethin' which ain't old like winduh models. Ah mean somethin' whut'll draw 'em by th' hundreds—and talk about Bud Major's suits."

"I'd give—lemme see—whut you want, Mis' Man?"

"Foh fifty dolluhs," Thesus promised, "Ah'll have th't winduh model hidin' in th' celluh."

BUD stared at Thesus speculatively. "Fifty dolluhs is real money," he commented.

"You does not want to be bankrupt, does you Bud?"

Bud shook his head energetically. "I suttinly does not."

"Well," Thesus questioned, "Ah gives you a demonstration whut'll save you."

Bud succumbed. But not until he had given his promise to pay fifty dollars, did Thesus outline his demonstration. "It's like this," he explained. "You makes good pants, Bud. Mos' everybody knows they look good. Whut you wants to do is to make ever'body know they lasts good.

"You is goin' to sew a rope into a pair of yore nice pants, Bud. Thass yore fust job—"

"You talks riddles," Bud interrupted. "Whut foh does pants need a piece of rope?"

"Aftuh you sew in th' rope," Thesus continued, ignoring the interruption, "you han's th' pants ovah tu me. Then we advertises. Tell ever'body to come out an' see th' pants whut pulls a automobeel."

Bud's jaws sagged. "You ain't drunk, is you?" he inquired, thinking of his written promise.

"Ah hiahs Clephus an' his automobeel," Thesus said. "You rakes up a buggy somewheres. Th' othuh end's fast to Clephus' automobeel. An' Clephus he tows me. Thass th' demonstration, Bud."

"Man," Bud exclaimed, "you ain't got no iron teeth. I calls that foolishness."

"They's some folks whut can't see more'n their noses," Thesus retorted. "Heah Ah gives you a plan some cullud boys used in Memphis—an' stopped traffic. An' you—you—"

"I does not," Bud protested. "Only you right shore yore teeth'll hold out?"

"Any teeth," Thesus proclaimed, "whut has bit into as many things as mine, kin last."

So it was arranged. Clephus, open for any sort of proposition, assented readily. The more he thought over the proposition the more enthusiastic Bud became. Posters were put up in windows and considerable interest aroused.

True to his reasoning, Thesus found extra customers the next day. It happened that he came through with a narrow margin, but he wished devoutly to get his hands on Bud's fifty dollars. To that end, he had the demonstration day moved up and set for Saturday afternoon.

Bud Major was a curious soul. He had his fifty dollars ready, but declined to give it over until the demonstration was completed. Clephus, on the other hand, insisted upon prepayment. At last Bud decided upon trusting Clephus with the entire sum, to be held until everything was finished.

"Aftuh you hauls Thesus all aroun' Black Bottom, you han's over th' money," he stipulated. "You an' him kin argue about how much."

Clephus was satisfied with this solution. He drove around to the side street where Thesus, a trifle nervous, awaited. Bud had found a rubber-tired runabout, minus shafts, rope being fastened to the front axle and laid across the dashboard for Thesus to manipulate. Word had been received that hundreds were already on the streets, waiting for the demonstration.

"You right shore," Thesus inquired of the little tailor, "th't you sewed th' rope up real tight, inside."

"I nevuh skimps my wuk," Bud protested.

Clephus, having backed his machine into position, Thesus nodded, applied his teeth firmly to a trouser leg, grasped the axle ropes and nodded to Clephus.

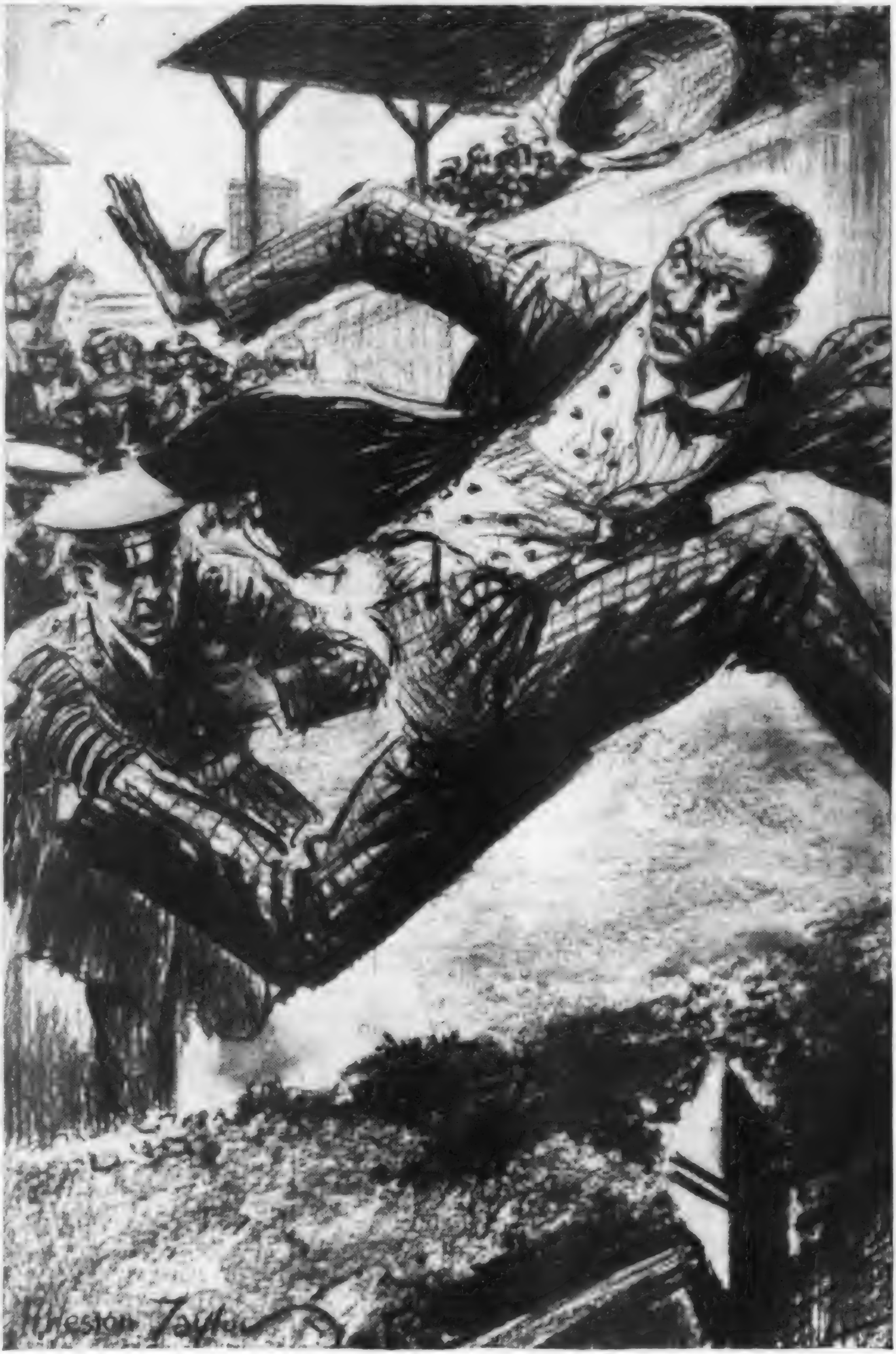
The latter moved off slowly, allowing the trousers now drawn taut from automobile to Thesus' teeth, to take up the burden without a jerk. Increasing his speed, Clephus guided the flivver to the main street, headed for the heart of Black Bottom.

It was indeed an interesting demonstration. Posters, on the buggy and flivver, proclaimed that Bud Major made the best clothes anywhere. The sign, across Thesus' back, bore this announcement:

WE MAKE THEM AT HOME.
They wear good
and last longer.
Come to Bud Major. He treats you right.
Also dry cleaning.

Pearl Matilde stood before the Charmant Café with rapt expression. Signs meant nothing in her life. But the sight of Thesus' mighty jaw bearing the strain of towing a vehicle was worth seeing. "Ain't he th' stronges' man," she appealed.

Truly, so far, Bud Major's demonstration



Thesus opened a path through the crowd at the rail. A policeman darted forward in an attempt to identify the swiftly-moving object which cleared both hedge and four-foot obstruction.

was more than a success. They were cheering Thesus now. And Precocious Zander, watching through the poolroom window, scowled.

Usyalus all this time had been strangely missing. Precocious hadn't seen him all morning. But Clephus, upon rounding a corner, saw Usyalus very emphatically. For the taxi man shot his machine directly into Clephus' path rather suddenly. At first Clephus stepped on his brake, then remembered that he had not brake lining worth mentioning. His mind working desperately, Clephus did the next best thing. He released the clutch, yanked at the gas lever and sought to skirt Usyalus' machine.

A HALF block farther Clephus, wondering why the flivver was running with increased momentum, glanced over his shoulder.

"Oh, Lawd!" he exclaimed. "I done done it now."

In avoiding Usyalus, Clephus had given entirely too strong a jerk to his unwieldly tow. Thesus, forgetful that all he had to do was to open his mouth and let the trousers go, held on grimly. And that action convinced him beyond a doubt that Bud Major made strong trousers. For Clephus, in breaking away, took the trousers, and three of Thesus' front teeth.

"No use, now," Clephus mourned, as he reached the next corner. "I bin thinkin' of goin' to Clarksville. Guess I'm goin' right now."

So saying, he vanished from sight of Black Bottom residents. It was a half hour later, in explaining to Bud that it wasn't his fault, when Thesus remembered the fifty dollars. Bud evidently recalled handing over the money to Clephus, at the same time, for he rose to his feet, gained the door and shot out of sight.

For many minutes Thesus stared at his shoes. His right hand, thrust absently into trousers pocket, encountered five one dollar bills, profits of his previous days' bookmaking.

"Ain't but one way," he muttered. "Somewhere they's men rollin' dice. Boy, you jus' got to slide out naturals."

The crap game, in the back of Usyalus' poolroom was epic that night. They are still talking about the phenomenal luck of Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant, who started in with five dollars and wound up with three hundred.

All contributions having faded into outer darkness, Thesus arose with the dice, "This," he announced, "is easy. Craves anybody action with real money?"

The little group, including Precocious and Usyalus, permitted this to go unchallenged. They felt that luck was roosting upon Thesus' shoulders that night.

"If anybody does," Thesus added, "let 'em drop into my office. I handles 'em hot and cold."

"Usyalus," Precocious said with a frown, "we got to take th't cullud boy in."

"Not with dice," Usyalus objected.

"Ev'ry man's got a weak spot," Precocious said. "We got doggone close to Thesus with Emma B. Wonder if we could git Uncle Zeb to pick anothuh hawss?"

Usyalus fumbled in his coat pocket. "Plum' forgot I had a letter fr'm him today," he replied. "Heah, you read it Precocious."

The contents made the eyes of Precocious Zander bulge. Uncle Zeb Pudd gave information that a certain two year old colt, a maiden, was to start in the Juvenile Stakes at Churchill Downs and would probably win the race.

"He says heah," Precocious said, "th't this heah hawss—Ruby Day—is shore to pay off ten to one—if he wins."

"If he wins," Usyalus repeated. "Uncle Zeb if 'ed a mouthful."

"Well Usyalus, Uncle Zeb wasn't any moah suttin' 'bout Emma B, was he?"

"No."

"He knows his beans 'bout hawsses. Lissen, Usyalus, I'm foh givin' Mist' Thesus all th' money he wants on Ruby Day."

"You fohgits," Usyalus reflected, "th't Thesus ain't no chile when it comes to knowin' hawses."

"H'umph. Nigger, I believes you is frightened. If Uncle Zeb writes fac's to me, I is suttinly goin' to respon'. Thesus craves real spoahts. Le's go out an' spread the bad news."

Precocious argued his point with a persistence that overcame Usyalus' misgivings. Perhaps the fact that Matilde Pearl has spurned his proposal to attend a dance the coming Saturday night heightened the taxi man's desire for revenge. Precocious was for spreading the tip on Ruby Day in the Juvenile Stakes to all and sundry who had suffered at Thesus' hands.

Thus it was that Thesus, the following morning, felt a thrill when Precocious, himself, strolled in, asked a few casual questions about racing at Churchill Downs, consulted a form chart briefly, then asked if Thesus booked any wagers in advance.

"Ah does," Thesus hastened to assure. "Thass paht of my bisness. Names you a hawss whut runs nex' week, I takes th' bet, pay or play."

"I had a dream," Precocious announced, "on a hawss named Ruby Day. Somebody 'lowed it'd run in th' big race for two year olds—lessee—Juvenile Stakes."

Wow! Thesus could hardly refrain from grinning. Ruby Day, a maiden, to beat Lord Elf, pride of the Bluegrass or Master Willie, the winter track sensation.

Thesus licked his lips.

"Precocious," he exclaimed, "when it comes to pickin' 'em, you is theah."

"I got twenty dolluhs, on Ruby Day's nose, to win th' Juvenile race," Precocious announced.

"An' Ah ain't got Sain' Vitus dance to keep me fr'm writin' you out a receip'," Thesus answered. "Tell yore frien's th' good thing."

"I'm goin' to," Precocious promised.

Manifestly Precocious did! For Usyalus preceded a half dozen that day, all anxious to lay a wager on Ruby Day. The next day others filed in and took their receipts."

"Doggone," Thesus exulted, counting up two hundred dollars. "You has to shake th' bones to throw nachurals. But you don' have to do anything in this bisness 'cept hold out yore han'. Hope Precocious tells some moah 'bout this Ruby Day hawss."

IT STRUCK Thesus that the time was ripe for him to propose to Matilde Pearl. He had more than four hundred dollars now, with real prosperity waiting around the corner.

A few more days of business like this and Thesus could purchase that second hand automobile he had been admiring at a Broadway garage. And Matilde Pearl certainly knew how to make a house look fresh. Besides, she was a good manager. Her investment of her late husband's insurance money in the Charmant Café proved that fact.

So that night Thesus poured forth a dulcet story into Matilde Pearl's receptive ears. He drew a graphic picture of expansion, in which he would organize a mutual insurance society, make small loans at a good profit and carry on his handbook business.

"Folks like us'nses ain't got no bisness not gittin' whut we wants," Thesus proclaimed. "We is entitled to live off th' fat of th' lan'. Think of them fool niggers bettin on a no' count hawss like Ruby Day, and me a race hawss man."

"You is the talkin'est man," Matilde Pearl crooned. "I likes you, Thesus. An' I guess I cain't resist yore talk. But honey, somehow, I feels kin' of worried 'bout them race hawss bets. Ain't like Precocious to throw 'way his money. An' he's braggin' he's goin' to bust you."

"H'umph!" Thesus snorted. "Honey, it's me goin' to bust Precocious, wait an' see."

"I hopes so," Matilde Pearl replied.

Now Thesus should have left Matilde Pearl's parlor with his head erect, exultant at his victory. But once outside his attitude changed. Precocious Zander! Truly he was poison. "Maybe," Thesus reflected, "I'd bettuh go easy 'til Ah fin's out 'bout Ruby Day."

To this end he sought to discourage further betting. He attempted it the next morning, but Precocious came back with the would-be better, his countenance threatening. "Does I heah, Mist' Thesus, th't you isn't takin' any moah bets on Ruby Day?"

Thesus did some quick thinking. He was trapped. Nothing to do now but brazen it out.

"No moah bets! H'mph. Cullud man, Ah says I ain't takin' no moah pikin' bets. Nossuh. Comes a man with five dolluhs, I don' want to fool with him. Comes somebody say like Mist' Precocious Zander, with fifty beans, he's my meat. Yassuh."

Over Precocious Zander's face spread a beatific smile.

In his pocket was a second letter from Uncle Zeb Pudd which conveyed the information that Ruby Day was working out so fast of mornings that the clockers had caught the good news.

"Then, Mist' Thesus," Precocious announced, "I bets like th' spoahts you talks 'bout so much. I bets a hun'erd dolluhs moah."

Within thirty minutes Thesus had booked a hundred additional dollars on Ruby Day, whereupon he became extremely nervous. There was something afoot. He had chosen to ignore Matilde Pearl's intuition. Now he had become entangled to such an extent that a retreat was impossible.

Perturbed, Thesus reached for a copy of the latest racing chart. Turning to the last page, which contained reports of workouts. Hastily Thesus scanned the list of two-year olds which had been exercised at a half mile. At the information he dreaded, Thesus dropped the sheet, stared gloomily out of the window. Ruby Day had gone the half mile in forty-seven seconds flat.

"How'd th't fool nigger git win' of Ruby Day?" Thesus muttered. "Colt wasn't wuth a cent last wintuh. Now they is shootin' with him. Yassuh, Thesus, you is a gone goslin'. Race comes Saturday. Today's Thursday. Tonight we travel."

That afternoon Thesus cleaned up his desk. His plan was to go on to Louisville and witness the running of the Juvenile Stakes with the hope that Ruby Day might be beaten. If the colt did win, Thesus would write Matilde Pearl, after having worked out necessary details that night, and persuade her to sell out her interest in the café. There were plenty of uses for her money.

Matilde Pearl was a trifle dazed at Thesus' sudden decision to leave Nashville flat. "I don't want to leave," she objected plaintively. "I always lived heah, honey. Ain't Nashville big enough?"

Thesus shook his head solemnly. "We want moah populashun, honey. Th' moah folks, th' moah money. Ain't th't whut you wants? Take St. Louis—Chicago. Theah's th' kin' of place foh us'nesses."

"Bud Majuh wants my int'rest in th' café," Matilde Pearl vouchsafed. "But he won't gimme more'n nine hun'erd dolluhs."

Thesus stared at his beloved. "Nine hun'erd," he observed, "is a heap of money, honey."

BEFORE eleven o'clock Thesus had won his point. Matilde Pearl had promised to close the deal as quickly as possible. Her eyes were bright as Thesus pictured the colored population of more than one metropolis, with its society, dances, and attractions. Thesus was to write her from Louisville Saturday night. She was to leave Nashville Sunday.

At midnight Thesus stepped forth from a darkened hallway, this time in high spirits. Everything was going to come out all right.

He was thinking of the easy getaway presented, when a figure eased out from beneath the shade tree beside the front gate. Precocious Zander was waiting.

"Dahk night," Precocious observed.

"Good time," Thesus retorted, "foh folks to min' whut li'l business they got."

"Uh-huh," Precocious agreed cheerfully. "Thass whut I am doin'. I got an interest in you, Thesus, 'til aftuh th' fifth race at Looeyville, Saturday."

Precocious must have picked up that hunch out of thin air, Thesus reflected. How he had got it, was beyond Thesus. How to get rid of Precocious was far more important just now.

"If othuh folks," Thesus said, "wus as afraid of trustin' money to you, as you is of me, they'd be watchin' you mos' all th' time."

"One pusson," Precocious observed sagely, "ain't like another pusson. See th' graveyahd to yore right?"

"Ah ain't blin'."

"Cast yore eyes at th' big white stone at the neah cawnuh. Big one, huh?"

Thesus looked, with a feeling of dread.

"Once that cawpse wus a good man. Name of Sugahfoot Williams. He run a lott'ry an' fohgot to pay off th' gran' prize. I reckon Black Bottom practically 'sterminated him. Anyway, he's unduh th't stone."

"Go 'way, nigger," Thesus advised earnestly. "Quit foolin' with me. Ah don' crave no stone, or pussonal companion."

"Fr'm now, 'til Ruby Day wins th't race at Looeyville," Precocious announced solemnly, "you is goin' to have company. Thesus! Nevuh you min' how I gits win' you is preparin' to rise an' fly. All I says is th't I knows."

Thesus trudged silently on. He resorted to dignified silence as the best method to combat Precocious Zander's announced espionage policy. At his boarding house, Thesus walked through the hall, upstairs to his room. After turning the key, he listened intently. Presently he heard footsteps, voices whispering, and somebody ease into the next room. Precocious was preparing to spend the night.

At this complication, Thesus crept stealthily to bed and pondered long and earnestly. There wasn't the least doubt that Precocious was bluffing. The Zander person suited his first name. At thought of the Emma B. episode, Thesus shivered. Just suppose Ruby Day should repeat. Manifestly Precocious had made connection with some rather efficient observer at the Kentucky track.

"Boy," Thesus observed at last. "You is got one chance—an' one chance only. You is goin' to rise an' fly."

But how? Here, certainly, was the rub. For reasons, closely related with his affianced, plus future happiness, Thesus didn't want to make his departure a desperate getaway. In the past he had made good use of his feet. But now Thesus had acquired dignity, prestige, and the love of Black Bottom's belle.

Abruptly Thesus sat up. The office! There was his chance. It would be an easy thing to drop from the second-floor window of a hallway to a shed roof which sloped off to an alley. In the darkness he could sneak away, catch the interurban to Gallatin and board the Louisville train which passed through that town early in the evening. Besides, there was his money in the office safe. Easy to scoop up the five hundred dollars in silver and bills, and carry it away in the little black satchel behind the door. Thesus grinned, already drowsy. "Tomorrow," he muttered, "Ah tells Matilde Pearl Ah is departin'. Theah's a gal whut'll keep her face closed."

There were very few at the Gallatin station as the Louisville train came to a halt. A slow, spring drizzle was falling and passengers alighted, scurried to the waiting-room or waiting machines.

None noticed a furtive colored man who appeared from nowhere, his sole luggage a small, black handbag. Thesus, with an apprehensive glance, reached the coach step with a relieved air. By the time he had reached the vestibule he was his jaunty self once more.

In this particular coach, devoted to negroes, was a smoking compartment. Thesus eyed it speculatively, decided that it would be a splendid place wherein to camp. Nobody was inside. Humming softly, he took a seat, produced an expensive, lengthy cigar and leaned back to enjoy the smoke in comfort.

"Click on, cah wheels," he exulted, as the train steamed slowly out, "click on. You is got a one-way traveluh tonight."

Perhaps Thesus might have amplified that statement if he had looked up to see the men entering the compartment. As it was, his jaw sagged and the cigar dropped to the floor. Thesus was staring into the ominous faces of Precocious Zander and Usyalus Jackson.

[*Continued on page 148*]

Her Job is to *Keep* People Married

Ten thousand disgruntled wives annually bring their troubles to the court in which Mrs. Viola M. Anglin is probation officer. Her knowledge of strained domestic relations enables her to reconcile four parted couples out of every ten

by Vera L. Connolly

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Anglin says that "Every wife should have a few laughs up her sleeve," she finds that much of the responsibility for unhappy marriages must be laid at the wife's door. Among faults that most often drive husbands from home, she discusses: (1) slovenly housekeeping; (2) the tendency of the childless wife to become a stupid companion living a petty life within four walls; (3) jealousy; (4) running for advice and sympathy to mother or girl friends; (5) dissatisfaction with the husband's earning capacity; and (6) nagging.

A WOMAN who knows more about married-life problems than any one else in the country today, probably, is Mrs. Viola M. Anglin. For she is in charge of the probation work of a famous court in New York City, the Manhattan Family Court, into which ten thousand deserted or disgruntled wives flock annually to complain of non-support.

Mrs. Anglin's full title is Deputy Chief Probation Officer of the Magistrates Court of the City of New York. And her position is a very responsible one. She is the first woman ever to have attained to it. And it is due to her deep understanding of human nature and her ability to inspire her staff of interviewers with this same wisdom, that over forty per cent. of the disagreeing couples appearing in this court are reconciled.

Official honors rest lightly on Mrs. Anglin, however. There is nothing austere about her. She is a very pretty, charming woman, with a sweet, sympathetic face, laughing blue eyes and a fluffy mass of soft brown hair. Behind her voice lurks an understanding little chuckle. And one of her slogans is, "Every wife should have a few laughs up her sleeve." Yet in her friendly gaiety there is no flippancy. Deep down behind it one feels the sober earnestness born of her fifteen years of social work, and of viewing daily the domestic sorrows of mankind, plus the experience of raising a son of her own.

There in that dingy court, that grave of marital affections and dumping-ground of conjugal grievances, she seems the epitome of humorous, wise, compassionate womanhood.

Her laugh rippled out as the writer of this article flung at her the challenge which was the reason for her call: "All over the country today women are appearing in Family Courts to complain of unsatisfactory husbands. Many of these wives have been deserted. What is back of this condition? Is it wholly the men's fault? Aren't the wives to blame, too?"

"Dare I answer those questions?" she demanded, laughing.

Sobering suddenly, she leaned forward with great earnestness.

"All joking aside—let me make this very clear: I am a woman's woman. I am here to assist women and children. This court exists to force men and women to support their helpless dependents, so that they will not become public charges. And due to the efficiency of an unusual probation staff, we take in and distribute over a million and a half dollars every year. Most of this money comes from men, from husbands. A few of these husbands are confirmed drunkards, drug addicts, moral or mental imbeciles. And, of course, when any such husband as that deserts his family, no blame attaches to the wife. This court has only the deepest sympathy for her."

She paused.

"However," she went on, "such men are the exception. They constitute only a small minority. And you are interested, I suppose, in the average normal couple?"

[*Continued on page 165*]

MRS. VIOLA M. ANGLIN is in charge of the probation work of the Manhattan Family Court in New York City. Fifteen years of social work have given her exceptional insight into the causes for domestic grievances. One of her responsibilities is collecting from delinquent husbands a million and a half dollars a year for the support of their dependents.

JACKIE COOGAN is now eleven years old. His father (below) expects that Jackie will make two or three more pictures before he outgrows his child actor rôles. Then the plan is to send him to a boys' school. When he graduates, at eighteen or nineteen, he will step out into the world a millionaire and his own master.

Making *a* Man *of* Jackie Coogan

The highest-paid boy actor in the world must be prepared for big responsibilities, whether he stays in the movies or not. How he is taught to think for himself by object lessons that carry their own rewards and penalties

by W. Adolphe Roberts

EVER since his ninth birthday Jackie Coogan has been held to account for an allowance that started at eighteen dollars a week. Out of that amount he has been required to pay his quota of salaries and certain fixed charges, to make investments, carry a checking account and find his spending money. Already he has been trained to handle on a small scale some of the responsibilities that will be his when he comes of age. Most of his training is to insure the wise handling of his fortune.

JACKIE COOGAN, the little boy star of the movies, was stopped in a Hollywood studio a few months ago by a loudly dressed man. The latter pulled a sheaf of papers out of his pocket and commenced a line of talk such as most of us have undoubtedly heard at one time or another in our lives to our deep sorrow.

"Mr. Jackie, I wish you'd spare me a few minutes," said the man in a hearty tone, calculated to make a ten-year-old boy feel quite grown up. "I've got something wonderful here. It's an invention that's going to make fortunes for everybody connected with it, and I want to let you in on the ground floor."

"Invention—OO! Show it to me, Mister."

"Well, I don't have a model with me. There's only one in existence, and the inventor won't allow it out of his sight. But these testimonials will prove to you what a big thing we've got. It's a new attachment for movie cameras. We call it the goose-neck lens. The lens is at the end of a rubber tube which can be clamped on to the side of the camera. You just hold the tube in your hand, focus it on an actor and get a close-up of him. It doesn't matter how far away he is. The camera itself may be registering a long shot that takes in a hundred people. But you, with the goose-neck lens, can make a close-up of any one of them at the same time."

Jackie was sufficiently familiar with the technical side of his romantic profession to find the statement impressive. "That sure sounds like a great stunt," he sighed. "I'd like to see it working."

"Thought you'd be interested. It's up to fellows like you to help now, and reap the profits afterwards."

"How come?"

"We're selling shares at $100 apiece. The money is needed to put the invention on the market, but those who buy now should make a thousand dollars the first year."

"Perhaps I'll take a share," said Jackie.

"All right. Think it over. But let me know this afternoon or it may be too late."

Jackie went straight to his father, a former vaudeville actor known as Jack Coogan, Senior, who finds plenty to occupy him nowadays as his son's manager.

"You can do as you like, kid," said the elder Coogan, "but I want to warn you that nearly all these propositions are crooked. A sound business can usually borrow money from the bank, and doesn't have to send out cheap salesmen to talk people into buying stock. Still, decide for yourself."

"I'm strong for the goose-neck lens, and I'm going to put one hundred dollars into it," announced Jackie.

He was given the money from his private account, and turned it over to the canvasser, in exchange for a handsome certificate.

A few weeks later, he was summoned to view a sample of the work accomplished by the invention. It was run off on a motion picture screen in a dark room, and it proved to be a mess. Neither head nor tail could be made of the blurred film. An expert then arose and reported that the lens was a fraud. "I feel sorry for the misguided stockholders, for they have lost all they put into it," he said.

Jackie was downcast, but not broken-hearted. Nodding his little head sagely, he remarked: "Such things happen, I guess!" But when another salesman tried to interest him in shares in another line, he chased him out of the studio.

The above is a true story from Hollywood. It was told to me by Coogan Senior himself. But the fascinating explanation of the incident is this: it was a put-up job on Jackie from beginning to end. There was no such thing as a goose-neck lens, and the exhibit of its work was a strip of ordinary motion picture film, that had been smudged with acids. The fake salesman had been hired by Jackie's father, to give the boy a lesson in the wise handling of money. If Jackie had turned the proposition down, nothing more would have been said about it. But he showed himself susceptible to smooth talk, and was permitted apparently to lose his hundred dollars. He still thinks he lost it—and he cherishes a mortal mistrust of all tips concerning gilt-edged investments.

It seems like rough treatment of a boy who would ordinarily be in a lower grade in grammar school. But Jackie Coogan is an extraordinary case, and his parents think that that sort of discipline is good for him.

Making Jackie Think for Himself

HE IS earning more money than any other child in the world. His press agent claimed the other day that he earned a million a year. This was an exaggeration launched in true press agent fashion, to make the public gape. The sufficiently startling fact is that Jackie Coogan has a contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company which calls for a guaranty as well as a percentage on the profits of the pictures in which he appears. This brings him in an income that has varied in the last three years from $150,000 to $350,000 a year, or, roughly, between $3,000 and $5,000 a week.

His father is both his guardian and manager, and draws from the boy's earnings a salary which supports the family, including a mother and baby brother. A huge surplus, however, has been set aside each year for Jackie, ever since he entered the movies at the age of five. He will have more than a million dollars when he comes of age. How to prepare him for this responsibility is naturally regarded by his elders as their chief problem.

It is not intended, you see, that he be allowed to grow up in motion picture studios, where worldly wisdom would be acquired automatically with the passing years. Jackie is now definitely a child actor, and he is good for two or three more pictures before he begins to look like an adolescent. As soon as the change comes, the plan is to take him out of the movies and send him to a boys' school, to be given a regular fellow's education. He will be graduated at eighteen or nineteen, a millionaire and his own master. His fortune will have been one he earned for himself, yet he will scarcely remember having earned it. The effect will be that of coming into a legacy. The only chance of protecting him against possible spendthrift impulses is by instilling common sense before he goes to school and starts to play the game with other rich boys. It's quite a problem.

Mr. Coogan and I were standing at the corner of Madison Avenue and East Sixty-Third Street, New York. Jackie had been brought on from Hollywood for the sake of a few city scenes in his latest picture. The boy was in a cab half way down the block toward Central Park, and I was waiting for a favorable moment to interview him. The tale of the goose-neck lens had helped to pass the time.

"You can hardly dramatize all his financial acts as violently as that," I objected.

"No," agreed Coogan. "But we make him think for himself at every turn. When he was nine, I commenced to pay him eighteen dollars cash a week. He was told that he earned that much, but at the same time he was made to feel that he was an employer rather than an employee. His director expected ten dollars a week, I said, and it would have to come out of Jackie's eighteen. I levied a dollar here and another dollar there, and I also charged the kid fifty cents for cashing his check. Only a few cents remained as pocket money.

"The first discovery he made was that his director was getting a salary, anyway. He inquired the amount, and was indignant at the contrast between the fat pay envelope and his hard-earned ten dollars he had to fork over. So he complained to me.

"Here was something he had noticed for himself, and that touched him personally. I considered it a good starting point for a discussion of the entire business end of his work in the movies.

" 'You are the star of the picture now being made,' I told him. 'Because the public will pay to see you, and for no other reason, the producer hires the director at a big salary. If you don't think it fair that he should have an extra ten dollars from you, you needn't give it to him.'

" 'Well's it's not fair,' said Jackie. 'Him dividing with me would be lots fairer. But I don't want his old money.'

"And that was the end of that. Jackie had reasoned his way to the control of ten dollars a week.

"A while later, he took the initiative in what I considered a truly amazing manner. He telephoned to a bank in Los Angeles and asked what charge they made for cashing checks. The cashier assured him that there was no charge. He thereupon informed me loftily that

School bells mean nothing to Jackie, but his education goes on, nevertheless, between intervals of picture making. He is here shown doing his arithmetic, with his tutor and Bonzo, the studio pup. In the picture at the right Jackie's secretary is seen with a day's work in the form of replies to some of the 200,000 motion picture fans who write notes to the boy star in the course of a year.

he would deal with the bank, since I had been rooking him.

"'No, Jackie,' I protested. 'I've only been taking a commission for my trouble, which is quite a common thing in business. But whatever the bank is willing to do for you, I'll do. That, also, is a usual concession when a man like myself doesn't want to lose a good customer.'

"The gain of fifty cents was quickly followed by others brought about in similar ways. The kid was soon enjoying most of his eighteen dollars a week."

Though Mr. Coogan's account of his guardianship was amusing as well as practical, I couldn't help feeling that the result must have been to make Jackie a precocious and hardened little tyke. He was getting on for eleven years old, and had always been of the theater. He was born, you know, in Los Angeles, where his mother had temporarily retired from a vaudeville act in which she had been playing with his father.

At the age of four, Jackie did some dance steps in another vaudeville act featuring Coogan Senior and Annette Kellermann. Charlie Chaplin happened to see him perform, and at once engaged him for the name part of "The Kid," a picture made about a year later and still remembered as one of Chaplin's greatest comics. It served, too, to launch Jackie overnight. He was starred in his next movie. There had been child stars before him, but none who approached the success he has made, what with this record of "Peck's Bad Boy," "Oliver Twist," "Little Robinson Crusoe," "Long Live the King," and more than a dozen other program pictures.

How could such a youngster fail to be wise beyond his years, a bit cynical even?

I was asking myself the question when I was at last taken over to the taxicab for my interview. A boy rather small for his age, a gentle-looking boy, with his fine hair worn at a girlish length and arranged in a bang on his forehead, was curled in the back seat, reading one of the "Wizard of Oz" series of fairy-tales. The woman tutor who accompanies him everywhere was beside him, preparing his next lesson. The boy sat up promptly when I was announced by his father, shook hands gravely and said, "Pleased to meet you, sir," in an unembarrassed yet childish tone.

"How do you like being in New York, Jackie?" I asked him, for want of something better to start the conversation.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he answered, putting his head on one side. "New York's too big. I feel kinda lost here."

"Is Hollywood really so much better?"

"Oh, yes! I'm wanted out there. That's it."

"But you're wanted in New York, too," I assured him. "Haven't you noticed how the kids all crowd about to take a look at *you*?"

Just a Regular Kid After All

HE PURSED his lips. "Ye-es, but they act like they thought I was just something to holler about. They're not like a feller's own pals. I know all the boys in Hollywood, and I don't know any here."

Fresh from what Papa Coogan had told me about training Jackie to take care of his money, I asked: "What have you bought for yourself in New York?"

"Well, now, with my own money I've bought a race-horse game, and let's see—a couple of lunches, too," he answered naïvely. "But my father's bought a few things for me."

"And what's the most interesting thing you've seen here?"

"The Bronx Zoo. Oh, my! The wild animals—they're so wonderful," he exclaimed, "'specially the lions."

"Why the lions, Jackie?"

"It's because they're handsome, and—and dignified. That's it. You don't need any one to tell you they're the Kings of the Jungle. Lookit, you couldn't make a lion run a race. He's too proud to do that. But the big elephant'll do it. Did you know the elephant could run faster than any other animal there is in the whole wide world?"

"Faster than a greyhound?"

"*Yessir*. If the greyhound was as big, he could beat him. It's because the elephant's legs can reach so far that he wins."

There, literally transcribed, is a sample of how Jackie Coogan talks in an interview. I found to my astonishment and pleasure that he was not a forced-ripe product, that he enjoyed himself in a natural, young way. He is very observant and very imaginative. His mind leaps from one form of expression to the other. He tells you one minute about something he has seen, and the next he decks out his memories with colorful elaborations. This doubtless explains why he is a good actor. But he does not care to discuss motion pictures. I asked him to tell me about the scene on which he was working that day. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I leave all that stuff to my director," he declared grandly. "He's got it written down, so's to tell me just what to do."

"In between times, when you're resting, as you are now, don't you figure out ways to improve the picture?"

"No, sir, I don't. I read a book, or I play."

"Don't get a wrong impression," cut in Coogan Senior, jealous of the boy's artistic standing. "Jackie's not expected to carry worries around with him. But in front of the camera, he thinks up lots of good gags."

"What do you mean by 'gags'?"

"Little touches that will make the audience laugh. A funny way of jumping out of the path of an automobile, for instance. Or putting on a dog's collar and then acting as if he thought that would make people mistake him for a dog. We always stop everything and listen when Jackie says he has a gag to suggest, and if we use it we pay him fifty cents bonus."

"That's right," agreed Jackie, nodding his head gleefully. "I get fifty cents for every single gag."

The director came hurrying around the corner, to whirl his child star away to the lower East Side where a slum episode was to be "shot." But I was invited to visit at his hotel, and a few mornings later I made the acquaintance of still another Jackie Coogan. Like all geniuses, his temperament is complex.

I had brought a photographer with me to get some special pictures. Jackie was polite, but showed no enthusiasm for quitting his game of golf. Then his father came along.

"Never put play ahead of having things written about you and photographs made of you, Boy," he said.

As the family breadwinner, Jackie has something more than a merely fraternal interest in his baby brother, Robert Anthony Coogan. All of Jackie's education, by the way, is not confined to book learning. His instruction in golf, for instance, has been entrusted to no less an authority than the expert Joe Kirkwood.

"All right, Dad," answered Jackie quietly. I took him up to the roof of the hotel, and there, sometimes with Kirkwood and sometimes alone, he posed for picture after picture.

Finally, we got him to sit on the coping, so as to get a photograph with the New York skyline as background. A hotel servant stuck his head around a chimney and announced, "Mr. Coogan says it's time to come downstairs."

Jackie moved instantly to respond, and flushed as a hand was raised to halt him.

"Just one second, Jackie," pleaded the photographer. "We're all set, and this'll be the last one."

But Jackie was already wriggling his way energetically from his perch. "No, *sir!*" he piped. "When Dad says we're through, we're *through!*"

I don't think Jack Coogan Senior need worry about the effectiveness of his system of training. As a matter of fact, an article about the son might well resolve itself into a study of the father. Jackie's gift is innate and intuitive. He cannot be said to have a conscious technique. But Coogan has known how to use the boy's comely face, his wistful and appealing personality, as valuable financial assets. At the same time he appears to have kept Jackie normal-minded and to have very skilfully prepared him for the control of a fortune. It has taken sheer genius of a sort for the elder to handle the situation as he has handled it.

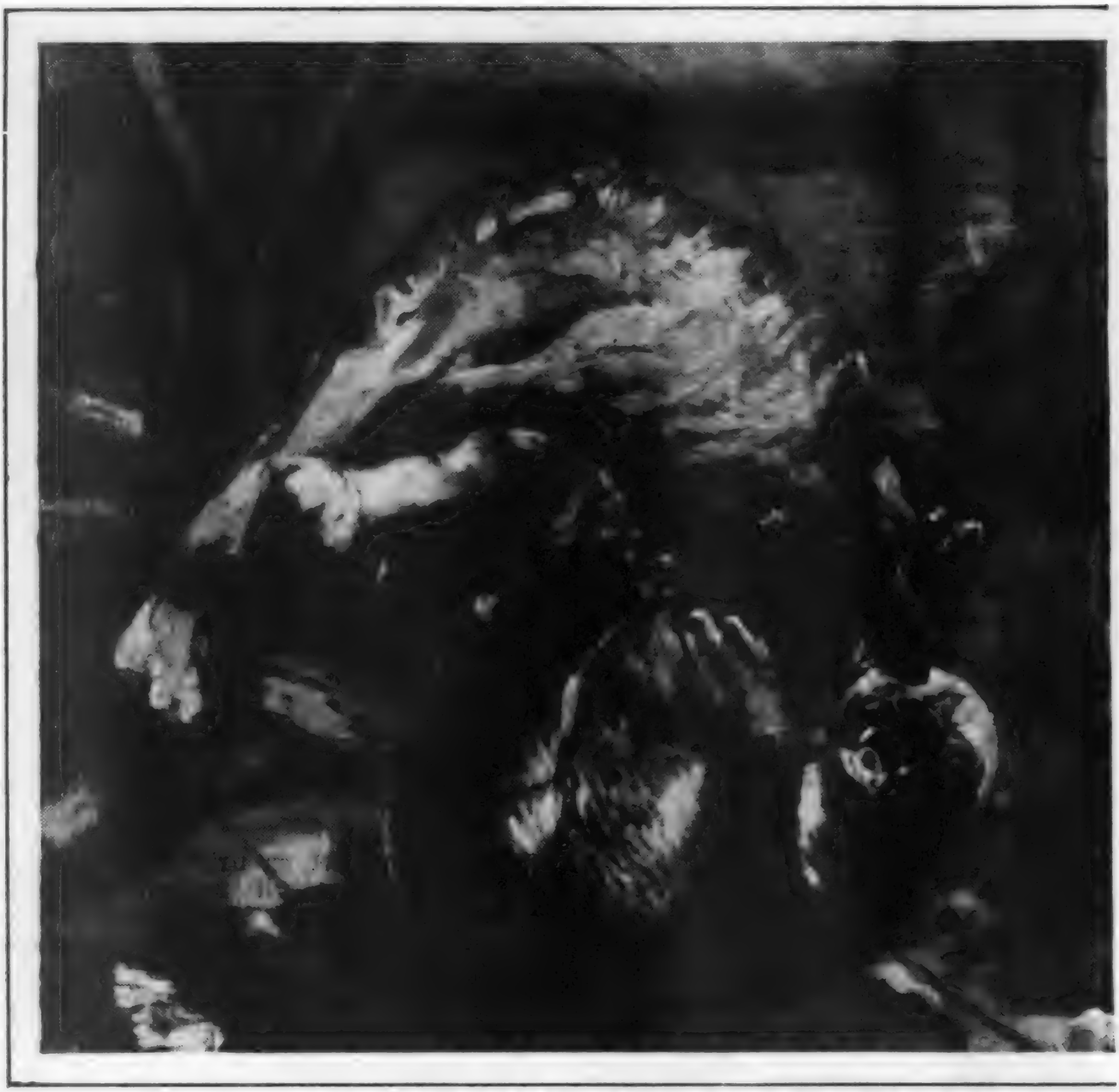
"Suppose Jackie goes through a finishing school, as you plan—through college, too, perhaps—and wants to get back into the movies, what then?" I asked.

Coogan threw up his hands in an eloquent gesture. "He won't have to do it for the sake of earning money. But if he's got the acting bug, why he'll have to start all over again. He'll be required to play grown-up parts, and he'll hardly remember much business from his kid pictures. Good luck to him, I say, if he wants to try out that adventure."

"No harm in his finding himself a novice at his old profession, so long as he's become the manly, decent young fellow you're scheming for him to be," I suggested.

"That's about it," Coogan answered.

The man who has had sufficient vision to work out the program I have described may have been a small-time vaudevillian for the greater part of his life, but he's not a small-time father.



Again and again Wolf made the darting, ripping slash of his breed. Furniture

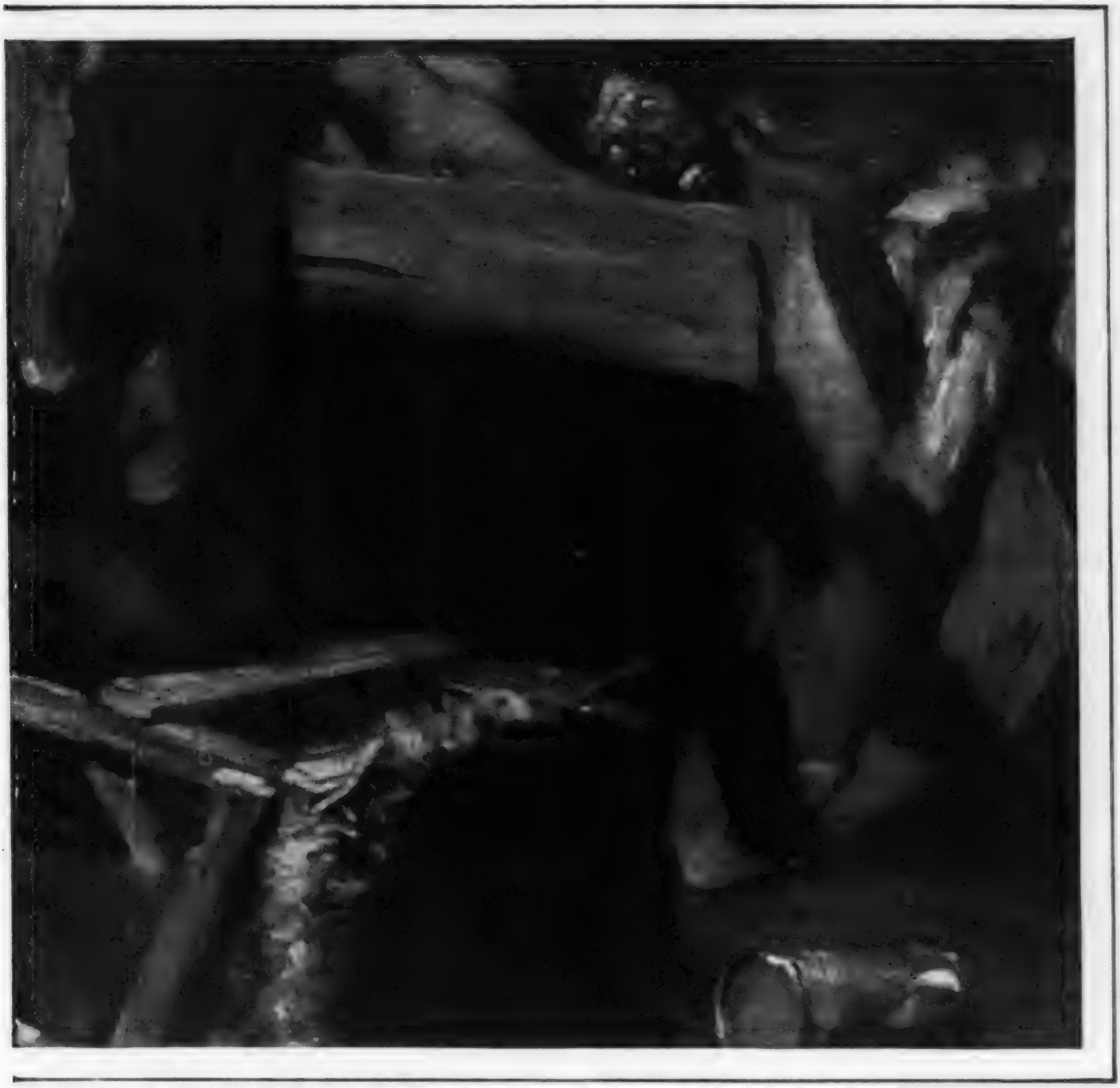
By
Frank Richardson Pierce

The Red

Two fever-ridden trappers see a fight to the finish

DAWNING day filled the valley to the brim with the songs of numerous birds; a mallard drake floated lightly just beyond the fringe of golden water-lilies, his attitude one of close watchfulness, his senses attuned to danger. The splash of trout as they broke water along the lee shore was constant. The sun tipped the snow-capped peaks, then stole lazily down to the timber line and finally the valley floor. Forest creatures came forth to enjoy the warmth; the bird chorus strengthened in volume as if sun, trees, mountain peaks, and lake were in perfect accord with the animal life.

Suddenly as if in obedience to a signal the birds became silent. The mallard drake's green head jerked nervously, his wings moved slightly, then slipped back to place. The silence was broken by the harsh quacking of his mate. She soared from a clump of tules, circled, and came back quack-quacking, a hundred feet above the swamp. The drake answered as he joined her. Together they circled high, sensing what was taking place below them.



was overturned and broken while the sick men looked on aghast.

Marauder

Illustrated by
Harold von Schmidt

between hereditary enemies of the wilderness

After several minutes the tules near the mallards' nest stirred and a wolverine emerged, moving silently along on his flat feet, a red marauder leaving misery and destruction in his wake. In his wanderings he had chanced onto the valley and found it to his taste, stocked with game and, except for a log cabin at the lower end of the lake, free of mankind. His destruction of the mallards' nest and eggs was complete, but unsatisfying.

Within ten minutes after leaving the mallards' nest he peered from a thicket and watched the antics of a porcupine that was paddling about with scant attention to possible danger. After a few minutes' enjoyment of the peaceful morning the porcupine continued in his quest for a tree with suitable bark for food, peering about with small, dull eyes, instinctively picking a course with his plantigrade feet.

A warning snap of a twig brought him to an instant stop; a degree of intelligence came into the thoughtless eyes, his quills lifted defensively and he waited. Unlike the skunk that goes and comes as it pleases, knowing all animals will yield the trail, the porcupine will avoid danger if possible. When cornered he relies entirely on his quills, each of which is equipped with a series of barbs which, once caught in the flesh, work deeper and deeper until a vital spot is reached. Thus many a porcupine avenges himself long after the attack.

The wolverine followed the porcupine leisurely until he stopped. Then he leaped in front. Instantly the porcupine whirled around and presented a phalanx of cruel spines. To the wolverine this was an old situation quite easily handled without danger. Just beneath the porcupine's lower jaw there is an unprotected area. The wolverine watched his opportunity, then with a deft movement of his claws caught the porcupine and turned it over. The brief encounter was concluded without a scratch. The red marauder ate his kill down to the back. His work had been done with such silence that the birds were singing again, wholly ignorant of the second tragedy.

It was an hour later that the wolverine discovered the buried kill of a wolf. This discovery was made despite the fact that the wolf had used every resource in concealing his food. Five minutes' work unearthed the kill and the wolverine gorged himself. When he could no longer eat he defiled the remainder so that no other animal, even on the verge of starvation, would touch it. Thus did he not only ruthlessly slay and rob the caches of other animals, but he prevented their returning.

With well filled stomach the average animal would have sought rest, but the red marauder's blood lust was far from satisfied. From now on he would kill for the sheer joy of killing. He trailed the wolf scent some distance above the valley, then turned off sharply, and with the aid of his claws and heavy strength pulled himself up a perpendicular log and peered down with merciless, blinking eyes. Within striking distance several wolf pups played in the sunshine. The wolverine became cautious as he watched the offspring of his hereditary enemy. Open conflict with an animal his match did not enter into his calculations; he sought only weaker creatures, particularly the young and helpless.

This morning the mother wolf had left her offspring while she set forth in search of food. Like the pups of dogs the young wolves mauled each other and nipped playfully with immature fangs. One alone stood forth from the others, larger that his mates, considerably stronger, born to fight his way to pack leadership.

Assured that the mother was away the wolverine dropped silently among them. For a few brief moments terror reigned; then the red marauder vanished, leaving death and injury in his wake. One pup alone lived. In the depths of the den he whined in fear and pain. He had been thrown to safety in the mêlée and for some reason the wolverine had not pursued his advantage.

After several minutes he ventured timidly forth, sniffing at his dead mates. It had all happened so quickly. One moment he had been playing; then terror, then peace and death. He sniffed about and howled in misery. Below the den the brush crashed and a man's voice floated upward. "It's a wolverine right enough, Bill, I can see his claw marks on this tree. We've got to get that cuss or our trap line won't be worth much next winter."

The sound of voices was new to the wolf pup. He listened a moment, then leaped for the den as a head loomed above the ledge. A hand plucked him in flight—a big hand that cleverly avoided his immature fangs. The eyes peering so close were merry; the face heavily bearded. "I got a wolf pup, Bill!" said the voice, "the wolverine killed the others. That fiend has left a red trail this morning."

Another face came into view. "Wolf pup, eh? Well you'd better kill him, Sam; it'll save you a lot of grief later. Bat his head against that boulder."

Sam Hamby shook his head. "I never could kill the young of nothin' no matter how onery the grown-ups may be. They're all cute."

"I'd kill a wolf," Bill replied.

"I'd kill a grown wolf, Bill, but if I killed a pup I'd feel like a wolverine and that's the lowest critter on the face of God's green earth. Even a snake don't go round killing more'n he can eat. Besides he's hurt, the little devil. Look! He's the biggest of the bunch and see what bright eyes he's got!"

Bill observed with misgivings. "You'll live to regret it if you don't bat his brains out right now," he darkly predicted. "I'd sure like to have seen the old lady and the wolverine tangle."

"The wolverine waited until she was away. I've always wondered how a standup fight between a grown wolf and a grown wolverine would end. It'd be one of the worst fights ever known. Some claim one would win, some the other. I kinda favor the wolf myself; he ain't much, but he's more of a gentleman; more like a dog."

SAM HAMBY climbed down from the ledge holding the injured wolf pup tenderly in his arms.

Sam Hamby kept the pup in his cabin while its injuries healed and his kindness overcame the wild strain. The pup was fed from his hand only; it was his hand that offered reward, his hand that punished disobedience. Summer disappeared, autumn lingered briefly and then came the first snows of winter. The pup had grown into a powerful animal, in actions and loyalty more like a dog than a wolf.

On those occasions when Bill Beckett came across the range for a visit with Sam he kept his hand conveniently near the butt of his pistol. "Some day he'll go wild all in a bunch," he insisted, "and when he does, Sam, be sure you ain't down on your knees or you'll be a goner."

Sam nodded. "I'm safe enough!"

"Are, eh? I'll show you!" Bill turned suddenly and ran. For a moment the wolf debated. Then with swift leaps he followed, half in play, for this man had identified himself as his master's friend. Suddenly Bill tripped and fell. Instantly the wolf's demeanor changed. He grew tense, the hair along his back lifted, a new cry came from his throat, the blood cry of the wolf when its prey has fallen. The wolf had never given the cry before, but it came instinctively. His reactions to seeing the man fall in full flight were all new, but he performed as if they were commonplace. His fangs sought Bill's throat, but Bill was protecting himself with his arms, while his heavily booted feet hurled the wolf back. Bill's efforts to get to his feet were feverish, but he did not use the gun he had drawn.

"See, Sam," he yelled in triumph, "what'd I tell you? He's a killer."

Sam nodded. "I'll take that out of him, too. I want him for a friend because I like the cuss, but mostly I plan to breed a wolf strain into my sled dogs."

"If you take that blood lust out of him, you'll have a cur on your hands. I know wolves!"

"So do I!"

Throughout that winter Sam Hamby labored patiently to prove that his faith was well-founded. He broke the wolf to harness and often when they mushed alone and the wolf was free Sam would run and fall. At first the wolf rushed him. Then as time after time Sam's boots drove him away with cruel force he became wary and refused to respond to the instinct.

It was Bill who gave him the name Wolf. "That Wolf!" with a number of profane adjectives started it and gradually he shortened his description until the name stood alone. Sam adopted it.

Together they ran the trap line which extended over the range into Bill's territory. Sometimes they stopped at Bill's cabin for a day or two, but usually they stayed alone for long intervals. Sam Hamby's efforts were devoted chiefly to the red marauder. He set trap after trap, but the wolverine cleverly sprung each and escaped unharmed. Day after day he ran the trap line ahead of the thoroughly enraged Sam. It became a battle of wits in which the wolverine always won.

Then later on Sam caught sight of the wolverine slinking away from a trap he had set two days before. Brief as was his glimpse, he fired instinctively and dropped the animal in its tracks. "Take him, Wolf!" he ordered in his eagerness to finish the intruder.

The wolf was on him instantly, infuriated beyond all reason by the hated scent of this defiler of his food caches. Sam pulled him off at length. The skin was worthless but he returned home in a happier frame of mind.

A week later he found evidence of the usual raid. Trap after trap had been either sprung or robbed. Bits of fur and blood on the snow told the tragic tale. Sam tried poison then, during which period he kept Wolf tied up. Several dead wolves was the result, the real culprit escaped as usual.

Winter came with the wolverine unharmed, his cruelty and cleverness broadened by experience, his lust for blood dominating him. Gradually the creatures he preyed upon moved to other localities. Only the larger animals and those that did not migrate remained. In time another mate came to take the place of the animal Hamby had shot. Often from his den he saw the man and wolf pass close, yet he invariably eluded their best efforts.

That spring he located a den of foxes and the blood madness surged through his veins madly. The claws came from his paws and he tore at the soft earth eagerly. Within, the mother fox stood her ground and snapped at the intruder with quick darting slashes that wounded him repeatedly before he enlarged the hole sufficiently to reach her. Then his eyes blazed with fury and his claws and teeth tore the fox with their heavy strength. The pups darted helplessly about with frightened beady eyes, the red marauder's body blocking escape. After a while he emerged and peered about, licking his red fangs and claws.

FOOD was scarce shortly before the snow came the next winter. The birds except the ptarmigan had gone south. The wolverine made short work of the flock in his vicinity, and turned his attention to the kills of other animals. Then because the game was nearly exhausted, he turned towards the line of traps Sam Hamby had set as soon as furs were prime.

Again it became a contest of wits between the man and the marauder, with the latter always just ahead, escaping by narrow margins. Hours at a time Hamby watched with rifle in hand waiting for the wolverine's appearance. Then perhaps an hour or two after his departure the wolverine silently appeared.

The heavy winter gales drove the wolf packs south. Sometimes they howled close to the cabin and Wolf answered the call of his kind. A conflict that the man sensed and that the animal experienced but did not understand raged within him. Once he eluded Sam and was gone a week while the man ran his trap line alone. Then he returned with evidence of battle on his powerful shoulders. Sam dressed the wounds.

"Here's one that mighty near got the jugular vein, boy," he announced. "You'd better stick to men."

It was several days later that Sam was taken sick. He called it "a touch o' the grippe" but the modern name is flu. It was a bad attack and for days he tossed alone in his cabin and waited and hoped that either death or Bill Beckett might come. Wolf had disappeared again. He was ranging for food now that his master was too weak to feed him.

Then one day a gaunt figure appeared on the ridge, dragging his feet slowly, reeling, threatening to fall, yet managing to continue. From the timber across the neck of the valley Wolf watched him, then slowly commenced to stalk as he had stalked game of late in other valleys. As the man neared the cabin Wolf broke into a steady lope. The man's pace quickened, his breath came in sobbing gasps from the slightest effort and presently he stumbled and fell. "Sam!" he screamed, "Sam . . . Wolf!"

Then with a mighty effort he regained his footing. From beneath his parka he jerked a gun, although lacking sufficient strength to pull the trigger. The gun fell from his hands, as he backed slowly towards the cabin door, the wolf stalking him. "Sam!" he cried weakly, "open that door!"

The door opened and Bill Beckett fell across the threshold. Sam was steadying himself against the wall. Lights were dancing before his eyes, he felt as if he might float off through space.

"Come here, Wolf!" he said weakly. "Come here, boy, you must be hungry."

"Don't!" Bill pleaded, "he's gone wild."

Sam shut the door and tried to build a fire. Then he helped Bill into his bunk that was still warm from his feverish body. Bill shook with a violent chill and his body was turning blue in places. Only a strong man could have come over that ridge in such a condition. "Nearly died . . . other night," Bill muttered, "got scared. Terrible to . . . die . . . alone. Want a human bein' round when I cash in."

Bill looked as though he might die but Sam did not say so. He managed to warm some water and gave Bill a drink; then he took one himself. It was like pouring warm water into a glacier crevasse; the heat was gone almost instantly. Both men were shaking. Sam warmed a blanket, wrapped himself carefully and fell asleep in the other bunk. The fire in the stove flickered and died and the fire within the men burned lower and lower and flickered a long time before it grew brighter. Outside Wolf howled as his kind always howl when threatened. Bill heard it as from a distance. His lips muttered, "Don't let him in, he's gone wild."

Sam also heard his own voice. "Wolf, old boy, hungry, eh?"

For days the traps had been neglected but the red marauder had visited them with such regularity that his trail was plainly marked in the snow.

With no human hand to set the traps they remained empty. A waster and defiler of food, while nothing remained in the caches fit for consumption the wolverine nearly starved. Reluctantly he was driven by the lash of hunger toward the snow-covered cabin at the head of the lake. For a period he studied the situation considering the man scent, the wolf scent, the danger to himself. He had no fear of the wolf, but nevertheless preferred not to fight unless cornered—there were too many chances of injury.

Nearly two days elapsed before hunger prevailed over caution. When the wolf slipped into the timber the wolverine climbed to the cabin roof and commenced tearing away the snow. His claws encountered a wire and he tugged with all his strength before the stove pipe fell, pulling with it half a length from within the cabin. Lacking support, the remainder between stove and roof clattered to the floor. The wolverine half turned as if to flee. Then as it became silent he peered curiously through the hole.

As he watched, one of the men opened his eyes. There was terror on his face as he cried weakly to arouse the other from his stupor. His eyes moved from the wolverine to the rifle on the wall just above. Gathering his strength, he struggled to reach the weapon only to fall back again and again.

"Can't . . . make . . . it!" he muttered brokenly.

THE wolverine's claws curved and began tearing away at the roof to make a hole sufficiently large to admit his large and powerful body.

The last obstacle was torn aside with a final tug and again the marauder peered within. Claws searched about for support and found a beam, his body swung through and dropped to the floor. The quick breathing of the men measured the terror of their hearts, each watched helplessly. Again Sam struggled to reach the rifle resting on spikes three feet above his head.

A bit of bacon rind caught the wolverine's attention. He gulped it down, and commenced tearing at the heavy storeroom door, seeking the food within. Failing, he turned to other objects, tearing, tearing, always tearing with the cruel claws. Abruptly he paused as if realizing stored food was beyond his reach. He lifted his fore legs, drove the claws into Sam Hamby's bunk and pulled his body upward.

Sam bared his teeth like some cornered animal and screamed. All things the red marauder attacked screamed with fear. The scream was a confession of helplessness, and admission of his power. This moment he learned that men screamed like animals—were animals. Thus far hunger had driven him to risk the man danger; with the scream the fear vanished. The wolverine sunk his claws into the blankets and Sam's cry filled the cabin, his thin fingers curved like the marauder's claws; pitifully Sam decided he would reach for the throat and perhaps . . . It was futile but few creatures quit without fighting.

But why did the devilish creature hesitate? With a sudden rush of hope Sam remembered Wolf. Again and again they had heard Wolf about the cabin. Even if he strayed far in search of food he must come onto the wolverine's fresh trail. Once he picked up the hated scent the quest would be furious. The wolverine's cruel eyes turned toward the opening as, at the same moment, the thud of a leaping body sounded on the roof above. The frothed fangs and blood-lusting eyes of Wolf peered downward. Snarling, the red marauder turned from the helpless man to the first real danger of his career.

Into Sam Hamby's eyes came hope, then a flickering expression of interest. He had always wanted to see a fight to the finish between a wolf and wolverine. The outcome was a debatable question between trappers, some holding that the wolf would prevail over his hereditary foe, others championing the wolverine while they hated it.

Wolf grew frantic in his efforts to force his way through the hole. It was no love of man that urged him onward, but the blood feud of ages. The love he bore for Sam Hamby was forgotten. Cornered, the wolverine waited, choosing his ground to the best advantage. Sam glanced hopefully toward Bill, but the latter shook his head.

"They'll both taste blood," he whispered hoarsely, "and so wild. If you could only reach that gun."

A section of the roof splintered and Wolf shot downward head foremost. Though he tried to leap to his feet with lightning quickness, the wolverine held the advantage and his teeth sank into the wolf's shoulder while the powerful claws began tearing the coat to shreds. By sheer strength the wolf shook the wolverine off heedless of the pain of his torn flesh. Again and again he made the darting, ripping slash of his breed, the snap and click of fangs that can break bone and cut flesh and muscle with ease.

WOLF'S courage was unquestioned; it equaled the red marauder's in fierceness. Neither animal gave heed to the surroundings: the silent men, the bunks, the walls. Articles of furniture were overturned, the blood-stained débris was knocked into convenient corners as though cast there by some powerful eddy. Again and again the wolverine's paws darted at the wolf, sometimes finding their mark, again missing by a narrow margin. Wolf was tiring; the pace was telling on the wolverine—the loss of blood weakened each. Movements became less swift, less sure. Wolf's jaws snapped and met the paw in mid-air. Something snapped and the leg dropped helpless from the first joint to the paw. The wolverine's snarl chilled the blood; he reared upwards and Wolf shot with the fullness of his strength into the opening. His fangs caught the wolverine's throat and the pair crashed to the floor. Once, twice, thrice the other fore paw slashed Wolf's back but he never relaxed the throat grip. The wolverine shuddered, twitched spasmodically for several moments and then became suddenly quiet.

For a long time Wolf retained his grip, then he lifted his head and snarled. He had fought his first great battle and tasted the warm blood of an enemy. His eyes were bloodshot, his fangs dripping.

"Gone wild!" cried Bill Beckett, "we're done, Sam!"

The wolf crouched for the spring. He was blood mad, he wanted to slash and rip, tear down and destroy anything and everything unable to rise. Just then his own breed would have felt his fangs as quickly as a wolverine or man.

He turned from Bill Beckett to Sam. Of the two, Bill was weaker, Wolf's instinct told him. His whole upper lip quivered baring the keen fangs. Then it was that Sam Hamby knew fear greater than any he had known before in his eventful life. He had been under fire, but bullets do not hold the terror of claws and fangs. Then Sam gathered his courage and his remaining strength.

"Wolf!" he said softly, "Wolf, old boy . . . well done!"

"Well done!" The words stirred something deep within the wolf. He had heard them before when something prompted him to strive to please and he had merited praise. He faltered and something cried out to win again this human being's praise. The struggle waged between his recent wild life and his domestic training.

"Wolf, old boy!"

Bill Beckett wanted to scream. On Sam's control of this creature he had reclaimed from the wild depended life itself.

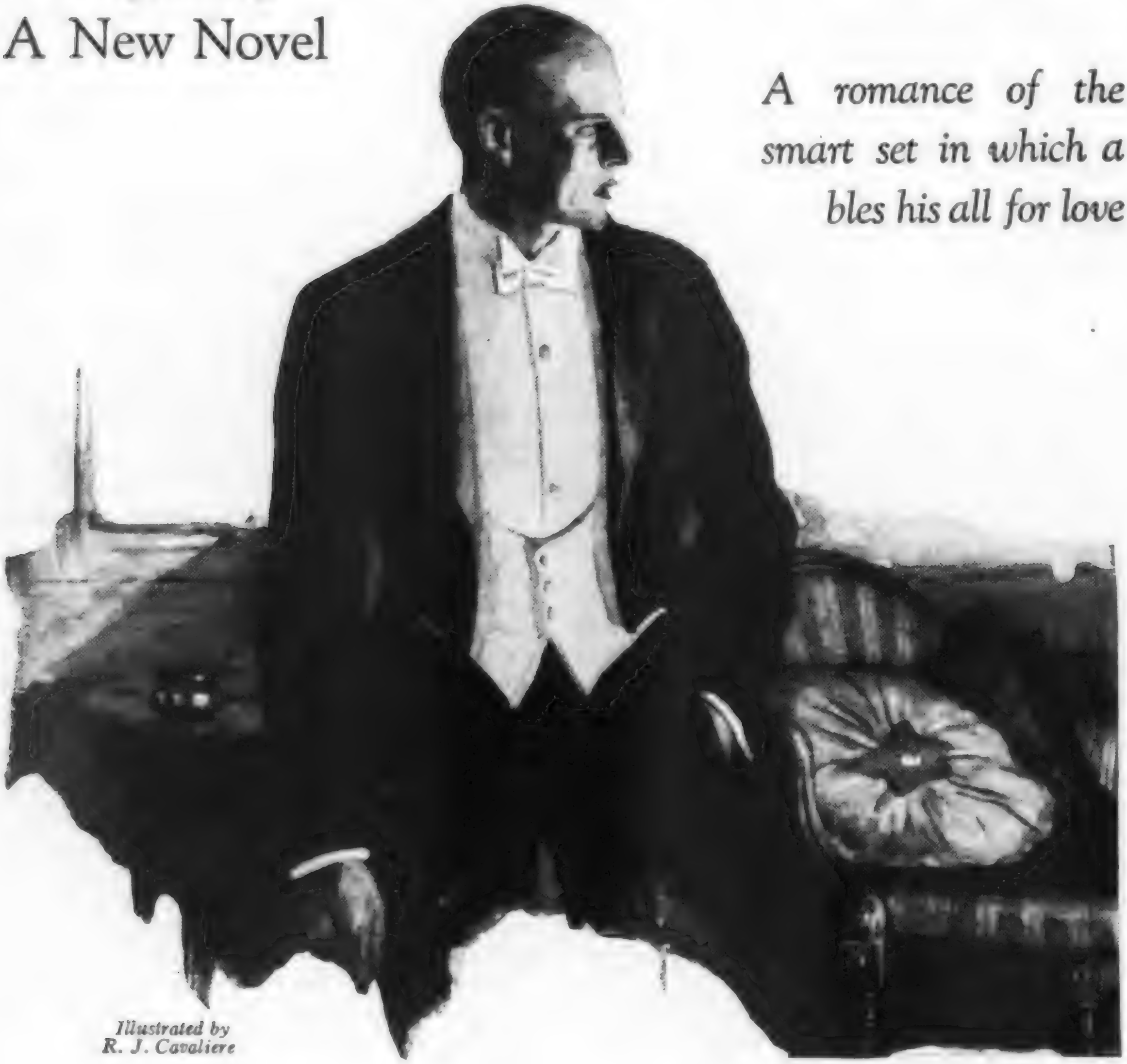
"Wolf!"

The wolf relaxed and came to the man, fawning for praise, braced, yet willing to submit to a blow as perhaps some fierce forebear had submitted countless generations before him. Sam Hamby's hand fondled the nose and jaws, rubbed the torn ears gently, soft words coming from his lips. Just a moment Wolf lingered, then he turned and began licking his wounds. Far in the distance a wolf howled. Wolf lifted his ears alertly, but he did not answer.

Harvey Garrard's

Beginning
A New Novel

A romance of the smart set in which a bles his all for love



Illustrated by
R. J. Cavaliere

PART ONE

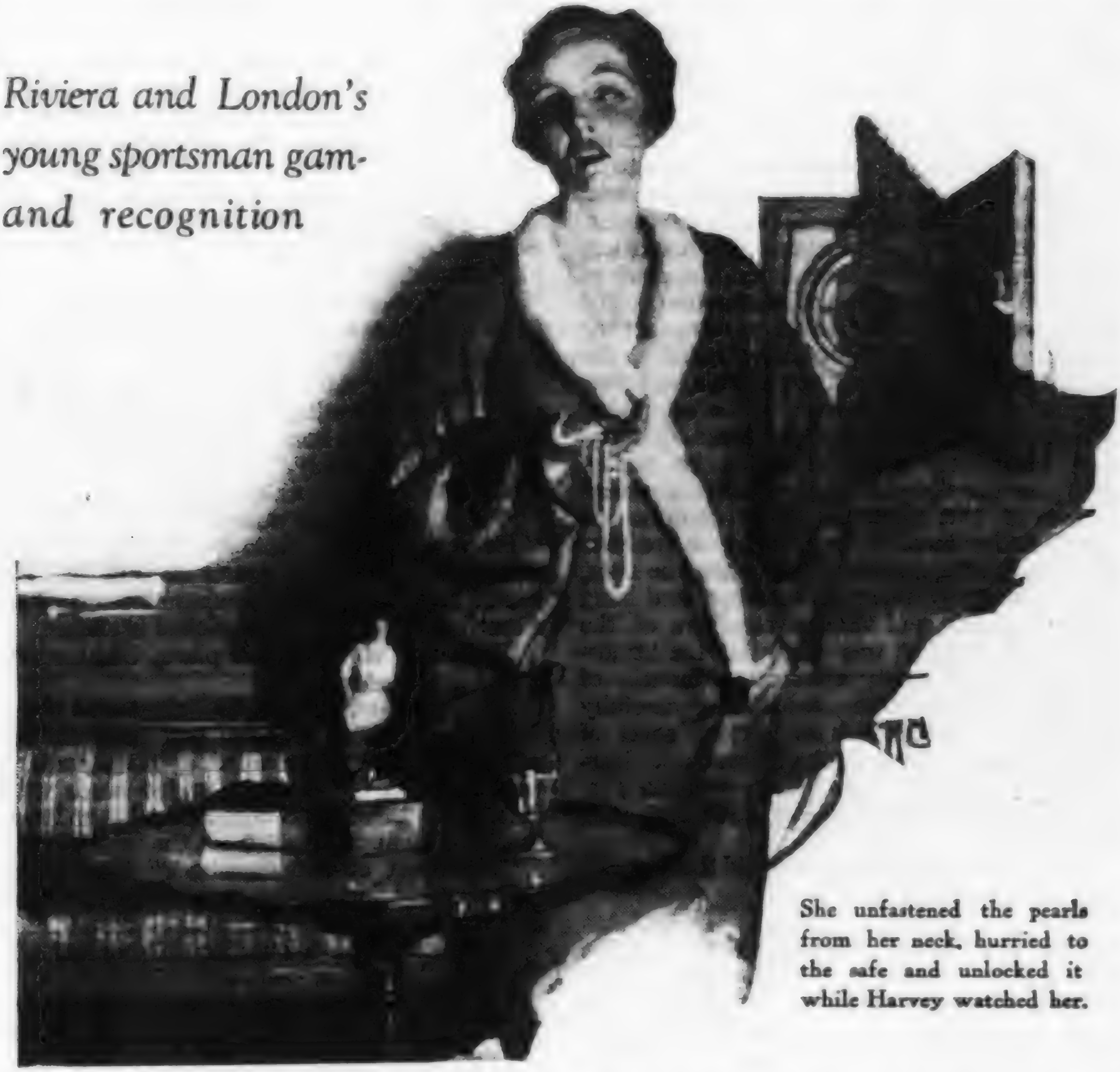
HARVEY GARRARD, as his limousine crawled over London Bridge and turned into the dingy streets beyond, leaned forward in his seat looking out of the window with the half-weary anticipation of one who revisits familiar but distasteful scenes. There was a faint air of disgust in his expression as the well-known odors of the neighborhood assailed his nostrils. Forty-eight hours ago he had been living in a paradise of mimosa and roses warmed by Riviera sunshine, his senses reacting pleasurably to the mild excitement, the music and the gaiety of Monte Carlo. The malodorous atmosphere of Bermondsey, into which district he had now passed, the smell of leather, the sullen, brooding skies through which it seemed impossible that the sun could ever force its way, all added to his depression. He glanced with distaste at the familiar landmarks which he passed, exchanged mechanical greetings with one or two passers-by whose names he failed to remember and finally stepped out onto the pavement with the sigh of an unaccountable feeling of depression as his car drew up before the magnificent pile of buildings, the pride of the whole neighborhood, the enormous warehouse built by his grandfather, Phineas Garrard, the Quaker, nearly a hundred years ago.

"You had better wait for a time, John," he told the chauffeur. "If I have to stay here long, I'll send down word and you can go

Crime

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Riviera and London's
young sportsman gam-
and recognition



She unfastened the pearls from her neck, hurried to the safe and unlocked it while Harvey watched her.

home in case your mistress requires you."

The man touched his hat and turned off his engine. Harvey Garrard mounted the steps, pushed open the swing doors and made his way leisurely past the spacious suites of offices which occupied the front of the ground floor into the open spaces beyond—spaces piled with great stacks of all descriptions of sole leather, from the odor of which he shrank once more with a little instinctive aversion. With his hand upon the iron railing of the circular staircase which led to the first floor where his own private office was situated he paused for a moment to look around. Perhaps because he had just emerged from an utterly different world, he was conscious of a queer sense of unreality in all he saw. He was unable to link together the past and the present. It seemed to him indeed that the men in their aprons and overalls who moved backward and forward were like the ghosts of themselves rather than actual human beings. Reminiscences of past years here in these surroundings puzzled at the same time that they depressed him. The clerks in the offices—he could see them through the glass partition—were all gray-headed, all seemed to bend a little wearily over their tasks. Many of their faces were familiar, but all seemed changed. It was the same thing with the porters. He called one of them to him—one of the few whose name he remembered.

"Well, James," he said, "still working as hard as ever?"

The man shook his head doubtfully.

"No chance of that nowadays, sir," he

replied. "There ain't enough to do to keep any of us busy."

"Business bad, eh?"

"Bad enough in our department, anyway, sir," was the somewhat depressed admission.

His master turned away with a nod and mounted the winding stairway. Arrived on the first floor he paused and looked downward once more at the great room below. A vague sense of uneasiness, which had at odd times assailed him during the last six months, took to itself a very definite shape in those few moments. The change in his surroundings was too apparent to exist only in his imagination; a spirit of listlessness seemed to have taken the place of those old days of bustle and commotion. The huge stacks of leather looked as though they had lain undisturbed for many months, the warehousemen, of whom there were a sufficient number in evidence, seemed to be occupying themselves with purely trivial tasks. After a brief but puzzled contemplation he turned away, acknowledged mechanically the salutations of the salesmen whose counters he passed and entered his own office—a spacious apartment with a thick carpet upon the floor, filled with heavy Victorian furniture and hung with oil paintings of various members of the firm. The window was open, but the atmosphere was still musty after many months of disuse. The handsome table was carefully dusted but bare except for a clean sheet of blotting paper and a massive inkstand. Harvey hung up his hat on a huge wooden peg, seated himself in the familiar chair and rang the bell.

"Send Mr. Greatorex in," he told the boy who presently answered it.

AS HE leaned back, waiting, a memory came to him; a memory of the day upon which he had been admitted into partnership. His father, his grandfather, and an uncle had toasted him in a bottle of the famous port, the various vintages of which it had been their custom to lay down since the establishment of the house.

"A matter for twofold celebration," his grandfather had said. "We admit one of the younger generation into the firm on the same day that our balance sheet shows that for the first time in our history our capital has reached the sum of a million pounds."

Wealth incredible, it had seemed to him in those days! His grandfather had died in the following year, his father ten years later, and now the death of the sole surviving partner had resulted in the summons which had brought him home from the Riviera a month before his usual time. It was really very ridiculous that they should have sent for him, he thought a little wearily, remembering the urgent phrasing of the message which had perplexed as well as annoyed him. During the last seven or eight years he had only entered the premises three times. He had long ago lost all touch with the activities and routine of the business. His presence there in any capacity whatsoever could be neither helpful nor necessary.

There came in due course a formal knock at the door and Mr. Greatorex, the manager and cashier, entered; a tall, spare man with thin gray hair and straggling beard, an old-fashioned style of dress and steel-rimmed spectacles which had a habit when at close quarters with any one of slipping down on his nose. Harvey held out his hand, struggling against the depression with which the sight of every one in the place had affected him.

"Well, Greatorex," he began, "you're looking just the same as ever. Terribly sad about poor Armitage."

"It was very sad indeed, sir," was the quiet reply. "Mr. Armitage had been ailing for some time but we none of us expected to lose him quite so suddenly."

"Heart trouble, I understand?"

"Heart trouble and worry."

Harvey produced from his pocket a thin, gold case, selected a cigaret and lit it. He leaned back in his chair, waving his manager to a seat. For a moment he smoked in silence.

"What's wrong with this place, Greatorex?" he asked a little abruptly.

Mr. Greatorex coughed.

"Business has been very bad with us for some years, sir," he confided. "Mr. Armitage was unwilling to trouble you too much with details but there is no doubt that his end was hastened by apprehensions for the future."

"What sort of apprehensions?" Harvey inquired, frowning. "Do you mean that the firm is not making the profits that it used to?"

"It is no longer a question of profit at all, sir," was the gloomy response.

"What is it a question of then?" Harvey insisted impatiently. "Speak plainly, Greatorex. Let me understand the situation."

"I will do so, sir," the manager assented nervously. "The fact is that during the last three years prices of leather have fallen all over the world and, as you may possibly remember, it has always been the custom of the house to keep very large stocks. The stock here and in our various branches has never amounted to much less than six to seven hundred thousand pounds and since the purchase of the major portion of it I imagine that the fall in prices amounts to something like twenty-five per cent. Sales have been exceedingly difficult, therefore, and side by side with the fall in prices the shoe trade has been bad."

"This all sounds very unpleasant," Harvey remarked. "So far as I remember there was very little indication of it in the last balance sheet, a copy of which you sent me."

"In that balance sheet, sir," Greatorex

explained, "a great many debts were taken as good which should not have been and no reserve whatever was made for bad debts. The whole of the stock, too, was taken at cost price. Mr. Chalmer, when he signed it on behalf of the accountants, added a rider to that effect which you probably did not notice."

There was a brief silence. Harvey Garrard, bewildered by premonitions of catastrophe, looking across the room, seemed for a moment to meet the stern yet benevolent gaze of his father, looking down at him from the enclosure of that heavy gilt frame opposite. Perhaps something of his inherited spirit for the first time asserted itself.

"I will look into these matters," he announced a little shortly. "Ring up and make an appointment for me to see Mr. Chalmer. I will spend the day here."

"I will do so at once, sir," Mr. Greatorex assented. "In the meantime—"

He hesitated, glancing across at his employer. Harvey recognized signs of distress.

"There is something else?" he asked, not unkindly. "Out with it, Greatorex."

The man's voice was a trifle choked. He took off his spectacles and wiped them.

"I have just come back from the bank, sir," he said. "The day after tomorrow is the fourth of the month and we have bills of exchange due amounting to about eighty thousand pounds. I handed in the advices as usual. Mr. Poulton, the manager, called me into his office. I must admit that what he said came as a great shock, although we have been expecting something of the sort. We are already overdrawn to the extent of about a hundred and ten thousand pounds—an overdraft which I confess that we have been asked several times to reduce. Mr. Poulton told me this morning that unless funds were provided to the full amount, either in cash or adequate security, he would be unable to meet our acceptances."

"Unable to meet the firm's acceptances?" Harvey repeated aghast.

MR. GREATOREX nodded. For the moment he was incapable of speech. His bony fingers were shaking.

"It seems incredible, sir," Greatorex continued presently, "absolutely incredible. For fifty years Garrard & Garrard have held the first position in the trade. Our credit has been like the credit of the Bank of England. Until ten years ago we paid cash for everything. Then we began to accept. Lately we have paid cash for nothing unless it was specifically asked for, and this morning the bank manager actually spoke of dishonoring our acceptances—the acceptances of Garrard & Garrard. I could scarcely believe my ears. I have not been myself since, sir."

"Is there no cash we can lay our hands on?" Harvey demanded. "There must be money owing to the firm."

"We have collected everything possible," was the melancholy reply. "All our branches have had orders to draw bills on our customers and send them in. We paid in yesterday seventeen thousand pounds. That still left us overdrawn at the bank about a hundred thousand, and eighty thousand pounds' worth of bills to be met."

"And supposing they are not met?"

The manager rose to his feet. He shook his head and turned his back upon his employer. His shoulders seemed a little unsteady.

"You must excuse me, sir," he begged. "I will ring up Mr. Chalmer."

"One moment," Harvey enjoined. "We still bank, I suppose, at that poky little branch of the Southern Bank at the corner of the street?"

"We still bank there, sir."

"And the name of the manager?"

"Mr. Poulton, sir. He is naturally favorably disposed toward us, but he can only act on instructions from headquarters."

Harvey rose to his feet and took up his hat.

"I shall go and see him," he decided.

Mr. Poulton was glad enough to receive the only surviving member of a world-famous firm; a man, too, of other distinctions—a famous polo player, golfer and ex-cricketer, a figure in the social life of London as well as the Riviera. In his well-cut tweed clothes, with his bronzed complexion and his air of distinction, Harvey Garrard seemed indeed like an alien figure in the dingy office where the bank manager entertained his clients.

"I am glad you've come to see me, Mr. Garrard," he said, leaning a little forward in his chair and regarding his visitor with curiosity not unmixed with sympathy. "I am afraid that you will find the affairs of your firm need very careful attention. Mr. Armitage was a clever man but an optimist. He needed a restraining hand. It was, perhaps, a pity that the business did not appeal more to you and that you were not able to follow its progress more closely."

"Mr. Poulton," Harvey replied, "it is of no use beating about the bush. I know nothing whatever about the business."

Mr. Poulton coughed, a little huskily.

"That is, perhaps, under the circumstances, somewhat unfortunate," he ventured.

"This summons which reached me, to return at once," Harvey continued, "surprised me, but I came without delay. I made my first appearance at the warehouse this morning, and I must confess that I do not understand the position at all. My manager, Mr. Greatorex, tells me that you need a considerable sum of money or securities at once, to provide for our engagements."

"That is unhappily true," Mr. Poulton admitted.

"The part of it which seems to me conculcate arbitrary," Harvey pointed out, "is that you expect us to find it in something a little less than forty-eight hours."

"But, my dear sir," the other protested vigorously, "you must remember, or perhaps you do not know, that this matter has been talked out with Mr. Armitage at least a dozen times within the last six months. I told him continually that my directors insisted upon a reduction of the overdraft. He kept on promising that something would be done but instead of that it has grown larger. Today your cashier appears and hands in advices which, if we acted upon them would actually increase your overdraft by another eighty thousand pounds. I regret very much that Mr. Armitage should have kept you in ignorance of the situation, but there it is."

"A most unpleasant situation, too, apparently," Harvey remarked.

"A most regrettable one," the bank manager acquiesced. "To put the matter before you plainly, which I conceive to be your desire and my duty, if your acceptances due the day after tomorrow are to be met, we shall require eighty thousand pounds in cash or first-class securities, taking no account of the overdraft of a hundred thousand pounds which headquarters insist upon your reducing."

"No use my seeing your directors, I suppose?" Harvey suggested.

"You can do so if you wish, but I can assure you that it would be waste of time. I am expressing to you their firm and unanimous decision. They wish the overdraft reduced and reduced at once. Apart from that the idea of increasing it by a single shilling would be entirely out of the question."

"Then, in order to completely satisfy your people, I take it that I have a matter of forty-eight hours to find a hundred and eighty thousand pounds or security to that amount," Harvey remarked.

"It comes to that, I am afraid, Mr. Garrard," the manager acquiesced. "Of course if you hand over the eighty thousand pounds in cash, the acceptances shall be met, but I must warn you that the question of the overdraft will then have to be dealt with at once."

Harvey Garrard rose to his feet. Already there was a change in his expression since he had driven across London Bridge to pay what he had simply looked upon as a distasteful two or three hours' visit to the goose which had laid golden eggs for him all its life. The lines of his mouth were firmer, his gray eyes almost steely.

"I have no doubt that the matter can be arranged," he said coldly. "I should have liked a little more time, however."

"The urgency is without doubt unfortunate," Mr. Poulton confessed, "but so far as we are concerned we hold ourselves free from blame. How your late partner proposed to meet these engagements if he had lived, I cannot tell you, but he knew perfectly well that no question of any further overdraft would ever have been entertained. It is an exceedingly fortunate thing, Mr. Garrard, that you have returned in time to deal with this crisis, and you will permit me—er—to add that, considering the great reputation of your firm and the pride which we have always felt in your account, it is our very sincere hope that you may be able to avert this—er—disaster."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," Harvey remarked, as he picked up his hat. "You may take it for granted that the bills will be met. I shall have to discuss the matter of the overdraft with your directors."

MILDRED GARRARD, curled up upon a lounge in the room which she called her boudoir, threw down her novel at Harvey's entrance and raised herself a little to confront him.

"Where on earth have you been to all day, Harvey?" she demanded peevishly.

"I've been down at Bermondsey," he answered.

"Down at Bermondsey?" she repeated incredulously. "Do you mean to say you forgot altogether that we were lunching at Ranelagh?"

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but that's exactly what I did do. I forgot all about it."

She frowned. Although at thirty-five she was still a beautiful woman, the frown was not altogether becoming.

"What on earth did you want to stay down there for all this time?" she persisted. "And where did you lunch?"

"Now I come to think of it," he admitted. "I didn't lunch at all. I found a great deal to occupy me down there, and I forgot."

She rose to her feet, yawning, and drew her silk dressing-gown around her. There was still just a glimpse of blue crêpe de Chine and blue silk stockings.

"You're a terribly casual person sometimes, Harvey," she complained. "Perhaps you forgot to bring me my money, too."

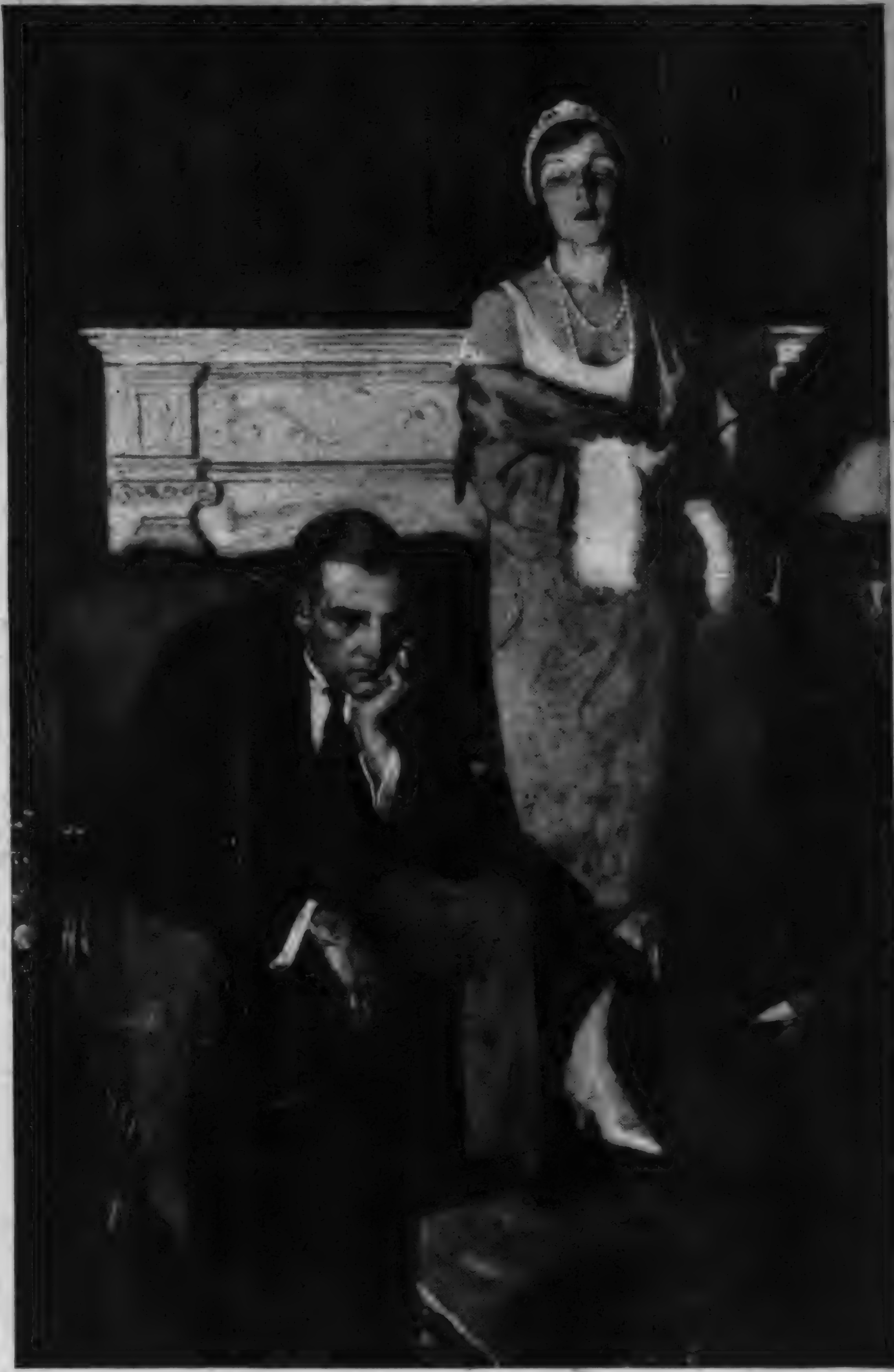
"I did," he confessed. "I completely forgot all about it."

She turned away from the looking-glass into which she had paused to glance with an impatient exclamation.

"If that isn't just like you," she declared petulantly. "I don't suppose you even remembered to tell Greatorex to pay in the house money."

"I didn't," he admitted. "To tell you the truth I was far too busy."

"Busy!" she repeated scornfully. "Why, what on earth can you find to do down there?



She was standing a few feet away looking at him—a very brilliant vision in her white satin evening gown. She was regarding his morning clothes with distaste. "Well," she asked, "is there any news?"

4

You don't know anything about the business."

"Perhaps it's a pity I don't," he remarked. "They haven't been doing any too well."

She yawned once more and rang the bell.

"We'll have a cocktail before we change," she suggested. "We'll have to go out for dinner, I'm afraid. François has only just arrived and is absolutely disgusted with the kitchen. He simply declines to cook this evening, so I've telephoned to the Ritz for a table."

"Just as you like," he answered. "If François is going to be difficult he had better go back to France. He can't expect a kitchen in Curzon Street to be anything like what he's used to."

"Don't talk nonsense," she enjoined sharply. "If we parted with François I might as well give up entertaining altogether. He's the greatest attraction any one could possibly get hold of. I saw the Duchess in the Park this morning and she told me that if I didn't ask her to dinner the very day François arrived she'd never speak to me again. These people all love him, Harvey."

"They may have an opportunity of acquiring him before long," Harvey ventured.

"That they certainly will not," was Mildred's prompt rejoinder. "If we have to economize we won't begin with François."

She gave an order to her maid who had answered the bell and stood for a moment yawning in front of the mirror. She was troubled at the sight of a little line near her eyes and gazed at herself discontentedly.

"What a ridiculous thing to come back to London so early," she grumbled. "Mayfair isn't fit for a human being until June. There is something about the light here or the mirrors which makes one feel, as well as look, positively ugly. I shall have to go to Madame Arlène tomorrow. And I hope you won't go down to that hideous warehouse of yours again, Harvey, if it makes you as gloomy as you are this evening.

HE ROUSED himself with a little shrug of the shoulders. The time for disclosures was not yet. Annette entered with a cocktail shaker and two glasses. Harvey, as he took a cheese wafer from the tray, was conscious that he had eaten nothing since breakfast.

"Where are your pearls, Mildred?" he asked, abruptly, as soon as the maid had left the room.

She looked at him with some surprise.

"In the safe with my other jewels."

"Let me see them," he begged.

She crossed the room, took the key from her bracelet, and opened a door let into the wall. Presently she returned with a morocco case. He drew out the pearls and studied them.

"I suppose they're still worth what I gave for them," he reflected.

She nodded indifferently.

"I should think so. They would have been worth more but for this craze for imitation jewelry."

"Twenty-eight thousand pounds," he murmured.

She nodded and held them up to the light.

"They are quite nice," she observed, "with the exception of the one or two at the back which I have always wanted to change. Of course," she went on, with a sudden gleam in her eyes, "if you have any idea of making me a present, it's an exellent time just now. Cartier's told me only this morning that at a very moderate cost they could make this into an almost perfect necklace. They have a wonderful lot of pearls their agents have just sent them from Ceylon."

She looked at him expectantly. He shook his head.

"Not the slightest chance of my being able to do anything of the sort at present," he assured her. "On the contrary—"

"Then why this mercenary interest in them?" she demanded, with obvious disappointment.

He smiled grimly.

"The taint of the city! I must have brought it back with me. I seem to have been talking about nothing but money all day."

She rang the bell again.

"Go and change now, Harvey," she enjoined. "I must have my bath. I'll wear black and the pearls tonight and you shall see how those poor ones spoil the effect. We might go on and dance at the Ambassador's afterward for an hour."

"Just as you like," he agreed, rising to his feet a little wearily as Annette entered.

The evening was like many others Harvey and his wife had spent together; superficially interesting enough yet utterly devoid of any real and intimate intercourse. They were received at the Ritz as welcome patrons and from the moment of their entrance to their departure were exchanging greetings with friends and acquaintances, accepting and giving invitations, hearing gossip about mutual friends. Strangers observed them with a not altogether unsympathetic interest. Mildred in her black gown of severe Parisian fashion, her pearls which were really very beautiful, her fair hair, blue eyes and undeniably well-bred appearance, always attracted a certain amount of attention, whilst Harvey, with his sensitive yet strong face, his clean-cut features, tanned skin, and slim, athletic figure, had always been accounted one of the best-looking men in his set. He ate and talked and drank that night to all appearance just as he would have done a week or a month ago. The shadow of an impossible nightmare was always with him, but he thrust it vigorously into the background of his mind. Afterward they made up a little party and went on to the Ambassador's to dance with Lady Feltorpe, Mildred's sister, Pattie Mallinson, her cousin, a very popular young lady indeed, and several men, who had been attached to a dinner party given by the former. It was two o'clock when they reached home and Mildred went yawning upstairs.

"One does just the same things here," she remarked, "but the atmosphere is altogether different, isn't it? In Monte Carlo I am never tired. Here I am half asleep before two o'clock."

"Try and wake up," he begged, "because I want to come and talk to you for a minute—if I may?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Talk to me, at this time of the night?" she expostulated. "Won't it do in the morning?"

"It might," he assented, "but I shall have left for the city before you are awake."

She yawned again and yielded the point.

"Well, bring me a whisky and soda and give me some cigarets," she directed. "I'll put on my dressing-gown in a moment and we can talk in the boudoir."

HE TURNED into the dining-room and obeyed her behests, mixed also a whisky and soda for himself and made his way into the tiny blue and white sitting-room opening from her bedchamber. Presently she made her appearance in a wonderful rose-colored negligée trimmed with white fur, threw herself into the one comfortable easy chair, lit a cigaret and leaned back with her hands clasped behind her head.

"What idiots we were to come home to this cold," she declared discontentedly. "Even with a fire one seems chilled somehow."

He nodded.

"It was very hard luck on you," he admitted. "So far as I am concerned, however, it seems to have been necessary. Mildred, what have you done with the deeds of this house?"

She looked across at him, startled.

"The deeds of this house?" she repeated. "Why, what on earth do you want with them?"

He hesitated for a moment. There was a suspicious, almost an angry look in her eyes and his task seemed suddenly to have become more formidable. Nevertheless it had to be undertaken and he summoned up all his courage.

"You have a right to my whole confidence, Mildred, if you wish it," he said. "I will try to explain matters to you. I find that a very serious state of affairs exists in the city. This man Armitage, my partner, who has recently died, to cover, I am afraid, his own extravagance, and to conceal the fact that he was heavily overdrawn with the firm, has kept me in complete ignorance of the fact that we have actually been losing money for many years. I am not, as you know, a business man and I have not had time yet to thoroughly grapple with the situation, but this I do know, that somehow or other I have to raise the sum of eighty thousand pounds before the bank closes the day after tomorrow."

Momentarily she collapsed. Her real emotion was to come afterward. At first she was simply frightened.

"But I can't understand," she gasped. "I always thought your firm were merchant princes. You've drawn just what you wanted—no one has ever said a word."

"That is quite true," he admitted. "I have drawn very large sums this year, as you know. The reason Armitage never protested was, that to have done so would have drawn attention to his own defalcations. He appears to have overdrawn nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"But this is wicked," she exclaimed. "Can't it be got back again from his estate?"

"There is no estate to get it back from. Armitage lived in chambers and owned no property whatsoever. As a matter of fact I am nearly as much overdrawn myself, but I had no idea that the business wouldn't stand it."

She began to stiffen.

"What are we going to do?" she demanded harshly.

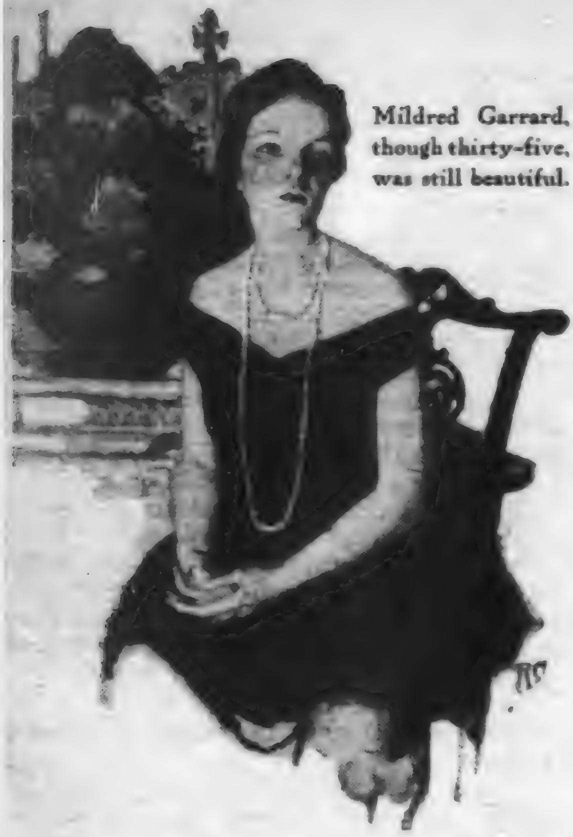
"As yet I am afraid I cannot tell you," he replied. "Mr. Chalmer is coming to see me tomorrow morning, and I shall make an effort to get a grasp of the whole situation. In the meantime, however, one thing is certain. Somehow or other I must raise that eighty thousand pounds before four o'clock the day after tomorrow. That is why I asked you about the deeds of the house. They should be worth at least twenty thousand pounds as security, and your pearls, say, another twenty-five thousand. Then I thought I could get ten thousand pounds as security upon my own private income and probably borrow something on my life insurance."

The dawn of an overmastering fury glittered in her hard blue eyes. She rose to her feet and stood facing him, clutching the back of a chair.

"You are out of your senses," she cried. "You're talking like a fool. The house is mine. You gave it to me and it is in my name. The pearls are mine. You think I am going to let you take them away and be beggared just because you have been fool enough to let people rob you! You must be mad to ask such a thing. The deeds are in my name at the bank and they'll stay there. The pearls—see here!"

She unfastened them from her neck, hurried to the safe and unlocked it, stowed them away, locked it again, and replaced the key to its attachment to her bracelet. Harvey made no movement at all. He watched her all the time with curious eyes.

"The pearls and the house are mine," she declared, "and you shan't touch them. You



Mildred Garrard, though thirty-five, was still beautiful.

are abominably selfish, Harvey, to have even suggested such a thing. Perhaps you'd like me to give up my beggarly settlement to satisfy your creditors. Do you think I married you, Harvey, to be poor?"

"I have wondered once or twice," he said deliberately, "what you did marry me for. Just now I am wondering more than ever."

"I'll tell you, then," she exclaimed bitterly, walking up and down the room with quick, uneven steps, and looking at him every now and then: "I married you because I believed you to be what every one said you were—a rich man with a gold mine behind him. I hated your business—a leather business. Faugh! But no one seems to mind these things nowadays, so I didn't. Externally you were of my world, I will admit. You satisfied me in many ways but first and last, since you wish to know, I married you because I wanted to be rich. There have been four generations of Farringdons, each one poorer than the last. I was brought up in an atmosphere of poverty and I wanted to get out of it. I wanted to have money to spend with both hands. I didn't know that I was marrying a fool who would play polo and hunt and shoot whilst every one else robbed him of his fortune."

As though in response to the change in her, there was a distinct difference in his own tone and manner. The slight, apologetic kindliness passed from his face. He reached out his hand for a cigaret and lit it. The fingers which struck the match were perfectly steady, his tone clear and well-balanced.

"Psychologically," he admitted, "your attitude is interesting. After all I don't know that it surprises me very much. I shall, of course, accept your decision to lend me neither your pearls nor the deeds of this house. Nevertheless I feel bound to point out to you, in our joint interests, that there is just a chance if I succeed in raising this money that means may be found of meeting the crisis. If, on the other hand, our engagements are not met the day after tomorrow, there seems to be no alternative but bankruptcy."

SHE shuddered, but it was obviously in distaste of the ugly word, not from any measure of sympathy.

"If that comes," she announced, "I shall go and live abroad. You will not be such an absolute fool as to let them take everything, I suppose. You will remember your duty as a husband. There will be something for me."

"I have not so far had time to survey the future at all," he replied. "I may remind you, however, that you have your settlement of two thousand a year."

"Do you suppose," she demanded contemptuously, her voice quivering once more with anger, "that I or any other woman in my position could live on two thousand a year? Why, my dressmaker's bills alone come to more than that."

"It is a pittance, no doubt," he agreed regretfully, "but it is at least a certainty. I, myself, cannot at the present moment see two thousand pence which I shall be able to call my own."

"Oh, who cares about a man?" she cried impatiently. "You'll look after yourself all right. I shall put the house up for sale tomorrow. I won't be robbed of that anyhow."

He rose to his feet.

"I must confess," he said, "that I am a little disappointed, Mildred, with your attitude. I am forced to remind you once more before we close the subject finally that your assistance with the loan of the pearls and the deeds of the house, besides being the reasonable sacrifice which a husband who is faced with a great difficulty might demand of his wife, might in the end avert this crisis altogether."

"Rubbish!" she scoffed.

"Believe me, it is nothing of the sort," he protested. "I have perhaps been a little clumsy in breaking this thing to you, and I am sure that you have not had time yet to understand what it means. The failure of the House of Garrard would bring disgrace upon a name which has been honored everywhere since my great-grandfather founded the business more than a century ago. The horror of the thing grows upon me every hour. I shall do all that a human being can do to avert such a catastrophe and I ask you to help, Mildred. Remember that it is not only for my sake but for your own. If I can get over the day after tomorrow, I promise you that I will put up a great fight for it."

"I refuse absolutely," she declared, without a moment's hesitation. "I shall part with neither my pearls nor the deeds of the house. If you ask me a thousand times, Harvey, that is my last word to you. If you have let others deceive you, you must pay the penalty yourself. You should be ashamed to even ask such a sacrifice of me."

He remained silent for a moment. There was no sign of anger in his face or disappointment. Only his eyes lingered upon his wife as upon some curious thing.

"If upon reflection," he begged, "you should change your mind, let me hear from you before eight o'clock tomorrow morning. I shall be leaving the house at that time."

She laughed hardly.

"I am about as likely to change my mind," she told him, "as you are to redeem the fortunes of your wretched business."

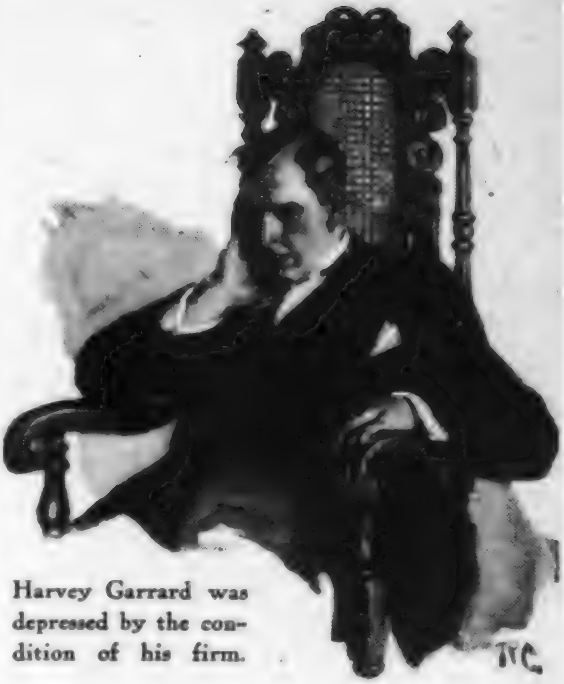
Upon the threshold, with his fingers upon the handle of the door, he turned around. His expression had become harder. His tone was severe.

"There is one thing I insist upon, Mildred," he said, "until this matter is settled one way or the other, I forbid you to breathe a word of what has passed between us."

"Forbid!" she scoffed.

"I use the word advisedly," he assured her. "A careless word from you might ruin all my efforts. Credit is one of the great factors in the commercial world and at present the House of Garrard stands where it did. If you are inconsiderate enough to betray my confidence to any living person you would deserve what may be coming to you—and more. I neither ask for nor expect any kindness or sympathy from you. What I have asked for in material things you have refused. I accept your decision, but I forbid you absolutely and emphatically to breathe one word of anything I have said to anybody until I give you permission."

The half-scornful retort died away upon her lips. She looked into the face of a man who was a stranger to her. He waited for a second or two and then departed, closing the door behind him, leaving her listening to his level footsteps as he crossed the corridor and entered his own room. Then she collapsed once more upon the couch, her head buried among the cushions. She began to tear in pieces with quick convulsive movements a lace handkerchief which she had been holding doubled up in her hand.



Harvey Garrard was depressed by the condition of his firm.

MR. CHALMER, the well-known accountant to the leather and kindred trades, lived in a country house in Essex, cultivated orchids and came to town each morning by the nine-thirty-seven. On the morning after Harvey Garrad's visit to Bermondsey he was met at the office by so urgent a message that without even stopping to open his letters he hastened to keep the somewhat peremptory appointment suggested. He was ushered into the very imposing but dreary-looking private office where Harvey was waiting him, expecting to be welcomed by a somewhat dissipated-looking young roué, a typical example of the leisure class which he half-despised and half secretly admired. Instead he found himself greeted a little curtly by a clean-shaven, keen-eyed man of youthful middle age, who was obviously in perfect physical condition and who seemed to have nothing whatever in common with the world to which the absentee member of this famous firm was supposed to belong.

"I am sorry that I was in Bristol on business yesterday," he apologized. "I came directly after I got your note this morning."

"I understood that you were away," Harvey replied, waving his visitor to a seat. "I am much obliged for your promptness this morning. I have sent for you, Mr. Chalmer," he continued, "because I find myself suddenly confronted with a very difficult position. I am not a man of business. I understand nothing of figures. What is your opinion as to the present financial position of my firm?"

Mr. Chalmer coughed. This was plain speaking with a vengeance.

"You have doubtless already realized, Mr.

Garrard," he said, "that the firm has met with severe losses."

"I have realized that," Harvey acknowledged. "There have also been what I presume one must call defalcations on the part of Mr. Armitage. There was nothing in the deed of partnership which I was examining last evening entitling him to overdraw to the extent of nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"Nothing whatever," the accountant assented. "A most irregular proceeding."

"And this hundred thousand pounds, I understand, figures in our last balance sheet as an asset."

"It is among the book debts, I believe," Mr. Chalmer admitted. "I remonstrated seriously with Mr. Armitage on this point. He insisted, however, that he would be returning the money almost immediately and looking at the matter in that light it was impossible to exclude it from the assets."

"I see," Harvey commented drily. "There is another point connected with the balance sheets of which I desire to speak to you," he added, indicating the document which lay stretched out before him. "You have a note here that the stock has been taken by the firm and that you accept no responsibility with regard to its valuation."

"That is quite usual," the other concurred, adjusting a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses and looking over the document for a moment. "We accountants can only put together the figures which are given to us. If people choose to wilfully deceive themselves by inflating the value of their assets we can not prevent them."

"I see," Harvey murmured. "It comes to this, then: that unless the principals of a firm are entirely honest, a balance sheet is not worth the paper it is written upon."

Mr. Chalmer puffed out his chest a little. His clients seldom indulged in such plain language and he was inclined to resent the attitude of this stranger who upon his first appearance in the world of affairs was tilting against tradition.

"There are cases," he explained, "when a firm is publishing its figures for the purpose of attracting capital, for instance—when with the aid of experts the stock itself is verified and any irregular book debt of such a character as Mr. Armitage's would be mentioned in detail. This, however, is not the custom in the ordinary yearly balance sheets of established firms who are not incorporated."

"Incorporated?" Harvey queried.

"An incorporated business," the accountant explained, "would be a limited liability company whose accounts must be published for the information of shareholders."

Harvey nodded.

"I understand," he observed. "Well, according to this balance sheet, Mr. Chalmer, the capital of the firm should be approximately two hundred thousand pounds—that is to say the balance of assets over liabilities amount to that sum. Should you consider that to be a fair statement of the condition of affairs?"

"I certainly should not," Mr. Chalmer acknowledged. "In the first place, Mr. Armitage's personal estate, to the great surprise of every one, is practically non-existent and the whole of the hundred thousand pounds owing by him to the firm may now be written off as a dead loss. In the second place the stock there is announced—we insisted upon that—as being taken at cost price. Markets are today something like twenty per cent. lower."

Harvey took out his pencil and made a few calculations.

"That would mean," he pointed out, "a loss of about eighty thousand pounds on the stock and a hundred thousand off the book debts. Those two amounts together practically wipe out the capital."

"Most regrettable but true," Mr. Chalmer acquiesced.

Harvey pushed the balance sheet away from him.

"To pass on," he continued, "to the imminent and serious side of the situation—my real reason for wishing to see you without any delay—the bank has absolutely refused to increase our overdraft and we need eighty thousand pounds to meet our acceptances due tomorrow."

Mr. Chalmer's expression became very grave.

"Dear me, dear me!" he exclaimed. "This is a very serious situation—very serious indeed."

"What am I going to do?" Harvey demanded.

THE accountant scratched a ponderous chin. Already the advice which he was intending to offer was forming itself in his mind.

"Every effort has been made to collect such amounts as may be due to the firm, I presume?" he suggested.

"You shall hear for yourself what Mr. Greatorex, the cashier, has to say to that," Harvey replied, pressing his finger upon the bell.

Mr. Greatorex, who presently put in an appearance had very little helpful to say. He explained that he had been through the ledgers twice during the last week, had drawn bills wherever possible until there remained only seven or eight thousand pounds in the books, a considerable portion of which amount was not due. Harvey listened and dismissed him with a wave of the hand.

"That is the situation, Mr. Chalmer," he wound up. "Have you any advice to give me or further suggestions to make?"

The accountant spoke with due solemnity.

"Bearing in mind the fact, Mr. Garrard," he said, "that the balance sheet does not in any way correctly represent the firm's position and that there is no one left at the head of affairs capable of making those radical changes of policy which are evidently necessary, I am driven to the conclusion that there is only one honorable and straightforward course for you to take—deeply distasteful though I am sure it must be. I suggest that you instruct me to call a meeting of your creditors to consider the position."

Harvey made no immediate reply. His eyes seemed to have become drawn by some involuntary force toward the central one of the line of oil paintings upon the wall. For a moment his face lost its new hardness. It was almost as though he were appealing to the dead for advice—appealing against this dread sentence of disaster. His companion, on the other hand, although he did his best to conceal the fact, was already beginning to find an amazing piquancy in the situation. The failure of Garrard & Garrard would be the great sensation of the year and he, himself, the central figure. He saw himself besieged by questioners and visitors day after day. It would be an event without precedent in the annals of the trade—a firm, whose capital a few years ago had amounted to a million pounds and whose credit had been and still was unassailable, compelled to meet its creditors! He found himself already composing the first unctuous paragraph of the circular he should send out. His speculations were disturbed by a new ring in Harvey Garrard's somewhat drawling tone.

"That is a course, Mr. Chalmer," he said, "which I shall only consider as a last emergency. You can suggest, I gather, no means by which such a sum as eighty thousand pounds could possibly be raised before tomorrow afternoon?"

"I most certainly cannot," was the decided reply. "If your own bank is unwilling to finance you further, it is scarcely likely that an outside loan would be possible."

"In that case," Harvey concluded, "I will not detain you any longer. I must try to work out my own salvation."

Mr. Chalmer smiled weakly as he rose to his feet. It was a disappointing sequel to their conversation, but the final result was after all inevitable.

"You will be a financial genius indeed, Mr. Garrard," he said, "if you are able to raise eighty thousand pounds before four o'clock tomorrow. Of course if the present crisis could be tided over there is just a chance that with skillful manipulation of the figures—an honest manipulation I mean—a company might be floated. The name of Garrard would carry great weight upon the prospectus."

"That might become a subject for later consideration," Harvey remarked. "The immediate question, however, is to provide for tomorrow's engagements."

"That of course is the great difficulty," the other assented, as he shook hands. "I regret very much that I am absolutely powerless to assist you in this matter. Unless you have outside friends who would help I know of no means of raising such a sum in the time."

Harvey rang the bell.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Chalmer," he insisted, dismissing him with a little nod, "it must be done."

At half-past three o'clock that afternoon, Harvey left the head offices of his bank, after an interview by appointment with two of the directors, and walked down Lombard Street with unseeing eyes. They had treated him kindly enough, these men whose lives seemed to be steeped in figures, who sat in an atmosphere of money and precision. Their attitude, however, was entirely hopeless. Argument with them was from the first impossible. They seemed indeed to have made up their minds beforehand even what phrases to use in rejecting his proposal. One of them, the senior, had wound up with a suggestion which Harvey heard for the second time that day with revulsion.

"From what I can gather, Mr. Garrard," he had said, leaning back in his chair, "your firm is in the unfortunate position of having no one left of sufficient experience—or—no one left likely to conduct its affairs to a successful issue. I tender you the advice with great reluctance, especially as our bank would be among your largest creditors, but I honestly believe that in the interests of every one you would do well to place your affairs in the hands of a receiver."

At that Harvey Garrard had prepared to take his leave.

"It is a course which I shall only adopt as a last extremity," he told them.

"We quite understand your reluctance, Mr. Garrard," the junior of the two directors had said, with a certain amount of sympathy in his tone, "but you must remember that you yourself will not be held personally responsible for the mistakes which have been made in your absence by those directing the destinies of your firm."

"My reluctance does not spring from personal consideration at all," Harvey had replied shortly, as he had picked up his hat and wished them good afternoon.

A CERTAIN amount of indecision had assailed him as he reached Old Broad Street, and three times he walked past the offices outside which a brass plate denoted that Herbert Fardale & Co. transacted business as bankers and financial agents. Finally, however, he entered. Years ago as a very juvenile captain he had led his men across a shell-swept stretch of wire entanglements with fewer apprehensions and more exultantly. Nevertheless, he enquired for Mr. Fardale in his ordinary tone and received, with self-assured graciousness, the almost over-exuberant welcome of the man whom he had come to visit.

"Jolly good of you to look me up," Fardale declared, secretly immensely flattered. "Try one of these cigars. No, I forgot, you only smoke cigarets. There you are. Make yourself at home. When did you get back?"

"Only two days ago. The firm wired for me. One of my partners died unexpectedly."

"Gad, I forgot that you had anything to do with business at all," the other continued. "One of the best-known firms in the city, yours, although I didn't even know that you still had an interest."

"I am a partner—in fact the sole surviving partner," Harvey confided. "To tell you the truth, it was on a matter of business I came in to see you."

Mr. Fardale leaned back in his chair and shook with laughter. He was a large man, clumsy of build, with a pale, almost pasty complexion, keen dark eyes and an unpleasant, but forcible mouth. He was dressed with almost too scrupulous care and his manner was a little too ingratiating to be absolutely natural.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "You the Beau Brummel of the Riviera with a leather business to look after! Gad, that's fine! Still, you'd need some some of those profits if you had many seasons like this last one. They touched you up a bit at Cannes, didn't they?"

"I lost for me quite heavily," Harvey admitted.

"Never mind, you had your best season at polo," the other reminded him consolingly. "I never saw you play a better game. If you'd been three or four years younger they couldn't have kept you out of the English team."

"I haven't come to talk about the Riviera or sport," Harvey said quietly. "As I told you a moment ago I have come to put a business proposition before you."

"What the devil do you know about business?" Mr. Fardale chuckled.

"Not much, I admit, but I intend to learn," was the curt reply. "I have come back to find no one at the head of affairs and to find, too, that the business seems to have been allowed to drift on of its own accord for the last few years. I have made up my mind to take hold and to do my best to pull it round."

"You?" the other exclaimed. "My dear fellow, you'll never be able to stick to Bermondsey every day You'll be bored to death."

"It isn't a question of being bored or not," Harvey observed, with an under-note of irritation in his tone. "It has become a matter of necessity. In the meantime, however, I am confronted with an unexpected difficulty. My late partner has used up all the firm's available resources and we apparently need eighty thousand pounds to meet our engagements tomorrow."

It is probable that Herbert Fardale had never been so completely surprised in his life. In the first place, like many others, he had always looked upon the firm of Garrard & Garrard as one of the wealthiest in their particular line of business. In the second place, he had never seriously associated Harvey directly or indirectly with the world of commerce. He had seen him the intimate of the princes of the world, favored by royalty, accepted in the innermost circles of society on the Riviera, had been thankful for his occasional notice, and proud to claim acquaintance with him. The present situation seemed entirely incredible.

"God bless my soul!" he faltered.

"I have just been to see two of the directors of my bank," Harvey continued. "We owe them a great deal of money already and they decline to increase the overdraft. I have no knowledge of how one raises money in an emergency like this but I remembered that you were said to be at the back of a great many financial enterprises and to always have funds at your command. I called to ask, therefore, if you could assist me."

THE words were spoken at last and spoken calmly enough. No one but Harvey Garrard himself knew what they had cost him—knew the bitter humiliation which sat like a pain in his heart.

"Incredible!" Fardale exclaimed. "I—I scarcely know what to say, Garrard. Eighty thousand pounds! It's an immense sum."

"Is it? I thought you dealt in much larger sums every week."

Fardale avoided that view of the subject.

"I don't mind admitting, Garrard," he said, "that you've knocked me endways. I always looked upon that firm of yours down in the city as a sort of gold mine."

"In my father's and grandfather's time it undoubtedly was," Harvey rejoined. "Since then the management seems to have been in bad hands."

"Have you any balance sheet or anything of that sort?" Fardale asked a little diffidently.

"There is one," the other admitted, "but it scarcely represents the true position of affairs. It shows a balance to the good of about two hundred thousand pounds. The assets, however, include a bad debt of a hundred thousand pounds and the stock is considerably overvalued."

"You are frank at any rate," Fardale observed.

"None of my predecessors ever found it necessary to tell falsehoods to make money," Harvey answered coldly. "If I continue with the business I shall endeavor to restore their methods."

"Well, I'm sure I wish you every luck," the financier declared. "I—well, so far as I am concerned, this sort of thing is rather out of my line. I do advance a little money sometimes but it's always upon security. I'm afraid there's no way you and I could come together on this affair. If your bank is handled properly, they ought to see you through it."

"You wouldn't like to be security to my bank, for, say half the amount?" Harvey proposed. "An adequate consideration could of course be arranged."

"I'd rather not, old chap," Fardale confessed, with exuberant cordiality. "It isn't that I haven't any amount of confidence in you personally and that sort of thing, but—you will forgive my saying so—you don't know any more about business than the man in the moon. Trade's bad all over the world, too. If you take my advice you'll cut your loss and get out. Let the others who've had the plums bear the brunt of it."

"I think I've had a fair share of the plums myself," Harvey pointed out. "I've been drawing ten thousand a year regularly and this year a great deal more."

"That chap Armitage was a bit of a flyer," Fardale ventured.

"Armitage is dead," was the grave rejoinder.

There was a moment's silence. Harvey rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"My dear fellow, don't mention it," the other begged. "Money's a bit tight just now or we might have been able to fix something up, although it's quite outside my line. I hope your wife is well."

"Very well indeed, thanks."

"Drop in and see me any time you're passing," Fardale invited as he escorted his visitor to the door, "and as for the business, don't you worry. I should leave it alone and let your cashier or some of them take it on. It's bound to come all right. Why, hang it all—Garrard & Garrard! As good as the Bank of England! You're a lucky chap to still have an interest."

"Am I?" Harvey speculated, as he held up his stick to hail a taxi.

It was very nearly five o'clock when Harvey reentered the palatial warehouses of Garrard & Garrard in Bermondsey and made his way up to his private office. Greatorex, seeing him enter through the glass partition of his own room, hastily abandoned his work and followed him up.

"You have not forgotten, sir," he ventured a little nervously, "that tomorrow our acceptances must be advised?"

"I have not forgotten," was the calm reply. "I am endeavoring to make the necessary arrangements."

"We've had a matter of a thousand pounds in today, sir—nothing of any moment. There isn't a great deal, I'm afraid, to come in."

"While I think of it you had better let me have a few hundred to take home," Harvey instructed. "I shall not be going for some time, though."

"Certainly, sir. Do you require any of the clerks to wait or can I be of any service?"

Harvey shook his head.

"Bring me the private ledger and all the rest of the trade journals you can find," he directed. "No one need wait. I suppose I can let myself out."

"There is a spring lock on the outside door, sir," Greatorex replied. "You will have nothing to do but to open it from this side and to close it firmly. The watchman will not be on duty till midnight. After that time he visits the place every hour. If you will excuse me, sir, I will get you the ledger and the journals."

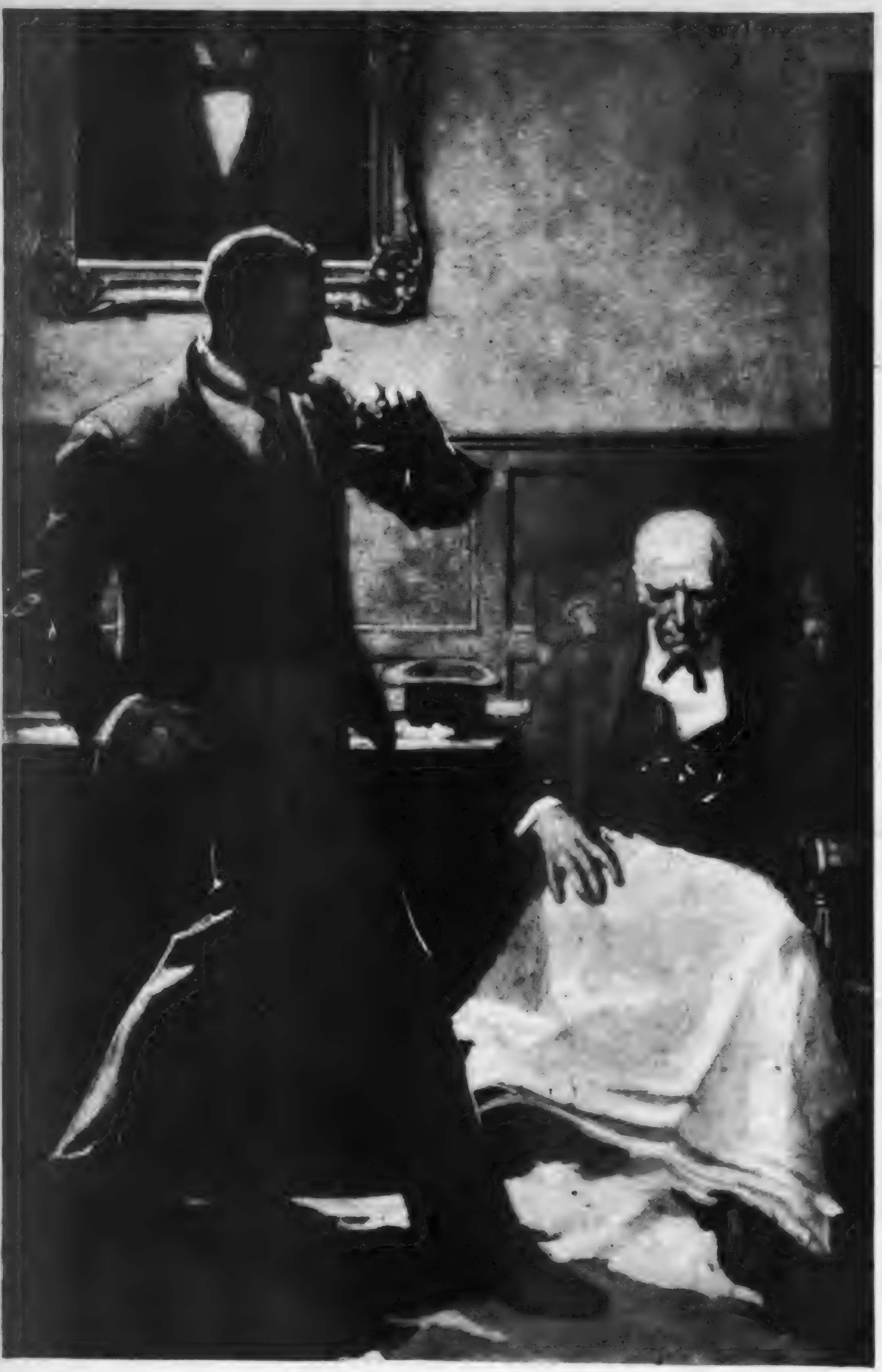
The manager disappeared for a few minutes. When he returned his employer was smoking a cigaret and reading one of the trade journals. Anxious though the former was, there was something about Harvey's manner which precluded direct questioning.

"Are you sure that I could be of no assistance, sir?" he persisted. "There may be items in the private ledger which you would scarcely understand. My time is entirely my own, and I can stay as late as you wish."

Harvey shook his head.

"I have a few calculations to make," he said, "and I am rather a slow thinker. I should prefer to be alone. Every one can leave as usual. I will let myself out."

GREATOREX, with some reluctance, left the office, closing the door behind him. Harvey, for an hour or more, studied the private ledger and afterward pored over the pile of trade journals which had been placed upon his desk. It was not until long after he judged from the silence below that the place was deserted that he closed them with a little sigh and, rising to his feet, made his way out into the warehouses. Aimlessly, without even conscious volition, he passed from one to the other of the great rooms, and mounted the stairs to the fourth story where lighter descriptions of merchandise were covered with white wrappers, giving out a ghostly effect in the dim light. Then, floor by floor, he descended to the cellars where great heaps of hides reached to the ceiling. Again he was conscious of the feeling which he had experienced on entering the place two days before—the sense of blight, of inaction, as though effort had become stayed and the very merchandise itself ossified. There seemed to be no signs of any recent disturbance of the huge piles of skins or of the endless stacks of cases. He entered the offices, handsome enough in their appointments and spacious enough for the offices of a bank. The books



Harvey approached a little nearer. He made a brief examination, then drew back with an exclamation of horror. The man whom he had thought asleep was dead!

had all been put away, the place was spotlessly neat, yet he had a fancy that here, too, lurked the atmosphere of inertia. The dust had collected on a little handful of carbon slips, many of the inkstands were empty, the blotting-paper upon some of the desks painfully unused. He mounted once more to his own office, sat in his high-backed chair and, turning on a single light, met the steady gaze of that row of somberly painted men, the founders of the firm. There was not a weak face among them—men of commerce without a doubt, but men with ideals. As his eyes rested upon the central figure, a curious flood of memories seemed to become released within him. He remembered his father's solemn lecture to him on the day when he had left Oxford and the question of his future profession was mooted. Some even of his very words or the sense of them, came back to his mind.

"No man should ever allow himself to be ashamed," the great merchant had declared, "of any connection with commerce. A nation's greatness and prosperity must almost depend upon the ability of its citizens in the crafts of manufacture and barter. Each one of the professions is more or less egotistical. They lead to an individual end. The man who by means of brains and enterprise and industry succeeds in building up a great commercial undertaking is adding directly to the prosperity and welfare of the whole community. Your great-grandfather, your grandfather, and I, have built up here the most renowned business of its sort in the country. We have done so honorably, with clean hands, and to the benefit not only of ourselves but of the country at large. Our object has been not only to make a fortune but to make it in such a way that no one is the worse for our prosperity. We have succeeded and we are proud of our success. Therefore your grandfather and I and all who have been associated with the development of this business regard it with veneration and respect. If it is your desire to join us, you must do so with something of the same spirit. You must throw away any unworthy ideas you may have imbibed as to the relative dignity of commerce, the professions, and an idle life, and you must come to your work with pride in it and of it."

A strange manner of talk, perhaps, to a young Oxonian, flushed with athletic triumphs, but, even in those dreary moments of retrospection, he remembered the curiously profound impression he had received at the time. Without the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort, he had elected to enter the business, had spent twelve months under his father's watchful eye, losing every day that little glow of enthusiasm with which he had taken up his task, finding the glamor of it fade before the incubus of routine work, filled with youthful and somewhat priggish intolerance of the men of coarser mold with whom he was continually being brought into contact. Then came the war, and release, his father's death, the proving of his great estate—a dazzling array of figures—money all invested in the great firm of Garrard & Garrard. He remembered his interview with Armitage, lately admitted a partner into the firm.

"If you care to take a definite post in the business," the latter had said, "it will mean an additional few thousand a year to you as salary—more, doubtless, later on, if you stick to it. Otherwise the interest on your capital, which you will remember your father desired you to leave in the firm, will amount to about twelve thousand a year."

He remembered his slight hesitation, due only to a momentary twinge of conscience. His decision, however, was in effect already made. He was young, fond of sport and every sort of adventure. His brief essay at commercial life had sickened him, and his five years' very distinguished soldiering had still further alienated him from it. He shook hands with Armitage, made over to him the sole control of the business, and passed at once into that world of pleasure in which he had lived ever since. . . .

His absorption in the past continued, leading him indeed into an almost lethargic state. He was back again in the old house in Bedford Square. He saw his father starting off every morning at half-past eight in silk hat and frock coat, driving in a brougham with a pair of horses. He remembered the day when the picture now opposite him came home from the artist. He raised his eyes and looked at it. It was fancy, of course, but as he sat there he suddenly seemed to see the fire of anger in those clear gray eyes so like his own. It was fancy again which led him to see in the picture a reflection of that expression which in real life it had never borne—of shame, of humiliation, amounting to agony. His fingers clutched the arms of the chair in which he was sitting. He felt his forehead and found it damp, rose from his chair with a little cry, back in the present, emerged from that flood of devastating memory. He walked the length of the office, to and fro, conscious of a sudden sense of suffocation. He paused for a moment before the picture.

"I have wasted my life," he confessed to himself. "I have broken my trust."

THE walls of the room, notwithstanding their stately proportions, seemed suddenly to contract. He flung open the door and stepped out into the warehouse. He was in a state when any slight material event was in a sense a relief to him. In the waiting-room on the farther side of the floor some one had left an electric light burning. He made his way toward it, entered and looked in. Decidedly here was something unexpected. Seated in an easy-chair, with a newspaper upon his knee, his hat and a small despatch case upon the table by his side, was an elderly man, a complete stranger to him, apparently fast asleep. He racked his brain without being able to remember that any visitor had been announced.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward. "If you've been waiting to see me I'm awfully sorry to have kept you like this."

There was no reply. He approached a little nearer and bent over the recumbent figure. His interest, at first casual enough, became suddenly acute. He made a brief examination, then drew back with a stifled exclamation of horror. The man whom he had thought asleep was dead.

Afterward it always seemed to Harvey that his first action should have been to summon a doctor. As a matter of fact the idea never occurred to him. His immediate impulse was to discover the identity of the dead man. He felt in his breast coat pocket and drew out a letter-case. It was singularly empty except for a book of stamps, a page torn out from an A. B. C. time-table, giving the trains between Paris and London, and a couple of business cards. He stood under the light and studied these latter anxiously:

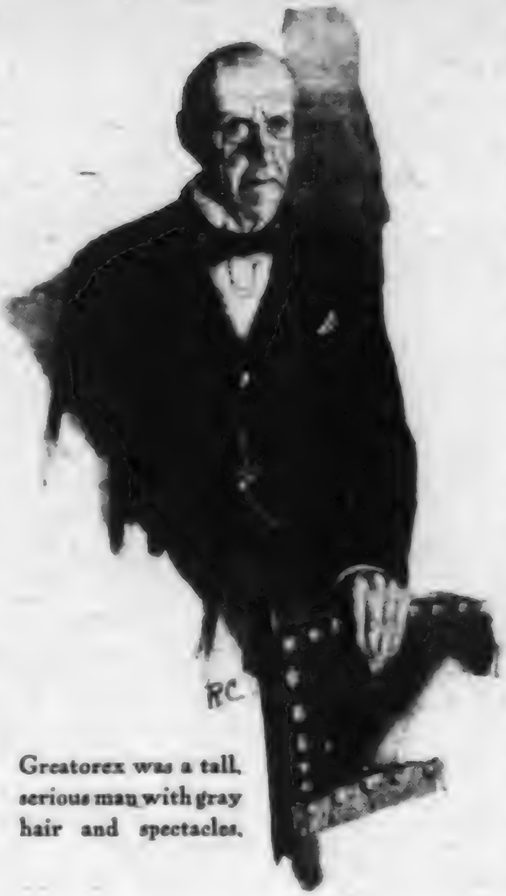
MR. EBENEZER B. SWAYLE,
THE TANNERY HOUSE,
JOHN'S RIVER,
CONNECTICUT.

and in the left-hand corner simply the word "Hides." He turned them over and over carefully. There was no indication whatever as to the man's London address. He turned to the despatch case, and, noticing for the first time that there was a small key in the lock, he opened it and drew out handful after handful of parchment documents neatly secured together with elastic bands. Save for these and a few samples of leather, the case was empty. There was nowhere any indication as to the man's abode in London, or the whereabouts of his friends. Harvey had entered the room in a numbed state, a condition of mind which had largely discounted the shock of his discovery. With every moment, however, his brain grew clearer and he began to realize more fully the exigencies as well as the horror of the situation. He moved toward the telephone intending to ring up the police. On his way he glanced, carelessly enough at first, at the neatly arranged sheaves of parchment which he had taken from the despatch case. The sight of some figures in the corner of the topmost one attracted his attention. He paused and, examining it more closely, gave a little start of surprise. It was a United States Treasury Bond of the value of five thousand dollars. He went through the sheaves rapidly. Each one appeared to be of the same denomination. The packet slipped from his fingers. He turned and looked almost guiltily at the figure in the chair. The eyes were still hideously open but they were already glazed, set in the unseeing stare of death. He found himself trembling from head to foot. For the first time in his life he realized what fear was—nervous, irrational fear. He was shaken by a mingled spasm of mental and physical terror. The fingers which had turned over the bonds were shaking.

"My God!" he muttered to himself.

The sound of his own voice seemed to miraculously reassure him. With almost incredible suddenness a complete change took place in his mental and physical condition. He felt himself perfectly cool and alert, prepared for some form of action, the nature of which had not at that moment occurred to him. He stepped first out into the warehouse and listened. There was not a sound to be heard. Then he glanced at his watch. It was five and twenty past ten, and the watchman, he remembered, would not be on duty before midnight. He returned to the waiting-room, closed the door behind him, and with his back to the horrible figure on the chair he counted the bonds with methodical care, packet after packet. They were all of the value of five thousand dollars, twenty in each sheaf, and ten sheaves in all. He laid them down upon the table and forced himself to look at the dead man. He appeared to be anything from seventy to seventy-five years of age, and his clothes alone would have identified him as an American. Once more Harvey searched his pockets and the pocketbook without discovering anything which could convey the slightest intimation as to why this unfortunate person should have visited the firm of Garrard & Garrard at such an hour, have remained in the waiting-room unannounced, and, more extraordinary still, have been carrying about with him securities to such a large amount. He abandoned speculation as being for the moment profitless, replaced the samples of leather in the despatch box, locked it and left the key upon the table, extinguished the light and, with the packets of Treasury bonds in his hands, crossed the floor and entered his own office. . . .

WITH the bonds stretched out in front of him, Harvey sat in his high-backed chair, his mind concerned in a vague sort of way with the moralities of the situation. Like many another man he had always remained scrupulously honest because the temptation to dishonesty had never assailed him. If he had seen a man drop a hundred-pound note he would have returned it without hesitation. If an acquaintance had invited him to participate in a swindle certain to yield a large profit he would have refused with scorn. Here, however, he seemed faced with considerations which confused him. Tomorrow without some sort of miraculous aid such as seemed in those few bewildering moments to have presented itself, he would be not only forced to endure a great shame himself but to bring dishonor upon the memory of those old men whose stern faces looked down at him now through the gloom and whom he could imagine turning in their graves at the bare thought of the present crisis. Ignorant though he was of the practical side of such matters he realized even then that to use the bonds in any way, even as security, was to run a desperate risk. Nevertheless, he knew from the first that he was about to attempt it. If he had failed in his trust toward those who had built up the fortune which he had allowed to slip through his fingers, here, at any rate, should be his attempt at atonement. The purpose, dimly formed at first in his mind, became more and more definite as the silent moments of his vigil passed. Finally he locked up the bonds in his drawer, took down his hat from a peg, walked across the empty warehouse without a glance toward the tragically silent waiting-room, descended the stairs and let himself out into the street. He made his way toward London Bridge meeting scarcely a soul. In the station he entered the refreshment room and drank a whisky and soda. A few minutes later he retraced his steps into the station yard, called a taxicab and was driven home.



Greatorex was a tall, serious man with gray hair and spectacles.

There was a small wood fire burning in his study grate, his favorite evening newspapers laid out upon the table, whisky and soda upon the sideboard. The room itself was an epitome of the small luxuries of life. The engravings which hung upon the wall, though few in number, formed part of a rare and valuable collection. The specimens of jade statuary—Harvey had been a collector for a time—were unique. There was a model by Rodin, an anonymous bronze Venus, concerning which a famous critic had written half a column of praise in the *Times*. The Persian rug which stretched across the floor had been bought at Christie's after the severest competition. There were two Greuzes hanging one on each side of an electric lamp in a dimly lit recess of the room and one old master, a reputed Andrea del Sarto, also in the shadows. Harvey helped himself to another whisky and soda and threw himself into his chair. His thoughts traveled fearsomely backward. With a little shiver he reflected that he had crossed the Rubicon. By this time it was possible that the watchman had completed his tour of the warehouses and made his gruesome discovery. To all intents and purposes the die was cast. The bonds were locked up in his desk. He had become a thief. He closed his eyes and leaned back, exhausted. When he opened them again it was to the sound of his wife's voice.

She was standing a few yards away looking at him — a very brilliant vision in her white satin evening gown, a marvelous cloak open at the shoulders, a necklace and coronet of diamonds. She was regarding with distaste his morning clothes and crumpled linen.

"Well," she asked anxiously, "is there any news?"

"There is no news," he answered. "The worst has not come yet, if that is what you mean."

She moved to the sideboard and helped herself to some soda-water. He would have anticipated her wants but she waved him away.

"You dined out?" he enquired.

"No, I dined here alone," she answered with asperity. "You may remember that we were dining with the Hertfordshires but I had to cancel that when I received your telephone message. I have been to the Duchess of Leicester's musical party."

"Amusing?"

"Scarcely that. The violinist was wonderful."

"Won't you have a chair?" he invited, offering his own.

She shook her head.

"I am not stopping. I only came to see if you had anything to tell me."

"Nothing at present."

"You're not persisting in the absurd demand you made last night?"

"I have made other arrangements," he told her.

She toyed for a moment with her bracelet.

"If the business," she said, "is really in such a bad way, who is there who could possibly pull it round now that Mr. Armitage is dead?"

"Myself," he answered. "There is no one else."

"The affair is hopeless, then?"

"Well, I would not quite say that. I have spent a great many hours thinking over the conditions. I know too little even now to announce a definite opinion, but I shall not accept the worst without a great effort."

The curve of her lips was almost scornful.

"You don't really fancy, Harvey, that you could succeed as a man of affairs?" she asked.

"A man never knows what he can do until he tries," he answered didactically.

"I hope, at any rate, that you will give me a few days' warning before any crisis occurs," she said. "I have made up my mind that in that case I shall live abroad. It would be beggary, of course, but even beggary in the south of France is better than beggary here."

"You will always be free to choose."

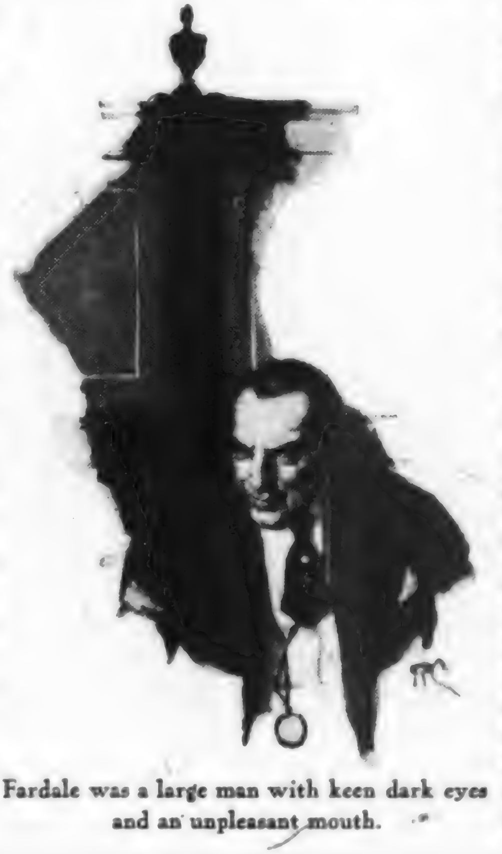
"You understand clearly, Harvey," she continued, "that if this happens I shall leave you."

HE LOOKED at her curiously. All his married life he had known her to be a selfish woman, but he was interested now in pushing his conclusions concerning her to the furthest limit.

"I understand that," he assented. "You will have, let me see, two thousand a year from your settlement, say a thousand a year from the sum which you obtain for the house, and if you sell some of your jewels, say another thousand a year. That will not be positive beggary."

"It is at least next door to it," she replied contemptuously.

"My own position," he reflected, "appears to be less assured. I have, unfortunately no settlement, no house, no jewelry, and the small income I derive under my mother's will will be claimed by the creditors. There are a few polo ponies, but the estate, I presume, will also claim those. I am very much afraid that my own income will be—exactly what I can earn."


Fardale was a large man with keen dark eyes and an unpleasant mouth.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are very much to blame," she said, "for not having looked into your affairs before."

"Very much," he agreed.

"For both our sakes," she added emphatically.

"I shall not find it easy," he continued, "to earn money."

"There are always posts going around for men with a turn for athletics," she remarked, "polo or golf secretaryships or something of that sort."

"Three hundred a year and a free lunch," he murmured.

"In any case," she said firmly, "let there be no misunderstanding about this, Harvey; if the business is wound up we separate. The pittance I have will barely support me."

The smile which came to his lips, the little laugh which followed, were the greatest relief he had experienced during the last few hours. She looked at him, leaning back in his chair, with the lines of mirth deepening about his eyes, in cold surprise.

"Your sense of humor seems to me slightly distorted," she observed. "At any rate, now that we clearly understand one another, I am going to bed."

She picked up a fan of wonderful ostrich feathers. He sprang to his feet and opened the door for her.

"I do not know, Mildred," he said, "that there is one of your very admirable qualities which appeals to me more than your frankness. Let me set your mind at ease. Your possessions are entirely your own. I shall never beg a bed under your roof nor a crust from your kitchen."

"Don't be melodramatic," she enjoined shortly. "Sarcasm suits your style better. Good night!"

At nine o'clock on the following morning Harvey descended from his very handsome limousine, bade the chauffeur wait, and entered his warehouse. It was immediately obvious that some unusual event had occurred. The warehousemen stood about in little knots, talking. In the counting-house business seemed to have become suspended, and on the first floor, to which Harvey swiftly mounted, a policeman was standing outside the waiting-room. Greatorex, who had been engaged in conversation with him, hurried toward his employer.

"You've heard of what happened here last night, sir?" he asked breathlessly.

"I have heard nothing at all," was the prompt reply. "Happened here, you say?"

"A most unfortunate, a most tragic occurrence, sir," the other declared. "I have to blame myself, too, for one circumstance connected with it."

Harvey led him into the office and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Greatorex," he invited kindly. "That's right. Now tell me about it quietly."

The manager recovered his breath. He dabbed his forehead with a white silk handkerchief.

"Thank you very much, sir," he said. "The facts are simply these. Toward evening yesterday a Mr. Ebenezer Swayle, a tanner from America, with whom the firm has had many highly satisfactory transactions, called to see you. In your absence I interviewed him and sent for our buyer of sole leather. We talked of business for some time and he professed himself very anxious, as an old friend of your father's, to make your acquaintance. We were expecting you back shortly and he elected to wait. I showed him up into the waiting-room and—this is where I am so much to blame, sir—when you returned I completely forgot to tell you about him."

"Well, I don't see that that amounts to a tragedy," Harvey observed. "Are you going to tell me that he was locked in and had to spend the night here?"

"That is just what happened, sir. But it isn't the terrible part of it. He—he—forgive me, sir, but I am very much upset—he died in the night."

"Died! Here in the waiting-room?"

"Yes, sir. It seems that the watchman didn't enter the waiting-room during his rounds and he wasn't discovered until this morning."

"What a terrible thing!" Harvey exclaimed gravely. "You have taken all the necessary steps, I hope?"

"I HAVE done everything that I can think of, sir. They have taken the body away to a mortuary, but the doctor says there will have to be an inquest although he hasn't the slightest doubt but that the man was suffering from heart disease."

"Where was he staying in London?"

"At the Savoy, sir. There was nothing in his papers to tell us anything at all, but one of our buyers knew that he always used to stay there, so we rang up and found that he had engaged a room for a fortnight. He was expecting a young lady from Paris within the next few days for whom he had also engaged a room—his granddaughter, I believe."

"A young lady from Paris," Harvey murmured, with a sudden sinking of the heart. "A granddaughter, eh?"

"That is what they told us at the hotel. They told us, too, that although he had only been there for a few nights he had been obliged to have the doctor in twice."

"Poor fellow!"

"By the by, sir, the police inspector is waiting to ask you a few questions."

"Show him in by all means," Harvey directed.

The inspector revealed himself as true to type; solemn, impressed with a profound sense of his own importance, and civil. He saluted Harvey with the respect due to the principal of a great firm.

"A very unfortunate affair, this, Inspector," Harvey remarked. "My manager tells me that there are one or two questions you would like to ask me."

"Nothing of very much moment, sir. Your manager has already told us that he showed the gentleman into the waiting-room at about half-past five o'clock yesterday afternoon and forgot to announce him to you."

"It was unlike Greatorex," Harvey commented. "We had had a very busy day, however."

"You were here until later than the others, I believe, sir?"

"A great deal later. I was here indeed until half-past ten o'clock. I have been out of the business for a good many years and I was trying to pick up the threads of one or two matters quietly."

"Just so, sir. You didn't hear any cry or call from the waiting-room?"

"Nothing."

"You didn't notice any light burning when you left?"

"I didn't look in that direction," Harvey confessed, "but I think that if there had been one I should have noticed it."

"Just so, sir. The deceased, I believe, was personally unknown to you?"

"I had never met him," Harvey acknowledged. "I understand that it was with a view to making my acquaintance he elected to wait."

"That is in accordance with my information," the inspector admitted a little ponderously. "I am very much obliged to you, sir."

The man took his leave. Harvey touched the bell and sent once more for Greatorex.

"Greatorex," he said, "this is a very unfortunate thing to have happened, but we must not allow it to weigh upon our minds longer than necessary. There are various matters of business to be attended to. In the first place, what about these bills of exchange?"

"I have the advice upon my desk, sir," was the anxious reply.

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Grateful Hundreds Call Him Dad

Although Frank J. Deems of Iowa has won fortune and distinction in railroading, he still describes himself as "a machinist by trade." The money he has devoted to putting young men through college has been his most satisfying investment in happiness

by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern

FRANK J. DEEMS is one of the rapidly diminishing handful of American men who can look back to a log cabin birthplace. Ever since he was eleven years old he has had to earn his own living and acquire an education as best he could, yet he thinks money-making an unsatisfactory goal. "In all my experience with young men," he says, "I have never once urged a young fellow to obtain an education for the sake of enriching his opportunities, but for the sake of enriching his outlook."

IOWA spreads like a golden garden, with its thousands of acres of corn-land yellow in the sun. The busy, hilly city of Burlington, right on the Mississippi, with the railroads of the Upper West meeting at its doors, to take the product of this rich state to the whole world, is like some quiet business establishment going steadily about its day's affairs. Farming is its chief interest, but just a hundred miles or so away is the State University, and railroad men make a large proportion of residents in the city itself.

"You want the Deems farm?" repeated the station master. "It's five miles or so out." The Deems farm, one finds, is famous in Iowa. It is not only one of the most successful and paying ventures in the state. It is also the "only horseless farm in the world." Every bit of the work on its two hundred acres is done by giant tractors, trucks, and motors.

From two of the universities in Iowa I had heard that Mr. Deems was one of their trustees. Before going West a railroad executive on one of the Eastern railroads had described to me a whole scheme of industrial education conceived and started by him. He is known for a unique work he has done in sending numerous young men through college at his expense.

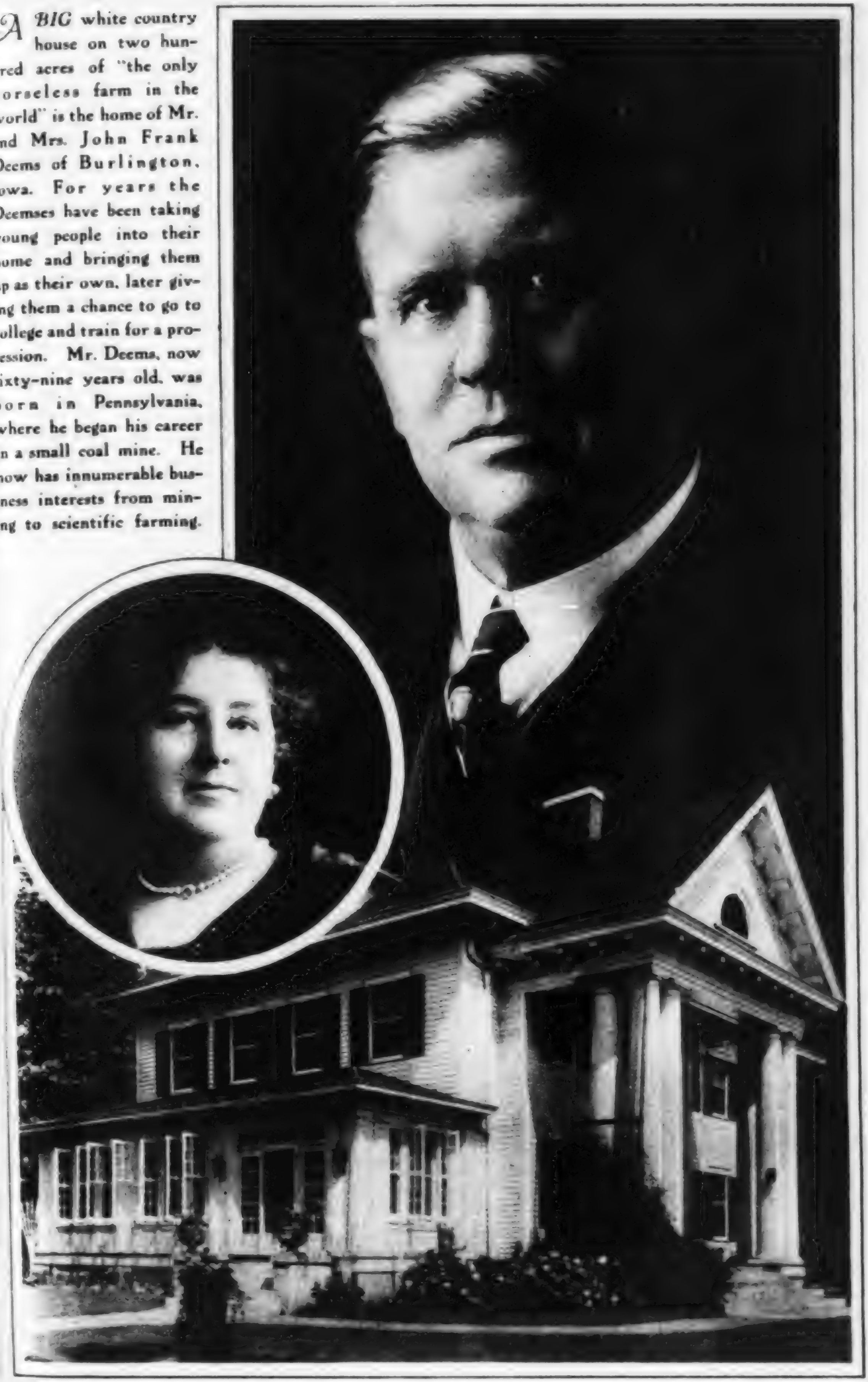
And yet, in spite of his acknowledged success as a farmer, and his interest in education, he is neither a farmer nor a teacher. To see what he really is you have to go back into his life a considerable distance. John Frank Deems, aged sixty-nine, was born in Pennsylvania and began his career in a small coal mine there. But he rose steadily to the top in another field—railroading. He got his first real job as a machinist on a railroad when he was seventeen, and for almost forty years he continued to be a machinist and a railroad man. Until ten years ago he was the head of the only job of its kind in the world—a job that ceased to exist when he left it—that of directing, managing, and planning the "motive, mechanical, and personnel of the mechanical departments" of thirteen railroads at one time.

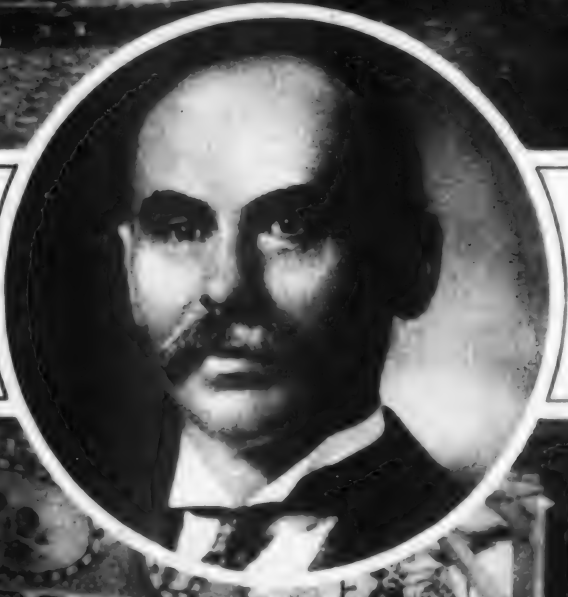
"Who's Who of Iowa" says of him: "Deems, J. F., machinist by trade, engaged in innumerable business interests; born Washington County, Penn.; business life many lines of endeavor from mining in South America to farmer in Iowa; Food Administrator of Iowa during the war, etc., etc." It is characteristic of Mr. Deems that though he has received in his work, as head of a gigantic job, many times the salary paid to a Cabinet officer, he described himself, as he always does, as a "machinist by trade." It was in Burlington, Iowa, where he has now retired on his farm, that his first success came, and where his work in sending young fellows through college began also.

In charge of his farm is a young man named Roy Murphy, a tall young fellow with a tanned face, direct blue eyes, and a quick decisive manner. Mr. Murphy is a graduate of Ames Agricultural College and he represents the new type of farmer who has been trained to understand and make the best of the soil. The job of farming, to him, is a profession in which the

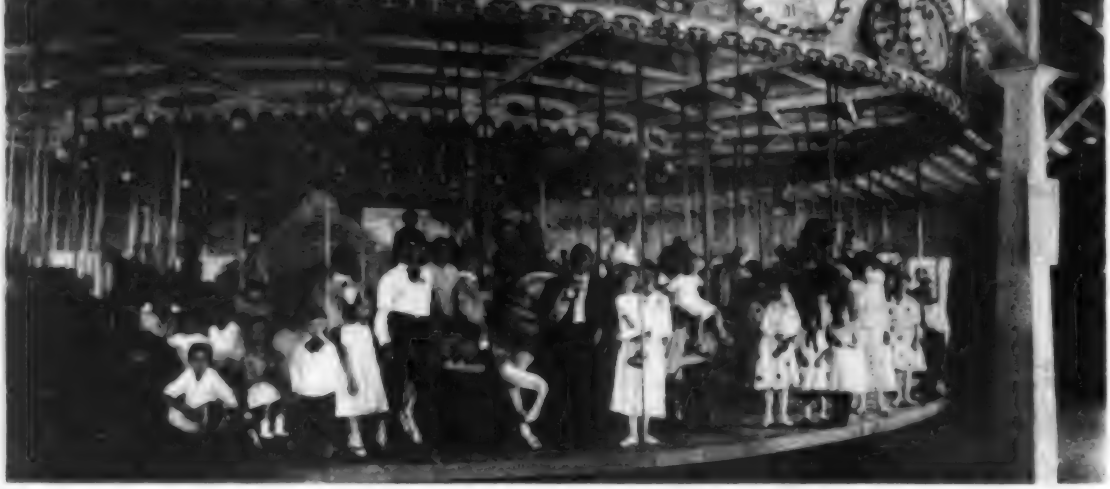
[*Continued on page 159*]

A *BIG* white country house on two hundred acres of "the only horseless farm in the world" is the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Frank Deems of Burlington, Iowa. For years the Deemses have been taking young people into their home and bringing them up as their own, later giving them a chance to go to college and train for a profession. Mr. Deems, now sixty-nine years old, was born in Pennsylvania, where he began his career in a small coal mine. He now has innumerable business interests from mining to scientific farming.





WILLIAM MAENGELS has a two-hundred-thousand-dollar manufacturing plant at Coney Island devoted to the making of merry-go-rounds and rides. The output goes to every part of the world where children play.



The Merry-Go-Round Goes 'Round the World

Millions of youngsters of all nations ride the gayly caparisoned prancing chargers built by William Maengels. The glittering carousel, most popular of out-door playthings, comes down to us from the time of the Crusaders

by Earl Chapin May

MANY, many years ago, when I was a baby baseball fan, my fond father had placed my chubby legs astride a highly colored wooden horse which, with others of its species, swung in thrilling circles beneath a gaudy rotating canopy while a barrel organ turned out a sprightly tune. An itinerant merry-go-round had set up shop on a vacant lot near the C. & I. depot in my native Rochelle, Illinois, and all the youngsters from eight to eighty were participating in an impromptu celebration. It was my first merry-go-round but I remember that I was in the proverbial seventh heaven of infantile bliss.

HORSES are still the most popular merry-go-round steeds, despite attempts to substitute other animals. Showmen found that roosters did not go so well because Jimmy Jones and Sarah Smith looked so ridiculous that they were hooted and yelled at by their fellow townspeople. The same was true of giraffes. The fierce lions and tigers frighten kids who will fearlessly pull out the manes and tails of their favorite galloping charger—the horse.

Each fall, for many years thereafter, the annual Ogle County Agricultural Society held forth in a tightly fenced enclosure adjoining Braiden's Grove. Great was the horse racing therein indulged in, ponderous were the beribboned kine and premium porkers, intriguing the cake and pumpkin and embroidery collections in Agricultural Hall, terrifying the balloon ascensions and parachute leaps. But the feature toward which we looked for many a month and for which we saved our hard-earned nickels was that soul-soothing, heart-stirring, wholly entrancing essence of joy-giving motion—the merry-go-round.

Childhood passed, and adolescence. The World's Columbian Exposition was in full blast. From all the corners of the earth strange men and women beat dusty paths to the Chicago of 1893. There were miles and miles of exhibits, for education and amusement. There were the caravels of Columbus, the dancing girls from Cairo, blaring bands, daring wire walkers, Hagenbeck's trained animals—so many things that such a poor guide as I knew only vaguely where most of them might be found.

But on the outskirts of the greatest World's Fair the world has ever known were those scintillating, whirling, kaleidoscopic devices that had charmed me since childhood and that now charmed men, women, and children from early morning until late at night. They were the most popular of all the contrivances calculated to enthrall a pleasure-loving people. In truth, the World's Fair would not have been a World's Fair without the ancient and honorable carousels.

Time sped on, as time will do. Middle age was upon me with a bound. A freak of fortune found me in Lima, capital of ancient Peru. The descendants of the Incas were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of their independence from Spain. There were imposing diplomatic delegations from half the civilized globe. Gold lace, scarlet cloaks, steel helmets, burnished breastplates, military processions, and gorgeous balls made a riot of form and color that took one back to the middle ages. And in the very center of the excitement, on the edge of the Parque Forestal, just back of the teeming Exposition Restaurant, was a carnival company from Coney Island! There were diving girls, Ferris wheels, shooting galleries, palmists, magic shows, performing lions, and Amazonic ladies indulging in hourly wood-sawing contests—in a land where wood is rarely seen. But the feature that consistently gathered in the Peruvians' *centavos* was an American merry-go-round!

Two months after the Peruvian Centenario, I was in Santiago, Chile, riding on a merry-go-round. Six months later I was in colorful Rio de Janiero, watching Americans prepare the ground for a Brazilian world's fair. And there I found a merry-go-round ready to garner the Brazilians' money. In New York, a year later, I chanced to see a motion picture, taken in far-off Russia. In the center of a Bolshevik celebration was a madly whirling merry-go-round densely crowded with happily engrossed muzhiks.

Last summer I settled in the quaint Connecticut village of Sharon, ninety miles from New York and three miles from a railroad. The third week of my first month was claimed by a little carnival company loudly and garishly encamped across the street. It hadn't much in the way of attractions excepting a merry-go-round, but its receipts, in spite of two days' rain, were three thousand dollars. Most of this lucre, I learned through inside sources, came from the merry-go-round at ten cents a ride. Sharonites do not favor frivolity. They go in heavily for culture and conservatism. But every one of them invested extravagantly in carousel tickets, and the neighbors motored twenty miles to have a go at the galloping horses.

"Is there no place on this great, green footstool where one may not find a merry-go-round in rotating activity?" I asked a veteran promoter of amusements.

Blue-Blooded Wooden Horses

HIS reply was prompt and authoritative. "The merry-go-round," he announced with finality, "goes 'round the world."

It is even so. William, better known as "Bill" Maengels, enlightened me on the love of the merry-go-round. "Bill" has been making carousels down at Coney Island for thirty-five years. He has been an honored member of the merry-go-round fraternity for much longer than that, and he owns a modern two-hundred-thousand-dollar plant devoted largely to the manufacture of these devices.

"From the time the infant is rocked to sleep in its mother's arms until the white-haired capitalist gets his last good kick out of a fancy limousine, the dominant human demand is for motion," the veteran merry-go-round man declared. "That is one reason for the perennial popularity of what we in the trade prefer to call the carousel. But there is another good reason for the annual output of what you call the merry-go-round. Dozens of generations have inherited a love for the carousel because it is the direct descendant of the medieval tournament. It is one of the oldest playthings in active service.

Mr. Maengels paused to peer through his spectacles at a blue-print of a new "ride" he is perfecting, listened a moment to be sure his die-punching and other modern machines were functioning properly, gave an order to one of his two hundred factory employes, dug into a drawer of his roll-top desk and flipped the pages of an old album.

"The prancing wooden horses upon which you and millions of your older and younger friends ride each year," he explained, "are armored and caparisoned like the mounts that carried the Crusaders to the Holy Land seven or eight hundred years ago. They are modeled after the romantic Middle Ages. The carousel, with its resounding orchestrion or band organ, glittering mirrors, gay trappings, and swiftly moving, bejeweled equines is the relict of the brilliant tournaments the Old English chronicles tell you about. If knighthood had never been in flower there would have been no merry-go-rounds."

Mr. Maengels, better known as "Bill," gazed reflectively at a series of photographs taken in foreign lands. "There would be no carousels in Europe, Africa, Australia, Asia, and the Americas if the Knights of the Round Table had not played their war games with spears, shields, swords, and pole axes," he added. Then Mr. Maengels turned himself loose. The essence of what "Bill" said is here given.

Long before Europeans adopted gunpowder and cannon, nobles and knights and their feudal followers on horseback practiced the arts of war, in times of peace, by holding military tournaments. At royal weddings, at coronations and at any other times when a good or poor excuse could be found for it, they gathered in shining armor, and on armored steeds ran courses with spears in hand, tourneyed on horseback with broadswords and, when they had been unhorsed, contested on foot with deadly battle axes.

Tournaments of those days were not listed among the pink tea parties. They were, in their bloody results, comparable to the old Roman gladiatorial combats. Records left by our early English ancestors tell how the first Earl of Salisbury died after a Windsor jousting; how his grandson, Sir William Montagu, was killed in a tournament by his own father; Roger of Lembourn thrust a lance into Arnold de Montigny so that Montigny died, and one, William Longespee never recovered from the injuries received at a tournament in 1256. Those were the days when men were men—and confoundedly foolish ones, too.

But as early as the end of the Crusades in the thirteenth century, discretion on the field of honor became the better part of valor. Knights still jousted for the favor of their ladies fair but they did it with one eye on the undertaker. Jousts of Peace came into vogue both in England and on the Continent. Edward I presided over one such at Windsor in 1278, just after the last Crusade, when the sword blades were of whalebone and silvered parchment, helmets of boiled leather and shields of light wood. Feudal chivalry had begun to play at war, much as we play at war in our modern war games. And much as rough-and-ready football has been refined and reduced in mortality through the introduction of fine points and stringent rules, so did the tournaments take on the characteristics of a polite, though exciting, exercise in which pageantry replaced fatality. Blunted lances came into use. The nobles and knights were protected by the old armorers with all sorts of special harness, very much as our modern knights of the gridiron are protected by leather helmets and shin guards today.

Whether it is because children have a natural leaning toward high colors and fancy trappings, or because they are brought up on tales of the old knights and tournaments, it seems impossible to get too many jewels or gay saddles or fancy harnesses on carousel horses. The gaudy armor and trappings of the wooden chargers have come down to us from the knights and nobles of the Crusades and the brilliant tournaments of the days when knighthood was in flower.

The tournament slowly developed during the next two centuries into the three-ringed style show of the sixteenth century. Henry VIII pulled one of the greatest of these costume parties when in 1520 he exchanged amenities with the King of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Henry was the Barnum of the tournament world. No other man ever put on a show equal to his. But the tournaments persisted in a more modest fashion in France after Henry died, and it was in France that the word "carrousel" first found a place in every-day vocabulary.

The Arab horsemen of the twelfth century were responsible for this. They used to play a game with clay balls, something like our modern polo without the sticks. The Spanish and Italians who saw it during the Crusades took it up. The game was known among them as "carosello." Literally, in Italian, it meant a "little war." In France it became "carrousel," meaning a mock tournament in which the gallant knights threw thin clay balls, filled with scented water, at each other.

The French took to this form of amusement with vast enthusiasm. Under Henry of Navarre the court of France held the first great "carrousel." But his grandson Louis XIV set and kept the pace in the "carrousel" business. He staged one in Paris on June 5 and 6, 1662, in honor of his mistress, Louise de la Vallière. This, the biggest show of the century, kept the form but not the substance of the old and bloody military tournament. It was a pageant, masque, spectacle, and hippodrome all in one. Men and horses were bedecked like unto the glorious Solomon. The knights, plumed, satined, and silked like masculine ballet girls, marched down the lists in companies, each in its especial color and character, led by a noble of high degree and an excess of raiment. The King led a company of Romans; the Prince of Conde, a "quadrille" of Turks; the Duc d'Enghien, a squadron of Russians; the Duc de Guise, a bevy of Moors. It was a mammoth open air, daylight fancy ball on horseback, with everything there but the masks and moving-picture operators.

When Louis XIV Got a Brass Ring

THERE was a grand march, followed by a mounted drill in intricate figures and a bewildering array of silken banners and ornate shields, displayed for theatrical effect only. Heralds announced the challenges in true press agent fashion. Then the harmless joust began amid the blaring of trumpets and much hullabaloo. There was a deal of uninjurious javelin play; much throwing of the perfume-laden "carrousels"; much parading back and forth of the gorgeous knighthood of the day; much running at wooden heads which were duly split by knightly spears; a great procession of golden chariots carrying fantastic imitations of animals and allegorical figures. Finally the mounted knights tilted for rings. That great show was held in a Parisian square between the Louvre and the Tuileries, still pointed out to American tourists as the Place du Carrousel.

These stupendous "carrousels" continued until 1811, when the Countess Orlov sponsored one at Moscow, but they were for the gentry, only. Common folks who came on foot got only a poor peek at them if they were lucky to come within looking distance. The "carrousel" was not a people's sport until some unknown German toy maker fastened his biggest hobby-horses on a rotating platform and charged the humble herd a small sum for riding thereon. Thus the merry-go-round was invented, but it was still called a "carrousel." And the toy horses still wore the gaudy trappings that the knights' real chargers had worn in the medieval tournaments.

This happened about 1700. Twenty-five years later "carrousels" were common in England—where they are now known as "roundabouts"—and in many other European countries. They were to be found in America shortly after the Revolution. Today they are found in all parts of the world. They are the indispensable amusement devices at every country and state fair, in every amusement park, with every traveling carnival, in many city parks, on divers private estates, in some of the largest department stores, on the streets of the most densely populated cities, on the vacant lots of the most remote hamlets. It is the one "ride" —to use the showman's terminology—which has stood the test of time. But the merry-go-round would not be going around the world if modern inventive genius had not made some radical improvements. Permit William, better known as "Bill" Maengels, to resume his tale.

"As far as its general form goes," says the master of the merry-go-rounds, "the modern carousel has not greatly changed in two hundred years. Nearly every carousel still has its ivory or bone rings, with a brass one every now and then for some customer to catch and thus earn a free ride. These rings go right back to the days of the tournaments when knights tilted for rings with spears or swords. As a matter of fact, a mounted game like this is still played occasionally by young bloods in Virginia. Not so many years ago our carousels furnished wooden swords upon which to catch these rings. But it was found that certain over-healthy small boys were reverting to type and using them for more or less mortal combat, since which discovery, the carousel riders have had to catch the rings with their fingers or not at all.

"Nearly all the modern carousels have chariots or broad and gaily decorated seats fixed on the rotating platform. You can trace these chariots right back to the chariots drawn across the carousel greens by the minions of the French Henry IV or Louis XIV. Until a few years ago we equipped most, if not all, of our carousels with horses, as we still do. But we also put on fancy animal and allegorical figures, such as lions, tigers, giraffes, roosters, sea lions, and deer.

"In time the showmen who bought and used our carousels began reporting that the roosters did not go so well because Jimmy Jones or Sarah Smith, having mounted one of these oversized wooden fowls, were hooted and yelled at by their fellow townspeople. The riders who were thus held up to ridicule dropped off the roosters at the end of their ride and were seen no more around that carousel. Showmen watch such things carefully. They have to.

"Giraffes were not only difficult to ride, but those who rode them had much the same experience as those who rode the roosters. Many kiddies were frightened by the lions and tigers and cried lustily when they should have been laughing. The sea horses and other freaks gave the same negative results. The kiddies loved the deer and would put their arms around their necks and all that sort of thing; but when the galloping horses came on the market all other merry-go-round animals lost popularity.

"Love of a horse is born in most of us, I guess. You know how all children are crazy about ponies and how their elders continue to go to horse races more than ever in spite of the millions of automobiles. Well, the original carousel horse was a fixture. It was fastened to the floor of the structure and just went around and around. Then some manufacturers began to rig a few horses so they would go up and down as well as forward when the affair was in motion. About fifteen years ago I patented a crank shaft arrangement under which *all* the horses would gallop. Since then the horse has reigned supreme on the merry-go-round. There are a few chariots and other fixed seats for those who are too timid to take to the saddle. But, among merry-go-round animals, the horse has it pretty much to himself.

"Maybe it is because kids have a natural leaning toward high colors and fancy trappings, maybe it is because so many of them are brought up on tales of the old knights and tournaments. Anyhow, we can't get too many jewels, saddles too gay, or harness too fancy on our carousel horses. We still make the bodies of poplar and the heads and legs of basswood—because both woods are light and the basswood is relatively tough and hard to break. But there has been a decided change in mane and tail styles during the past few years. It costs from $125 to $150 to design, carve, paint and mount a merry-go-round horse. Breakage is, therefore, an important item. We used to put on regular horsehair tails. Hair by hair the youthful patrons would pull them off. The trade now demands wooden tails. We used to make the wooden manes stand out as if they were streaming in the wind. Muscular youths in the backwoods or during the excitement of a carnival or county fair would break them off. Now the wooden manes are cut close to the horses' necks, and there they stay.

Over in England they call the portable merry-go-round a "roundabout." All carousels on the other side are made to revolve from left to right instead of clockwise, as in America, because of the youngster's inability to grasp the reins in his left hand while catching rings with his right. A portable outfit with twenty-six horses can be knocked down compactly for shipment like the one at the left.

"There are enough repairs and replacements on the average merry-go-round, anyway.

"A carnival manager can buy a portable carousel for $4,500. Such a device will take in from $100 to $500 a day, depending on weather and a hundred other circumstances and conditions. The portable ones are frequently taken down and moved once a week for forty weeks in the year, on especially designed wagons or trucks. One carries the upright center shaft, gearing, organ and portable gasoline power engine. Another carries the horses, upright, each in its own stall, as it were. Another carries the platform, usually in sixteen sections. Such a portable carousel may be forty feet across the platform, may carry twenty-six galloping horses, one chariot and two "teasers," which are special seats invented by me. It may have a two-colored, eight-ounce canopy top, a border decorated in many colors, landscape and scroll work, an upper inner circle of mirrored and flowered panels, while the rods for the galloping horses are encased in polished brass.

"The whole thing is designed to attract the eye, which is the first point in selling the good people who hear the organ or are in other ways brought to the show grounds. But such an outfit weighs nearly twenty thousand pounds, has more than three hundred detachable parts and requires the strenuous labor of five experts four hours to set it up or take it down. It is made to last, but after it has been started and stopped every five minutes during ten hours a day for six months steady, you'll find that a good many people, old and young, have taken toll of it, of the horses particularly. That is why it has to be built with care and solidity and why, in spite of everything, each season's end sees it in need of many repairs and much new paint.

"A stationary carousel may cost $20,000 and take in $1,000 a day. It may be fifty-four feet across the platform, have twenty sections each with four horses abreast, two thousand electric lights and its own electric power plant. Such an outfit will last for years with very slight attention. But, in any event, no park, fair, carnival, or celebration is complete without one. I make many kinds of riding devices. On one of them, 'The Whip,' I patented about ten years ago, I have made a small fortune. But the merry-go-round still goes on its merry way."

Fifty Million Merry-Go-Rounders

NO ONE seems to know how many merry-go-rounds there are in this country. Maengels has made at least five hundred, and probably all of them are in operation. There are a dozen other American merry-go-round factories, large and small, most of them in the Atlantic states. They are all busy. So are dozens of English and continental factories where they make merry-go-rounds that go "clockwise," from left to right, while American made merry-go-rounds go "counter clockwise," from right to left. This difference in direction seems to be due to the English infant's inability to hold his reins in his left hand while catching the rings with his right. The American cares little for form in riding the merry-go-round hobby and likes to catch the rings right-handed.

No one seems to know how many human beings ride on merry-go-rounds each year. One can only guess at the number who follow the sport in America.

There are about two hundred carnival companies touring this continent. Each carries a carousel. Some have small-sized ones for the children. About thirty-five million persons attend these carnivals each year. The great majority of these patrons head straight for the merry-go-round although not all of them find seats thereon. There is at least one merry-go-round in tuneful motion at each one of the two thousand state and county fairs listed by *The Billboard*—that compendium of all information vital to the showman. There are at least seven hundred amusement parks in operation during the warmer months in the United States and Canada, each with its merry-go-round. All told, some fifty million persons attend these various amusement institutions.

About twelve million people patronize America's twenty circuses each tenting season. And wherever a circus pitches its tents, there mysteriously appears a merry-go-round to gather in the nickels and the dimes. I say "mysteriously," for it is a rare circus manager in this era of long jumps and one-day stands who has the courage and enterprise to set up and tear down a carousel six days each week and move it, with the rest of his circus paraphernalia, a hundred miles each night. But it is a daring impresario of this generation who even thinks of moving a merry-go-round more often than once a week, unless he happens to be the owner or operator of a horse-drawn carousel.

Unless you have visited New York's lower east side or upper east side or some other part of Greater New York where human beings are more plentiful than in almost any other place in the world, you have probably never seen this latest development of the sometime sport of kings and nobles. The horse-drawn merry-go-round is a penny-a-ride affair. It boasts eight or ten tiny wooden ponies on a wagon platform eight feet in diameter, sheltered by a red-and-white canopy and surrounded by a fine wire fence to protect its juvenile patrons.

A vigorous young Italian—after seating his infant customers, locking the fence door on the outside and making sure that none of those who have paid a penny apiece are going to lose their nerve and demand in stentorian tones that the captain stop the ship so they can get out and walk—turns this little platform by hand. Meanwhile another vigorous young Italian turns the crank of a hurdy-gurdy or street piano or barrel organ from the driver's seat. The ride lasts a precious minute. There is a great deal of repeat business. I have seen Baxter Street urchins follow such a carousel for blocks, trusting in Providence to supply the necessary coin. I have seen more fortunate children in the Bronx conducted by well-dressed mamas to and from this whirling dervish of amusement devices.

A horse-drawn carousel costs about $800.

"De kids on de block" anywhere on the East Side turn out in swarms when this penny-a-ride affair comes round. It boasts eight or ten tiny wooden ponies on a wagon platform, sheltered by a red and white canopy and surrounded by a fine wire fence for the protection of the youngsters. The proprietor turns the crank while his assistant plays a hurdy-gurdy.

With the horse and wagon, the outfit represents an investment in money or credit of about $1,000. It can operate with profit only where children are bred by the square yard and the streets are blocked by progeny. But it is not unusual for the owners of such an outfit to take in $20.00 on a weekday and $30.00 on a Saturday, if fortune smiles upon them.

For some kind of merry-go-round seems essential to the happiness of the human race. If the Egyptians are celebrating the coming of the flood waters of the Nile, there you will find a merry-go-round, adding joy and gayety to the scene in colorful Cairo. If the Bolivians of Santa Cruz, over on the jungle side of the Andes, desire to participate in a particularly important *fiesta*, there a portable merry-go-round keeps going, going, going, while whites and Indians make merry upon it. If there is a frontier celebration in prairie-girt Calgary, there a merry-go-round gives the last remaining cowboys some new sensations in equestrianism.

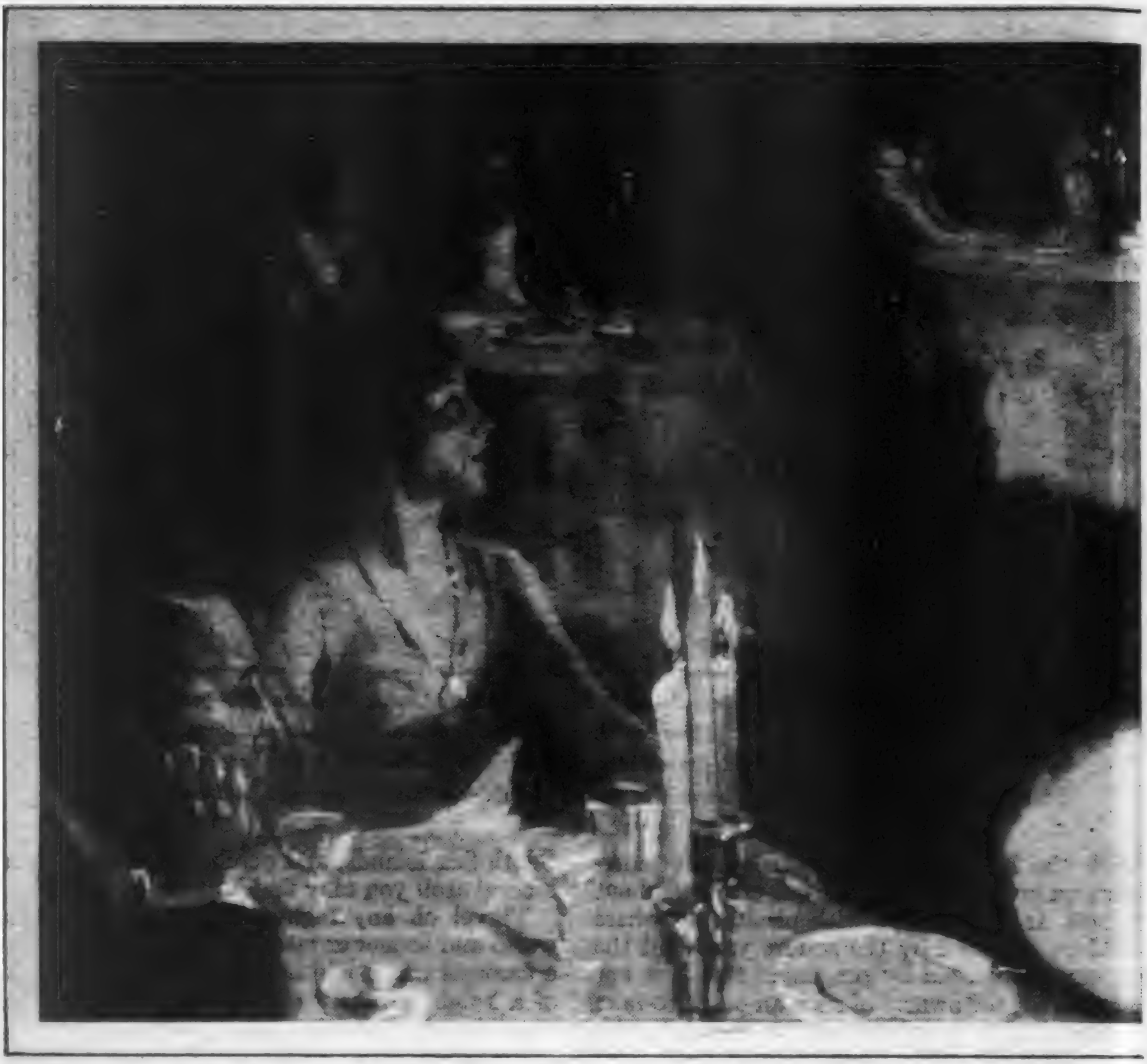
Do you visit Melbourne, in far off Australia, you encounter that gifted American showman, Charley Stanton, whose European Circus hails from New York, is in fact a carnival company, and carries its merry-go-round to the far flung battle lines of China, Japan, and New Zealand. Do you journey through the Far or Near East, there you find Harry E. Handy, also from New York, conducting his thirty-car King's Carnival Company through the populous centers of India, Siam, and Persia. And with Handy you also find a merry-go-round doing business night and day. Pause for an hour in the far-famed South Sea Islands, and perched narrowly upon a coral atoll you may find a merry-go-round.

Travel on any highway or by-path in the world and sooner or later you will run slap into a carousel which had its origin in the joustings of a knight errantry that has been dust these seven hundred years.

And the merry-go-round will go on forever, I believe. It has a perpetual appeal to the kids. My better half hails from Des Moines, which is in the state of Iowa. She is proud of her native city. She never ceases to sound its praises. But she fell down badly the other day when I asked for some information about the Iowa State Fair, which blossoms in Des Moines each fall.

"You know," she admitted, a bit crestfallen, "I can't tell you much about that. When I was a little girl in Des Moines I was perfectly wild about merry-go-rounds. Each fall when the State Fair opened, mother gave me and my sister Alice money for admission to the grounds and twenty-five cents, each, to spend after we reached that halcyon spot. The merry-go-round was always near the gate. I never got any farther. One could ride for a nickel in those days. I invariably rode five times, with my quarter. Then I borrowed Alice's quarter and rode five times more. Then, there being nothing more to do, we went home. So I never really saw the Iowa State Fair. But the glories of that merry-go-round are with me yet."

Multiply her case by many millions and you have the answer to why the merry-go-round goes 'round the world.



The spotlight gleamed on the dancers. They turned and Kyra saw the man's full face. "Cyril.

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford

A Princess

An exiled Russian beaut

(Conclusion)

THUS it happened that Remy Sazonoff who was generally regarded as an enlivening addition to any gathering, became to all intents and purposes a permanent house guest at Green Gates. His first week-end with the Corcorans stretched itself to an indefinite length, broken by a few days spent with some new acquaintances.

There were many of these, for Remy had the gift of making new attachments that made up in fervor for what they lacked in a staying quality. He could be at will the gay, whimsical, innocent foreigner, frankly admitting his impecunious state, which was so much more glamorous than every-day poverty because it had behind it the romance of war and of ruined greatness. He never dined out without reaping a harvest of invitations and of new friendships. Amusing and decorative bachelors were not plentiful and, besides, Remy had, as Corcoran observed, a way with him.

As a host Corcoran accepted him without comment. His attitude seemed to be that as long as Kyra wanted this bright bird of passage,

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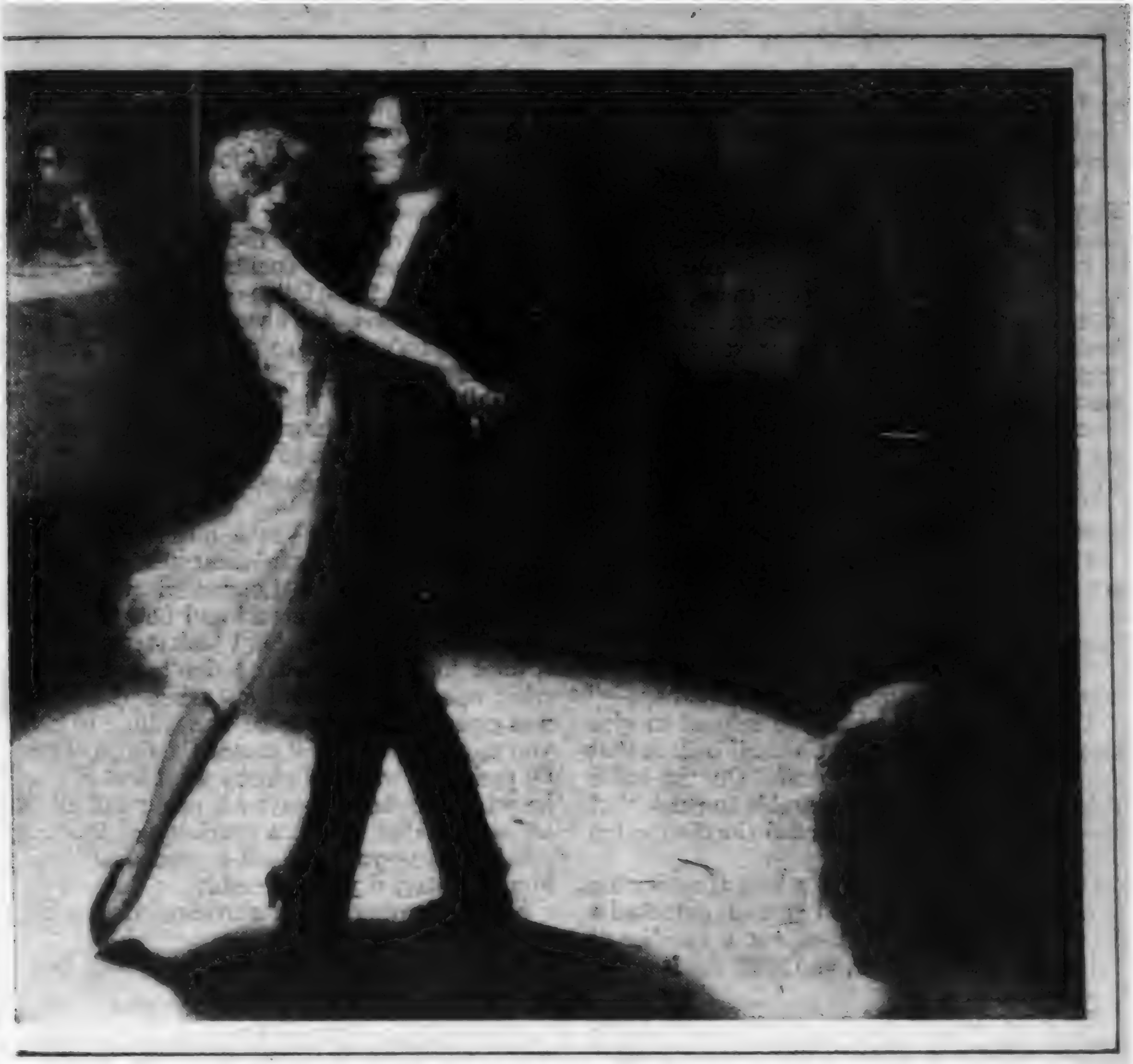


Cyril." The words whispered themselves within her. She sat in a frozen quiet, staring.

in Distress

By Grace Sartwell Mason

becomes a magnet for romance

well and good, but the moment she should show a sign of not wanting him, out he would go, Count Remy Sazonoff. If often he watched and hoped for a sign from his wife that this moment had arrived, he did so under cover of a manner detached and unperturbed.

But as the autumn passed and the activities of the winter season kept Kyra more and more occupied, Corcoran grew quieter and more self-effacing. He was less and less needed as an escort, now that they had a house guest who was so frequently going to the same houses, to the same theater party or dance in town. He had once admitted that the monotony of most social functions bored him, but what he had not added was that he would gladly put up with being bored for the sake of watching Kyra and of the drive home with her afterward.

Even this privilege was seldom his these days, for Kyra took it for granted that since it was not necessary for him to escort her, he would prefer to be left out of many affairs. And on the occasions when he went with her, often Remy Sazonoff accompanied them. Kyra was likely to be either abstracted or full of a gaiety that seemed forced. He knew that she was doing all that she could to keep Barbara and Remy apart. She persistently rode with them and seldom asked Barbara to Green Gates. And yet she did not say the word that would have made Corcoran close his door to Sazonoff.

As this protracted hospitality extended itself, Remy grew more blithely assured than ever. He used the house somewhat as he would a club or hotel, he came and went as he chose, he even invited his friends to visit him there. On the first occasion when this occurred Corcoran looked hopefully at Kyra for some sign of anger. They had been in town together and returning late in the afternoon they found Remy dispensing tea and the best of a good cellar to a dozen friends whom he had summoned by telephone.

"The afternoon was of a suicidal gloom," he explained happily.

Kyra gave no sign of annoyance, although some of the persons present would not have been invited to her house. Corcoran drew a long breath and went up to his own rooms.

"I suppose it's the Russian idea," he said to himself, "and she's used to it. Or perhaps—"

The rest of his thoughts he refused to give form to. He would not let himself believe that she cared for Remy Sazonoff. On the other hand it was almost as unbearable to think that she was so unhappy she needed the distraction of Sazonoff's company.

On this afternoon he sat a long time staring at nothing before he roused himself, unlocked a drawer in his desk and took out a number of letters, clipped together, and read the last one through again slowly.

That evening he did not go out with Kyra, but when she returned he heard the motor as it drove up and himself opened the door for her. Sazonoff had been carried off by his friends of the afternoon. The house was quiet.

"I've a fire in the library," he said to her. "Johnson has left some sandwiches there for you. Won't you come in for a few minutes. There is something I want to talk over with you."

He took her cloak drawing a chair in front of the fire. She glanced at his face and did not sit down. Instead she helped herself to a sandwich and began flitting about the room restlessly. Her dress of flamingo-colored chiffon was like a jewel against the somber paneling of the room.

"Really, I must tell the servants to get at these books of yours, Michael," she said nervously. "They're dusty."

"Never mind the books. Come over here and sit down, won't you?"

She came slowly and perched on the arm of an easy chair. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Yourself." He looked at her for a long moment of silence. "Kyra, my dear, you are not happy. I know that. Something haunts you, or troubles you. I've been thinking it over and I've made up my mind I can't go on like this."

It was not difficult to get her eyes now. They were fixed upon his face in a wide blue stare. "You can't—go on—" she breathed.

"No, I can't go on," he repeated slowly. "When I married you I thought I could make you happy even if I couldn't win your heart completely, and I've failed—"

"Dear Michael, don't worry about me," she cried. "You've been so good to me. I'm an ungrateful person to—"

"Oh, no, it's not gratitude I want. I want you to have your heart's desire." He stood for a moment silent and then with a movement as if he said, "I give up," he began to speak again.

"Kyra, I suppose I'm a queer mixture of credulity and skepticism—most men are. But soon after that day in London when you told me about Cyril Baryatoski and how much he meant to your imagination I took steps to start a hunt for him, myself. I don't quite know what was at the back of my mind. I guess I was crazy about you and I was willing to give you anything, even if it meant the finish of me. Or perhaps I wanted to know what sort of man he was. Anyhow, I gave his name and all to an agency that makes a specialty of locating missing men—you told me a good deal about him that day, if you remember."

She was staring at him with startled eyes, but she said nothing.

"Well," he resumed with a sigh, "they have found him."

SHE gazed at him as if she had received a shock, but it was an instant or two before she whispered slowly: "He is alive—all these years he has been—"

"My man informs me that in 1922 he went to the Argentine. Last month he left the Argentine for New York. It should be easy enough now to find him."

He paused, puzzled by the expression in her face. It was almost as if he had brought her, he thought, news of the young man's death.

"He has been alive all these years and he never found me," she said under her breath.

"Perhaps that was not possible," he reminded her gently. "However, the fact remains that I can find him, if you want me to."

As if the meaning of this part of his news had only just penetrated her mind, she looked up quickly, "You mean that you would find him for me if I ask you to?"

"Of course. That is what I have been telling you."

"Then," she said, "you don't love me. That is what it means, isn't it?"

He made a quick movement toward her and then drew back. "No, it means that I love you so much I can give you up to any one who can make you happier than I can."

To his entire astonishment her eyes turned to two icy blue pools of disdainful anger. "Kindly permit me to be the judge of my own happiness," she cried.

Then without another word to clear up his bewilderment, she swept out of the room. He gazed at the door that had closed behind her with rueful eyes. He was abashed, by a suspicion that in the matter of a girl's psychology he was even a greater fool than he had thought himself. He had offended her, but just how he was too bemused by the misery of his longing for her to understand. He caught at one gleam of consolation—she had not shown any great rapture at learning that Cyril Baryatoski was alive. But that might mean it was a shock to her to know that he had not sought for her until he found her.

"And then there's the other explanation," he thought. "Perhaps, after all, it is Remy Sazonoff."

It was not long after this conversation to which neither of them referred again, when Barbara Van Vliet asked Kyra and Sazonoff to a tea dance which she was giving at a new place in town. Kyra tried to decline and said that she believed Remy had other engagements, but Barbara declared he was free for that afternoon. "He told me himself last night he would come," she said. "If you don't come along, Kyra, darling, there won't be any one to hold down the crowd. Mother hasn't spoken to me for a week. And besides, you'll like this new place; it's got Russian Gypsies and sneaky music—do come! Michael, too—only of course, he won't."

Michael declined—he had a business conference in town, he said, but he would call for Kyra if she liked—and she finally consented.

"I hate make-believe Russian Gypsies, and if they sing the Volga Boat Song I shall leave the place. But for you, Babs, I would suffer a good deal. I will bring Remy in with me, shall I?"

"Remy's going to town with me." Barbara looked at her friend defiantly. "We're lunching together, first."

Kyra had a sensation of panic. None of the gentle hints she had given Barbara about the undesirability of international marriages had done any good. "Huh, look at yourself," Barbara had said. "You and Michael are two angels together."

"But I have Anglo-Saxon blood. Remy is Russian; you will never understand each other—"

"What does that matter? He is so adorably cute. And I don't know that I want to understand my husband. Wouldn't that be frightfully monotonous? Golly, look at my mother and father—they came from the same home town and they haven't spoken a kind word to each other in I don't know when! So that's out. No, as long as we amuse each other—"

Their conversations always ended on some such note. As Kyra drove in to town to keep her tea-engagement, she thought them over, the number of times she had tried to warn Barbara. But she had always stopped short of definite statements, she had kept on hoping that Remy was not serious in his intentions—he had flitted about a great deal from one hopeful opportunity to another—and this afternoon she thought of her own cowardice with scorn. Something seemed to have happened to her crystal clear spirit, clouding it. The luxury of her life, its security, had softened the fiber of her inmost being.

"It began the day I let Julie persuade me to go to London," she thought. "That day something happened to me that changed me." She felt the smooth motion of the motorcar; the deep cushions protected her from the slightest jar; a costly fur coat kept her snug and heightened her beauty. "I am no better than Remy Sazonoff, no better than Julie. They are franker than I am, that is all the difference between us. All of us get what we can for nothing. We take, but we never give. We are liars, refusing to face facts."

AS SHE crossed the sidewalk from her car to the entrance door of the restaurant where she was to meet Barbara, she observed with a curl of her lip that this was another of those pseudo-Russian places that had sprung up in the wake of Balieff.

A small door in a violent blue-green had the Russian eagle painted upon it. The sign above the door puzzled her with its familiarity until she recalled that several times in her mail recently she had received an engraved card announcing the opening of this same cabaret.

A doorman held open the blue-green door and she passed down a long passage which led through a rear yard to another green door. The tall brick walls of this yard had been painted in fantastic evergreens and long stretches of snow splotched with violent blue shadows.

The second door opened into a vestibule hung with raw colors. As an attendant led her through this vestibule toward the double opening of the restaurant she was aware of a curious and unpleasant sensation. It was an odor with which she had once been familiar, stale and somehow threatening. For an instant as she stood in the doorway she was back again in the Red Sarafan. She could see the unclean, garish rooms, the early waiters scurrying about with frightened haste setting the tables, sweeping the crumbs into corners, lighting the pastilles.

It was only an instant that this illusion lasted, but in that interval of the time she felt again the same nightmare quality of hopeless struggle that she had known so often in Saidan's cabaret.

Corcoran launched into the room. The next moment he had leaped across the room, and half-way up the stairs he had caught and was dragging down the squat figure of Saidan.

Then she recovered herself, she looked around her and saw that Barbara and her friends were seated at several small tables at the other end of the room under one of the narrow balconies that ran down the sides of the room.

Barbara hailed her with cries of approval. It was evident that the party was not too lively. The long, mysteriously lighted room was somewhat depressing, there were few patrons and these showed a tendency to sulk two by two in dark, draped corners. The waiters stood about, discontentedly.

"This place gives us all the pip," cried Barbara. "The music is a horror. And I was told it was so nice and clandestine. As soon as every one gets here we're going on to the Biltmore where it's ordinary and peppy. Have some tea?"

"Yes, please. That's the least you can do for me, after I've driven in to your party," said Kyra.

"Oh, I'm sorry, darling. You shall have all the candles on your table— Waiter, some fresh tea and more cakes. Roddy, come here and sit by the Princess and tell her that story you just told us. If you want to dance, Kyra—"

"I don't. I prefer to sit here and drink tea. And Roddy may go on and dance if he wants to—"

Roddy cried out earnestly that he wanted merely to sit and look at her. Which was not surprising for in the candlelight she was lovely in her chartreuse colored frock and black furs. The dancing floor began to fill up, the rest of Barbara's party straggled in, and Kyra received them. She kept by her side Roddy and another youth who began to flutter like a moth in a flame the instant he was presented. She talked and laughed a good deal, for she felt as if there was a nameless something waiting to depress her spirits the instant she had time to look about her.

"Don't these arty places give you the willies?" said the new youth, glancing fearfully about him at the strange trees, beasts, and humans that were painted upon the draperies that covered the walls and hung in front of the boxes in the little balconies.

"I do not like them at all," she agreed. "One wonders what is behind those draperies. Mice and dust, probably— By the way, is some one watching us from that balcony across the room?"

"There was a fellow standing there," said Roddy, "when Bob first spoke, but he dropped the curtain and stepped back just as you looked up. Want me to go up and land him one on the beezer?"

"Good heavens, no!" she smiled. "It was probably the proprietor counting heads."

In another moment the lights were lowered and the spotlight in the balcony made a blue-white path down the center of the dancing floor. The orchestra began to play all tango and from under the shadows of the balcony emerged a girl and a slim, youngish man.

"Old stuff," said Barbara, "shall we cut this and go over to the Biltmore."

"Aw, wait a minute—the girl's the goods," expostulated the youth who had come in last. "The fellow can step a little, too. Watch 'im, Roddy."

RODDY at the next table turned to look at the dancing floor and Kyra followed his gaze. The spotlight gleamed on the sleek black head of the man dancer as he bent it over the upturned face of the girl in his arms. With a slow, lithe movement they turned and Kyra saw the man's full face.

She made no sound, she scarcely stirred, but slowly the blood left her face and her heart seemed to swell until she could feel its pain. But except for her pallor no one could have guessed that she was watching some one whose life had once touched hers in a strange and poignant moment, whose memory had been with her night and day. A man to whom she had given that most beautiful and spring-like thing, the love of a young girl.

"Cyril. Cyril." The words whispered themselves within her, but they did not stir her lips. She sat in a frozen quiet, staring. The tumult within her ceased, she became to her own consciousness nothing but a pair of eyes; eyes that longed to close themselves to shut out those two figures in the merciless spotlight, but could only remain open the better to watch the slow death of a memory.

He was merely a handsome young man with a pomaded hair and a slightly made-up face. In his profile there remained something romantic and melancholy, but in his full face there was—nothing! If she could have seen there the wreck of a spirit there might have been hope for that memory slowly being done to death.

But there was nothing but a sleek satisfaction. He had not even aged. Indeed he had looked older in that week when his cheeks were thin from privation, with dark lines under his eyes. He was full of vivacity now, but then he had been gay with the divine carelessness. And she loved him pitifully.

"Mrs. Corcoran—I say, are you ill?" Roddy had turned back to his table, he was whispering to her. He poured a glass of water.

She drank it composedly. "Quite all right, Roddy," she murmured. "But I think I must go. I am tired. Never mind telling the others—I will just slip out."

She stood up feeling a strange confusion in her mind. A voice at her elbow spoke: "You are wanted on the telephone Madame. I think it is your husband."

The attendant who had first ushered her in stood there, and she followed him down the room in the shadow of the balcony. Roddy would have gone with her but half-way down she sent him back to fetch her cloak. She wanted to be alone for a moment.

"The telephone, Madame is through there," the attendant said, opening a door.

She stepped into a short passageway and saw a door at her left. She was not in that moment capable of taking in many details and it was not until she opened it, brushed aside a portière, and reached the center of the room that she became aware that there was no telephone in sight. She stood in a small room without windows. One heavily shaded light revealed a narrow staircase against the opposite wall. There were velvet hangings that evidently covered a door at her right.

Still preoccupied, she was moving toward these hangings in search of the telephone when she saw them move. A fat hand like a white grub showed for an instant against the dark velvet and then a man stepped out and stood smiling at her.

As if it came a long way off she heard her own voice whispering, "Saidan."

He came toward the center of the room his half-moon smile lifting the corners of his mouth, his yellow teeth half disclosed. It seemed only half an hour ago that she had faced him in the Red Sarafan. The cruel amiability of his smile was the same and when he spoke his voice reminded her again, of that confection made of honey and glue called Turkish paste.

"I am enchanted," he said in his thick mongrel French. "I assure you *ma chèrie*, nothing I have seen in America is so beautiful as your face."

AN ODD thing happened in her mind—all the years between the week when she had first known and loved Cyril Baryatoski telescoped into one brief flash. As if in a racing pageant she saw them, the flights, troop trains, refugee camps, Smyrna, Constantinople, all leading up to this one figure. It seemed to her he had always been there, he always would be. He became in this twisted moment symbolical of the ruin and horrors she had lived through. And she accepted his appearance here with a profound fatalism that seemed to well up from the roots of her being.

"What do you want?" she said indifferently.

"What I have always wanted since the first day I saw you in Pera." He put his head on one side and gazed at her amiably without haste. "You will remember that I told you I always get what I want. That is because I am a great man. But you might better have stayed with me in Constantinople. You have merely put me to expense and trouble. Also you've kept me waiting. Ah, no! Not until I have finished—"

His quick movement cut off her rush at the door, which had swung to behind her soundlessly when she came into the room. She felt his hands at her throat, very soft and thick. His smiling face was close to hers, like a great moon.

"No, no, *ma chèrie*," he purred softly. "In a few days I go back to Turkey, but I shall have had what I came for. You know in your heart Saidan gets what he wants always—"

THE conviction that this was her fate was like a web, entangling her brain. But the instinct to save herself made her twist herself out of his hands and dart at the closed door.

He caught her before she could reach it. As he held her facing him, she saw a swift terrible change come into his eyes. They burned with a light of an insane and murderous desire.

"This is the last moment of my life," she thought.

Up to this instant he had been controlled. But now his movements became jerky, in dreadful haste. Sweeping her off her feet he moved toward the stairway.

But now she, too, in her terror became animal and instinctive. She screamed at once, and then she was silent, fighting. As he reached the stairway she clutched at the newel post, her fingers slipped over it, and caught at the ball of polished wood that ornamented its top. It gave way in her hands, throwing Saidan against the wall momentarily off balance. Instantly with an eel-like twist of her slim body, she had turned, thrown up her hands, throwing Saidan against the wall, and brought the ball of heavy wood down upon Saidan's face. She was a step above him and she had the strength of frenzy. She heard the sickening impact as the heavy sphere crashed against his nose. He reeled backward, lost his balance, and fell on the floor at the foot of the stairs, grotesquely sprawling.

With a convulsive shudder she stood for a moment staring down at him before she could break the ominous spell that clogged her brain. Then she leaped over his body and ran across the room. The walls reeled around her, the velvet curtains multiplied themselves as she groped from one to another, blindly seeking the door through which she had come.

She heard a sound behind her and looked over her shoulder. The grotesque thing at the foot of the stairs had become again a man, it had pulled itself up and on hands and knees it was coming toward her, a crimson trickle across the yellow moon of its face, but its purpose unabated.

The room became dark to her straining eyes. Faint pulsation from the music in the restaurant beat upon her ears. She remembered the spotlight making its blue-white path down the dancing floor, she tried to think what there had been about that man who danced the tango so sleekly that had made her heart stand still, and then die within her.

The connection between this man in the spotlight and Michael—what was it? Then one clear thought flashed its light into her reeling brain—there was something she had to tell Michael—her husband, before Saidan killed her.

As her hands tore at the curtain, she began to sob gaspingly, "Michael... Michael, the door —I can't—find—the door."

BARBARA and her party were leaving with the frankest comments on the dullness of this particular restaurant, when they met Michael Corcoran crossing the courtyard.

"Kyra's back there with Roddy," said Barbara. "Get her and come on over to the Biltmore. There's a good scout."

He shook his head, smilingly. "Come on home with us, Sazonoff?" he asked Remy. "The car's across the street."

Remy looked down at the piquant face of Barbara Van Vliet. "No, thanks, I am at the disposal of my adorable hostess. What she says—"

"She says that you can't have him, Michael Corcoran." Barbara slipped her arm through Remy's. "You can't take him away from me."

There was a tinge of meaning in her tone and her eyes met Corcoran's. "No?" he said, "I have not tried yet—but when I do—"

He did not finish the sentence, but went on into the small lobby of the restaurant. Roddy with a fur coat over his arm, gave a start of surprise when he saw him. "Why, Mrs. Corcoran is just telephoning—they said you wanted her on the 'phone. This is her coat."

"Thanks," said Corcoran, taking the coat, "I'll wait for her."

He strolled through the lobby to the entrance of the restaurant, watched the dancers for a moment or two, saw the spotlight come on and a slim couple glide out into its blue-white light.

"Phew, what air," he thought. "That girl looks Spanish—but what a tigerish mouth." He did not even glance at her partner.

ANOTHER moment passed while he stood there, absently stroking the fur of Kyra's cloak. A faint fragrance came from it, reminding him of Kyra's hands. Suddenly an inexplicable sense of uneasiness came over him. What was that Roddy had said about the telephone? He had not telephoned—and yet they had told Kyra he was on the wire. He turned quickly.

"Where are the telephones?" he asked the one attendant in the lobby.

The man nodded toward a small room at the right. There was a telephone booth near the door, but it was empty. Across the lobby was the woman's cloak-room.

"Another telephone in there?" Corcoran asked the man, who stared at him stupidly and then shook his head. There was a maid in the cloakroom doorway and Corcoran asked her if there was a lady inside, a young lady in a light-colored dress trimmed with black fur? The maid shook her head. There had been no one like that in the dressing-room this afternoon. He repeated his question about the telephone.

"That's the only telephone, right there, sir," she said.

It was unreasonable, and he admitted it to himself, but suddenly he felt a sensation of straight panic. He went quickly to the doorway and scanned the now empty dancing floor, and the tables at the edge of it. Most of them were empty. He whirled and looked around the lobby again, for it seemed to him he had heard a sound like the whisper of his own name.

"Where does that door lead to?" he demanded taking a step toward the only closed door visible.

"You can't go in there, sir," said the maid hurriedly. "That's private—"

Corcoran pushed it open. He saw the door at his left, but there came no sound from beyond it. He stepped up to it, irresolute now, feeling ashamed of his sudden panic. Queer, though, the way those two attendants had looked at him. He put his hands on the handle of the door, listening.

It was not until then that he heard it, the sound of a dry, gasping sob, muffled and far off. He dropped the cloak he was carrying and threw his weight against the door.

He was immediately launched into the room violently, for the door had not been locked. He found his head and shoulders wrapped in a velvet portière which he tore off with one gesture. The next instant he had leaped across the room, and half way up the narrow staircase he had caught and was dragging down it a squat figure that gave a single choking grunt after Corcoran's fist shot out. It then collapsed against the wall of the room and lay still.

The maid in the cloakroom and the attendant at the door had scarcely had time to exchange frightened glances, when Corcoran looked out at them. His eyes, as the maid said afterward, were like two red coals. "Water!" He uttered the one word and disappeared.

The maid, the door attendant, and a head waiter came running. Corcoran was supporting under the one light Kyra's half conscious form.

"Give me that water." He poured some between Kyra's lips.

The maid caught sight of the inert figure on the other side of the room and screamed.

"Telephone for the police," the head waiter commanded.

[*Continued on page 150*]

Six Hundred Thousand Miles for $7.61

The world's champion tramp has settled down after thirty years of riding the rods and brake beams in wanderings that took him from coast to coast. "A-No. 1, The Rambler" tells how he started and why he quit

by Harry Botsford

ON BUILDINGS, bridges, water tanks, posts, and fences throughout the length and breadth of the continent you can find the mark of "A-No. 1, The Rambler." The tramp whose real identity was long submerged in an initial and a number was an intimate of that other famous American hobo, Jack London, and has befriended hundreds of young knights of the road. He is here revealed as Leon Ray Livingston, now a prosperous business man and the devoted father of a family.

THERE is one childish adventure that is common to practically all human beings. It usually happens this way: You've just been given a good sound licking (if your parents were old-fashioned), or you've been tactfully told (if your parents were moderns) that you couldn't possibly have the moon. In any case you smart beneath what you consider the cold injustice of people who do not understand. You register a sullen vow, "I'll run away from home, that's what I'll do." You picture them weeping remorsefully and sighing, "Ah, if we had only known—"

It is an adventure whether you actually start to run away or not. Most of us have felt the urge of this desire at some time in our extreme youth. Not infrequently many of us have run away from home, carrying carefully with us our childish treasures and a fanciful dream of returning some day, full of honors and laden with wealth. There is an aureate glow, a species of necromancy that appears to color the world's horizons and lend enchantment to what is far from home.

Fortunately most runaways have a change of heart before they are many rods or many blocks distant from that home. Often this change of heart comes with nightfall and its fearsome shadows, or when the first pangs of hunger set up an urgent clamor for the food we know awaits us. And so it is that more than one domestic tragedy is averted and peace again reigns. Yet there are times when the runaway instinct is merely postponed. Each year over 200,000 boys run away from home and become tramps. They are answering the age-old call of the *Wanderlust*, that Romany strain that is merely latent in all red-blooded individuals. What happens, in the course of years, to this annual increase in vagabonds, is not pleasant. About 34,000 of the number end as worthless tramps and hardened criminals; 7,000 are permanently crippled by accidents, and 3,500 are killed by cars or through disease and exposure.

These are the facts as they were related to me by a little man the other day. He is a clean-limbed, brisk individual just past the half-century mark. He was carefully groomed and his English was perfect, though a trifle formal. In what I am about to quote, you will find practically none of the tramp lingo. There is about him the air of a genial sage. His hair is a tangle of silver; his eyes twinkle as he talks and he glows with perfect health. He has a habit of punctuating his conversation with nervous gestures of well-manicured hands, a trick of leaning forward when deeply interested and tapping you on the knee and letting slip an involuntary "Gee!" with all the sudden enthusiasm of a schoolboy. Then, when he realizes that he has used a slang expression, there comes over his cherubic face the look of—well, as though he were a saintly old minister who had just uttered a hearty "Damn!"

He is an authority on this thing we call the *Wanderlust* and he is an authority on the matter of what happens to runaway boys. Perhaps he is the *only* authority. What he says is au-

[*Continued on page 156*]

IT IS doubtful if Wanderlust has ever had a more devoted follower than Leon Ray Livingston. Always the aristocrat among vagabonds, he took pains with his manners and appearance, educated himself by constant study, and avoided both alcohol and tobacco. Although a tramp and therefore an outlaw in railroad circles, he has been thanked for preventing more than twenty train wrecks.

FOR more than six years William Tatem Tilden, 2d, has dominated the international tennis world by his extraordinary prowess. Beginning in 1920, when he was twenty-six years old, he has annually won the National Men's Singles Championship. He has also won the Clay Courts Championship every year since 1922. "Big Bill" is a Philadelphian. Ty Cobb has always been his favorite hero in the world of sports.

What Makes Tilden "Unbeatable"

Years of struggle to acquire self-mastery, to overcome physical, mental, and nervous handicaps, have helped as much as ceaseless practice to make our greatest tennis champion. He finds a knowledge of his opponent's game as important as perfecting his own

by John K. Winkler

YOU and I know William T. Tilden, 2nd as the greatest tennis player of the age, a man who has dominated his field of sport, internationally, for more than six years. He has been called everything from a freak to a genius and "champion of champions." The fact remains that seldom has any tennis player ever shown such blinding flashes of speed. His terrific "aces" that shoot from his racquet like a shell from a seventy-five, his astounding ability to "defeat" defeat by pulling a brilliant shot in a tight pinch, have left hundreds of tennis galleries all over the world gasping for breath. Would you like to know what he thinks about it?

STRANGELY enough, the man who plays the most spectacular tennis that the fans can witness says we are foolish to glorify athletics. Sport, he insists, should be merely an avocation. "Often when I seem to lack pep at the beginning of a match," he says, "I am nearly bored to death. It seems so silly to see thousands of tense-faced individuals gathered in huge stands to watch two men bat tennis balls at each other. Eventually, though, I usually manage to rouse myself and win. The principal reason for any success I may have had is: I don't like to be beaten."

One of the outstanding qualities of William Tilden, like that of so many other champions, is the steady conscientious way he has toiled to perfect himself in his skill. Underneath all his dazzling brilliancy has always been this solid foundation of hard work. But that is not all that has made Tilden the nearest thing to the unbeatable that ever strode a court. This is his story of just how he has overcome physical and temperamental handicaps. You will see how through keen analysis of himself and his opponents he has mastered, first Bill Tilden and then the hundreds of determined foemen who have faced him across the net.

"It took me twenty-one years to become a champion," "Big Bill" mused, his eyes like acetylene boring through a fog. "They were twenty-one years of hard, slavish effort, mental and physical.

"I began when I was a tot of five. I was twenty-six when I won my first national championship from Billy Johnston in 1920.

"Why and how did I finally win?" The vertical line between the champion's broad brows became more marked. "I won because I wanted passionately to win and because I had learned in boyhood one needs more than a racquet, more than perfect mechanical skill to become a champion.

"I learned one must first gain complete mastery over one's self. Next one must acquire a variety of strokes, a game good enough to match against any opponent. Then, and this is most important, the ambitious boy in any sport must learn the psychological, the physiological, and the technical weaknesses of every man he meets in match play.

"More than half the battle is won up here—" he tapped the line of his thinning hair. "Mental quickness, brain speed, is the biggest single factor in producing star tennis."

Here is an episode that illustrates the sort of thing Bill Tilden means. It happened during the last national clay court championship at Skokie just outside Chicago. Tilden, as the playing-through champion, had to go right on through the tournament from beginning to end, of course. In the old days the champion could stay out, and meet the winner of the tournament for the title, but now he has to scrap his way through from the beginning to the end of every season, just like anybody else. In one of the preliminary rounds, Tilden ran into Harvey Snodgrass, the hard-hitting Californian. He is dangerous at all times, but

To Billy Johnston, his most formidable rival, Tilden pays the tribute of an opponent whose respect has been earned by the severest competition in tennis annals. "Billy Johnston," says the champion, "is the best tennis player I ever faced on the courts. He is game. Lord, how game! He never even thinks defeat and I have never known such a marvelous competitive spirit."

his ranking is considerably below "Big Bill."

On this particular afternoon, Snodgrass was in splendid stroke and piled up a big lead. The gallery confidently waited for "Big Bill" to stage one of those famous rallies for which he is noted. But the rally didn't materialize. The champion seemed strangely sluggish.

Suddenly, the crowded stands realized that Snodgrass was within two points of the match. The greatest upset of the season was at hand. A funereal stillness mantled the crowd. Not even the rustle of a program, not even a whispered "what's the score" from a feminine fan.

The players swung into action again. Then a curious change came over Snodgrass. In rapid succession he made four amateurish errors, "handed" Tilden the game and then proceeded to go to pieces. Later, in the club-house, he said, ruefully, to Tilden:

"Do you know, Bill, I didn't realize I was within two points of licking you until that deathlike silence fell on the gallery. Then my nerves went back on me and I couldn't have defeated you if you had batted 'em over with a toothpick!"

THE big man, with the gaunt shoulders and the searching eyes, who sat stretched out in an armchair in the Hotel Algonquin, in New York, explained:

"Mechanically, Harvey had me licked that day. But, nervously, he hadn't schooled himself to meet a psychological situation that suddenly arose when the gallery became taut and he suddenly realized he was about to win the first championship match I had lost in five years. So he cracked, and through the remainder of the match, played like a man of putty."

"Well, what's the answer, Bill?"

"The answer," he replied, smiling, "is that a man to go to the very top in competitive sport must train himself, physically, mentally, nervously, mechanically, to meet every situation that may come up. After he has perfected his game so that, stroke for stroke, he is capable of standing up against any opponent, he must study and master the real problems. And these are psychological.

"In addition to an undying determination not to be beaten—the thing they call will to win—he must have versatility of thought as well as of stroke. He must be able to 'ditch' the other man mentally as well as mechanically. Some players will never acquire this art because they were born without the necessary brain speed. Others have the mentality, but lack tournament temperament. In other words

It is a far cry from the Signal Corps recruit who played exhibition matches for the Red Cross in 1914 to the Big Bill of today. At the time the picture in uniform was taken, Tilden had a limited local reputation. Three years later, at twenty-four, he ranked among the second ten in the national list and the following year was ranked No. 2.

they have never studied themselves, analyzed themselves, and mastered themselves so that they are immune from temperamental explosions—'going up in the air'."

During his boyhood and early manhood, Tilden, a scrawny, nervous youngster, fought to master himself and his physical and temperamental handicaps.

To this day, he prides himself on never having "thrown his racquet" in a display of temper. What tennis player can say the same? Of recent years, even in his important Davis Cup and Wimbledon matches, his nearest approach to pique is his familiar gesture of raising both hands high over his head and shaking his fists at the heavens—"that isn't lack of control," he insisted, "it's just a warning to myself that I made a poor shot and must buckle down to the play."

In his period of preparation for tennis honors, Tilden played more and harder tennis than any one who ever held a racquet. Often, when a lad of ten, he played thirty or forty sets a day in addition to practicing every possible variety of stroke on the practice board at the Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia.

At every tournament in the vicinity, a skinny, keen-eyed boy could be observed on the side lines edging up as close as he could to the arena of play, and watching Larned, Behr, Biddle, and other experts of that day. Grip, footwork, court maneuvers, every angle and method of play fascinated him. He drew diagrams of difficult shots, studied tactics as though an invisible master (and the master was Ambition) was driving him on.

All this time he was playing any one and every one who would take him on, particularly if they were better than he was. At the same time he was improving his physique and schooling himself to control his nerves and a balky, highly-organized temperament.

The result is the "Big Bill" Tilden of today, the most remarkable champion, in the opinion of many experts, that any sport has ever known. Before every important match, Tilden goes into consultation with himself and maps out his campaign—his mechanical and, so far as possible, his psychological campaign. He has various methods of securing necessary relaxation and a good night's sleep before each big test.

WHAT TILDEN THINKS OF SOME TENNIS STARS

RENE LA COSTE, of France: "Sound in every department of play. Quick thinker. Excellent tournament temperament."

Jean Borotra, of France: "Intelligent but over-exerts. His backhand, though, is terribly faulty. It's a convulsion!"

William Johnston: "A great player. A certain lack of mental versatility at times is his only real weakness."

Vincent Richards: "A marvelous volley player. Handicapped by unwillingness to lay a sound foundation for a perfect all-around game. This will prevent him from ever becoming champion."

Manuel Alonso: "Great off the ground. Has every attribute of a great champion but is too eager to end each point quickly."

Howard Kinsey: "Too full of theory and too fond of freak shots."

Harada, of Japan: "In process of development. Splendid potentialities. Can not play a net game because, like all Japanese, holds his hand *under* rather than *around* the handle of his racquet."

Cranston Holman, of California: "Intelligent; promising. Has the soundest game that has come from the West Coast since Billy Johnston."

B. I. C. Norton: "His match temperament does not equal his technique."

R. Norris Williams: "Attempts the impossible. Sublime but impracticable."

Wray Brown: "Plucky and brainy fighter. Shows what the will to win and perseverance will do."

To this day he insists he won his gruelling five set match with Billy Johnston for the national championship in 1922 (one of the toughest of the many tussles of these supreme masters) by reading detective stories and playing John McCormack on the records!

"With one exception," Tilden told me, in his quick, decisive way, "that 1922 affair was the tightest match I have ever had on the courts. Both Billy and I agree it was our toughest duel. You remember it? Match point time and again. Five sets. Women fainting. Gallery always gasping.

"Well, the night before, I came back to New York from Forest Hills pretty well spent. The tennis crowd was all down at the Vanderbilt Hotel. I had been under a continuous strain since the beginning of the season—it's that way always with me, a strain from May until October.

"So I went to my room, shut off the 'phone, had a bath, got into pajamas and played 'Little Boy Blue' and McCormack records on the phonograph. Then, when I felt thoroughly soothed, I got out a real old-fashioned detective thriller—by Jove, I think it was a paper-back Nick Carter! and I went to sleep tingling over the plot.

"Don't believe I would have won that match if it hadn't been for Nick and John!

"Incidentally, let me tell you, Billy Johnston is the best tennis player I have ever faced on the courts. He is game, Lord, how game! He never even thinks defeat, even when the score is love-five and love-forty against him in the deciding game! I have never known such a marvelous competitive spirit. Physically, he is of course handicapped. Perhaps psychologically too, because he has knowledge of his physical handicap. But talk about will to win! Billy Johnston is the original Dick Die-Not.

"While we're on tennis, here's another thing that occurs to me: In 1919, you remember, Billy blew me off the court in three straight sets in the final championship round. Well, the learned critics said I was off my game, inexperienced, outpsyched, or something or other. Bunk! Never played so well in my life.

"I was merely victim of an axiom that has become a sort of pet of mine:

" 'A player is only as good as his opponent allows him to be.'

"That day, Billy made me look saffron. Not because my game was bad. But because he rose to heights a man reaches only once or twice in a lifetime.

"Take R. Norris Williams, one of the so-called American 'Big Four.' Dick has about one really big day a season. When that day comes, he goes through the greatest players of the world, amateur or professional, like water

[*Continued on page 174*]

Medina Reef

Destiny leads two prospectors through an African inferno

by Francis Brett Young

Illustrated by John R. Peirce

UPS AND downs! South Africa's a rum country for that. You never know two minutes together where you are. Look at this paper now. Here you've got it: *Death of Sir Robert Savage, the Mining Magnate.* Now I know Bob Savage as well as I know my own boots; and here he goes dying a millionaire, while I'm loafing about Joh'burg without a ticket in my pocket and glad to cadge a drink off you or any one else. Still, Bob Savage is dead: and I'm alive to talk about him. That's where you get your compensations. This time I'm up, all right, and Bob's down.

Bob and I struck each other first time in the early days at Moodie's. Down Swaziland way. That was the biggest gold-rush before the Rand was discovered. I met him there in Yankee Grant's store. Store, we called it: actually it was a buck-sail tent with a red lion painted on it and "Liquor up here!" written underneath. The counter was empty gin cases; but the gin they sold you was muck from Lorenzo Marques put up in Rynbende flasks. No chairs, mind you. We used to sit on sacks of mealie-meal and Kaffir corn, and a damn sight more comfortable it was than this here wooden bench. Take my word for it. At night there'd be close on a hundred men in that buck-sail tent; Britishers, Dutchmen, Dagoes, all paying for their drinks with gold-dust screwed up in paper. Scales on the counter. Three and sixpence a penny-weight: seven grains to the shilling. Old Grant weighed them himself. Nellie served the dope.

Nellie was pretty near the only white woman at Moodie's; a piece that Grant had brought over by wagon from Kimberley where he'd started. She was a big girl with a fine mouthful of teeth and not much else to her. Not even vices; but that's where the question of supply and demand comes in. And yet she had her fancies, our little Nellie!

I wasn't a bad-looking young chap in those days, though you wouldn't guess it now. When I rolled up at Moodie's Nellie was being run by a greasy *I*-taliano called Gennaro; but after I'd been there a week or two she took a fancy to me. Like the young fool I was I used to hang around that store all day, when the other chaps were fossicking over the hillside with their picks and pans. I guess she was lonely, like; but that's a fine climate to do nothing in with a peg to keep you going now and then. We used to sit and look at each other like two blue monkeys courting up a tree, listening to the *thud-thud-thud* of the dolly-hammers down in the valley that French Joe had put up. Five ounces a day that Frenchman was getting; nigh on twenty pounds.

Then Bob Savage came along. Poor old Bob: let's drink his health! Bob was an Irishman: a big, skinny chap with eyes like a bird's and a brogue that'd turn your head. He was a solitary beggar; always played a lone hand. But generous, too. Irish. He'd throw his money about like a gentleman in those days, and, by Gad, he was full of it. It seems he'd known our Nellie on the diamond diggings at Kimberley, where he'd picked it up; and when he came to Moodie's he reckoned he'd be able to begin again just where he'd left off.

But not a bit of it! That girl was too spry by half to be come over with Bob's soft brogue. What's more, she was a bit gone on me. The first thing Bob did was to make her a present of a diamond that'd make your mouth water. Our Nellie just smiled and said thank you and put it in her purse; and that was the end of it. Nothing doing! I had the bulge on Bob Savage.

But Bob wasn't finished. He went off for a month prospecting to think it over, and the first night he came back he walked straight up to me and put his hand on my sleeve.

"Now, young fellow," he said, "I want a word with you."

"Go ahead then," I said, with a bit of a wink to Nellie.

"I'll trouble you to step outside for a minute," he said. He was smiling all the time and looking properly wicked out of his little eyes.

Well, I wasn't going to show that I was afraid of him. Out we went on to the hillside. Lord, I can see it now: the tents all clean white in the moonlight and the silver trees on the hills. They've cut 'em all down in these days."

"Now, Mr. Hicks," says Bob, "Nellie's an old friend of mine and I'm going to have her."

"That's Nellie's lookout," says I.

"Don't you be making any mistake, Mr. Hicks," he says. "It's yours."

He began to roll up his sleeves. "I'll trouble you to take your coat off," he says. Always the gentleman, Bob!

WELL, in those days, as I'm telling you, that sort of thing was all in the day's work. No fellow could keep his end up if he wasn't ready to use his fists; and though I was a youngster I'd had a bit of practice at that game in my time. The trouble was that I'd had more than a glass or two of Yankee Grant's dope. The cold air made my ears sting, like it does, and the cicadas in the trees were kicking up a din to drive you mad. I ran my eye over him. The chap was like an eel; a slippery, bendy devil, all joints.

"Ready, Mr. Hicks?" says he.

Then we fell to. I shall never forget that scrap. You can see now that I'm a stocky, tough sort of chap. There was nothing in the weights; but Bob had a longer reach, and knew how to use it. We went at it hot and strong for half an hour, just stopping for a moment when both of us had enough to go on with. I bunged up Bob's left eye; he bashed my nose, which was no odds, for it'd been broken two or three times and wasn't anything to speak of. It was Nellie's liquor that did for me. As soon as I begin to tire he'd got me beat, and I knew it; only a matter of time before he knocked me out. Well, I'm not the first chap that's taken a licking from Bob Savage, nor yet the last. In the end I went over like a ninepin.

When I came round, I wasn't so bad as I'd fancied; but I'd had enough. Bob took that for granted. He helped me down the hillside to the stream in which we chaps used to wash our tailings. We stripped and took a swill together. Then we shook hands on it.

"So that little job's settled," said he, "and I'll tell you something: you're a well-plucked kid, Jim Hicks, and I'll give you credit for it."

After that night it was always Jim and Bob.

But it wasn't settled by a long way. For a month or two Bob had his run with our Nellie. He was a level-headed devil. Bob knew how to separate work and pleasure. All day long he'd work like a horse at a claim he'd bought; at night he'd sit in Grant's store, right up against the counter next to Nellie. He was making money, too, though I think Nellie got the most of it. He'd an Irishman's luck, Bob Savage. You see where it took him later. Sir Robert Savage, Bart.

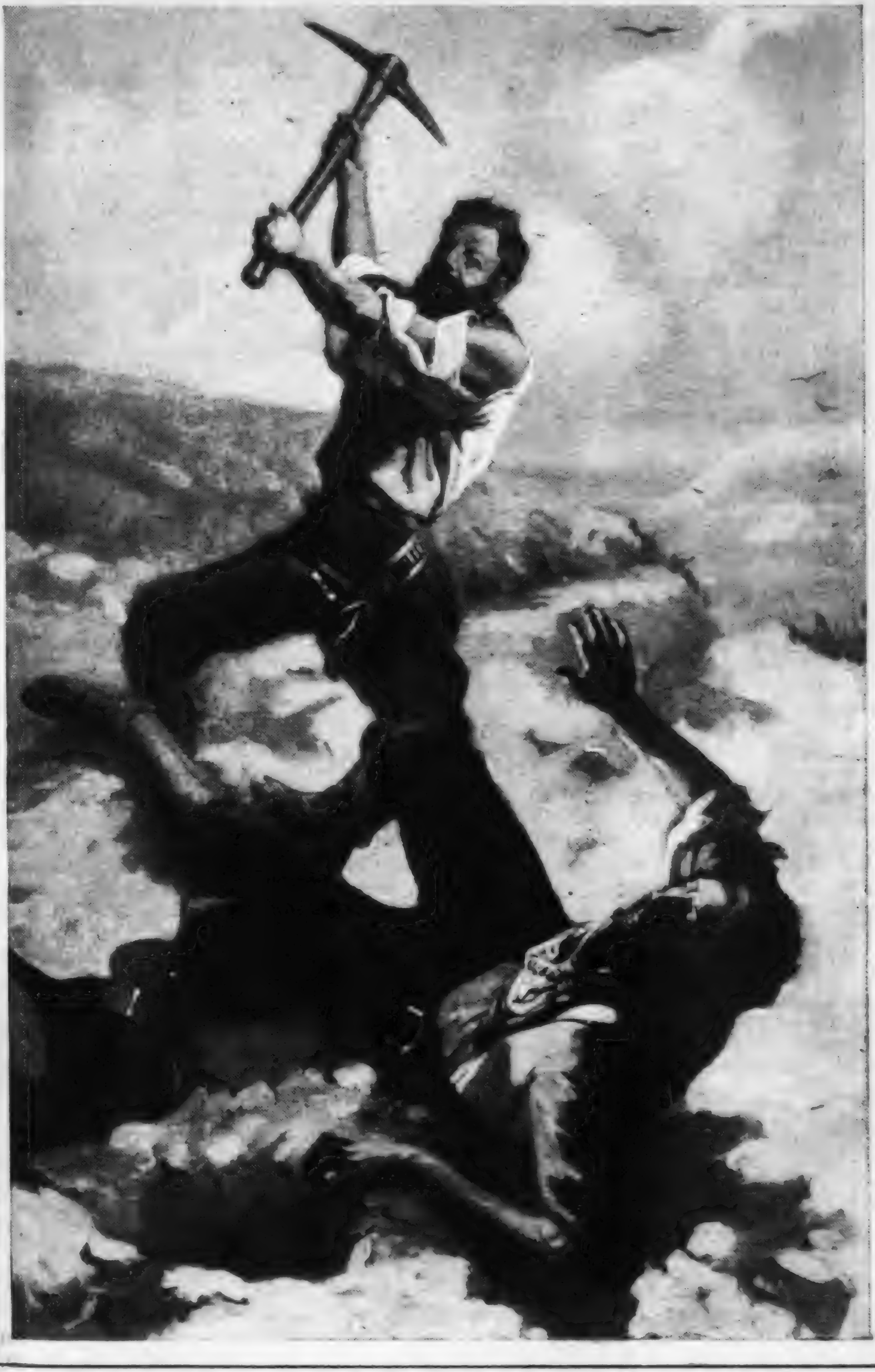
Then, suddenly, Nellie got tired of him, or changed her mind some way, I can't say exactly what it was. Anyway, she gave old Bob the kick, and took up with a youngster from the Eastern Province who'd just arrived. I guessed there'd be another fight. But there wasn't. I reckon that Bob and Nellie were just about fed up with each other by then.

One evening Bob Savage came up to me. "Jim," he said—by that time we were pretty good pals—"I've had enough of this old hill. I know what is going to happen. We're going to do all the work until some poor damned fool strikes something good, and then Moodie will collar the lot. I'm going to sell my claim for what I can get for it to the next flat that comes along. Then I'm going to push off prospecting in the Zoutpansberg, and if you've any sense you'll come along. What do you say to it?"

Of course I said: Yes. I knew Bob was set on getting me, and if he wanted anything Bob Savage could take the cross of an ass's back. The joke was that as soon as she knew we were off, Nellie turned mad. Women were like that with Bob Savage; that's how he married the lord's daughter afterward. She dropped her new boy like a hot coal; she hung round Bob's neck and cried buckets over him; but Bob was a chap you couldn't turn when once he'd made up his mind. He didn't bear her any ill feeling. He'd just finished with her: and there it was. What's more, when he'd sold his claim, he handed all that he got for it to Nellie, over the counter. He was like that with money in those days. You see he believed in his luck.

He used to talk so much about it that I began to believe in it, too. I never felt more confident in my life than the day when we set off north. We went down into the Crocodile River valley, where the railway runs now, and up into the mountains on the other side. We passed Spitzkop, and spent a few weeks fossicking down in the Blyde valley. Up and down! Everything in Africa's up and down.

It was the best sort of life that I'd ever known up till then. Before that I'd always lived in mining-camps or little *dorps;* and this was the real South Africa, of which there's not much left in these days. The low-country was thick with game, and black with niggers. The natives in those days weren't like the wasters you get in the mines now. Bob had a good bit of the language to carry him through. We used to get all the food we wanted at their *kraals,* mealie-meal, Kaffir corn, and the drink they make from it: sour stuff to taste, but it warms you up the same as anything else. Nowadays



Then I got my chance. He slipped and fell, Murder this time! I was out to kill him. Not so much for himself, you know. Just water. Up went my pick. . . .

you often see people turn up their noses at chaps that have gone native. I say they don't know Africa. You get used to them, you know; and when once your mind's changed, a white woman looks like a blooming flour-sack.

I MUST have been down in the low-country, round about Leydsdorp, that we picked up the fever. Even in winter you get it down there. But it didn't come out strong till we'd got up higher on to the Berg, the part where Bob always used to say his luck was waiting for him. Well, that was our first bit of luck, and I can tell you we got it to some purpose. In those days nobody ever thought to carry quinine; you know what mining-chaps are. We got knocked over one after the other, Bob and me. Somehow or other we managed to stumble into a native *kraal* of sorts. He was in one hut and me in another. A damned old hag like a black cockroach drenched me with all sorts of Kaffir herbs to sweat it out of me. We got held up there for the best part of a fortnight. At night it froze your bones. Burning and shivering. Up and down! It's a queer thing, that low-country fever.

It doesn't only knock you out and take the strength out of your arms and legs. It goes to your head, like bad dope, and makes you kind of drunk. Not fighting-drunk: you're too weak for that. Irritable, you know. Like you could bite a chap's head off if he speaks to you. And you can't get over it. It goes on nagging at you like a woman till you feel like murder.

Bob Savage was tougher than me. Those skinny, dark chaps take fever better than us fair ones. My hair's white, now, what's left of it; but in those days it was proper carrots. We were both of us fairly done; but the more done we got, the keener Bob was to push up north, to his luck, his Bonanza as he called it. I can tell you it was no joke. Between us we averaged three goes of fever a week; and the devil of it was that when Bob fell sick I was fit, and when I was down and out Bob wanted to be pushing on. He'd stand over me where I lay and curse me like a Dutchman curses a trek-ox. And generally he had his way. You couldn't cross Bob Savage.

So we kept on going north. That was another sort of Africa; you'd think you were in a different world from the low-country. You could trek for twenty miles without sighting a *kraal*. Sour veld. Food was scarce up there, and the niggers were frightened at us. Paul Krüger had been giving them hell about then.

But that didn't matter to Bob. Food or no food, water or no water, fever or no fever, he'd got it fixed in his head that he was going to find his gold. It didn't trouble him that you couldn't even be sure of water; winter getting on, and all the streams drying up. It was all right for him. He'd got the strength of his will behind him; but I'd come out on a prospecting trip, not a wild-goose chase. I told him so.

By this time we were both of us getting a bit short tempered. He went as savage as his name.

"Hicks," he said, "I asked you to come with me because I took you for a man. If you want to rat, you can rat, and be damned to you!"

That was a fine thing to say to a young chap a hundred miles from anywhere, with fever in his body and not a dozen words of Kaffir to help him along!

"If you're funking," said he, "all you've got to do is to clear off and leave me alone."

He knew as well as me that I couldn't do it. I wasn't an old hand like him. In a few days the *Aas-vogels* would have been picking my bones. I said I'd go on with him.

"I'm telling you," he said, "that I'm going to find gold. I feel it coming nearer every day. Get up out of this and trek!"

So we went on. On and on. Like a couple of skeletons. I couldn't leave him. He had the laugh on me. Bob Savage's laugh was like a devil's. He was a brainy fellow, Bob. I guess he'd been a gentleman and well brought up. When he turned nasty that was the line he took with me, coming it over me with a lot of damned long words, and so polite I could have knocked him down if I'd had the strength in me. But I hadn't. I was rotten with fever, and that scrap at Moodie's had shown me that I must give him my best.

He got so rough-tempered, what with the fever and the rest, that by the time we turned back—he had to give it up in the end—I'd grown to hate the sight of him. I guess that was partly my fever, too. But it's the truth. What with his tongue, that cut like a *sjambok*, and his long words, and his sneering politeness, and this bee he'd got in his bonnet about the gold that we never found—I tell you, I couldn't look at him.

Nor speak. We went on trekking for days—his idea was to work back south to Pretoria—without speaking a word. I hadn't the heart for it. I was pretty nearly dead, and I reckoned this fellow had played me the worst trick of my life. He used to go looping on in front of me, with his white-metal prospecting pan clinking behind him fit to drive you mad. All I could do was to lift one leg after another. Sometimes he'd turn back and grin at me and call me Mr. Hicks. That put the lid on it!

Hate . . . Damn me if that's the word for it. It kept on bubbling up in my head like boiling water. If I'd had the strength . . . But I've told you that before. Honest, though, there were times when that devil in me, fever or whatever it was, made me want to run up to him from behind and brain him with my pick.

One evening we dropped down into the flat country under the Woodbush. The veld was all dried up to tinder; not a spot of water in it for more than twenty miles. Well, right in front of us—you can't guess distance in that clear air—was a *kopje*, and underneath it what looked like a farmhouse. Some *tak-haar* Boer, I supposed. At that time all this country was in the back-veld. Mile after mile I kept on looking at it, hoping to God I'd get a drink at that old fellow's dam. I'd not tasted water for thirty hours. My mouth was all cracked and black with dust; my throat was like a sand-pit. Bob could do better without water than me. There wasn't a drop of moisture in his skinny body.

When we came up to that farm I went down like a log. Bob went up to the *stoep* and asked for drink in his best Dutch. The Boer came out: a youngish fellow with a face like a horse.

"Water?" he said. "We're all dried up here. My dam's nearly empty, and my cattle must have it before you *rooineks*." It was just after the first Boer War, and they were properly vicious. "Besides," he said, "there's a spruit with water in it two hours to eastward. Go and drink there!"

TWO hours meant two hours on horseback, and we poor devils were on foot. He was the first and last man we saw that day. I don't forget him. Somehow or other I managed to limp on after Bob in the direction he pointed. By this time, I was mad with thirst. How it sounded, how it tasted. There wasn't a spot of green; only the dry grass and miles of black ashes where that swine had fired his veld. You've heard talk about a cat on hot bricks? Well, that was what I was like. It burned your feet. But I couldn't skip . . . not I!

Bob Savage had never spoken a word to me. I reckon he hated me more than I hated him by now. He kept on in front, with his damned pan clinking. I began to shiver. I knew the fever was getting hold of me.

Then I saw his feet disappear. He was going down-hill. The veld fell away like. I guessed he must have reached the edge of the kloof where the water was. I got a kind of new strength. When he went down over the top, I started running to catch him up. I went on, God knows how, and he was taking his time, picking his way among the rocks.

It was the kloof, all right. I hit the bed of the stream twenty yards above him. Pool after pool that should have held water was dry . . . Bone dry! And then I saw Bob Savage, with his blasted luck, had struck a wet one. He was drinking out of his hands.

I came up to him like a dog to another dog with a bone. I could see there was only a spot of the stuff left, and that like coffee-grounds. I threw myself down to it.

"Now, Mr. Hicks," he says. "Take your turn."

And then . . . then God knows what happened. The anger rushed up into my head fit to take the top off. It didn't strike me that there might be more water lower down. I only knew that water was life and death to me, and that Bob Savage was drinking it. I went for him like a bull. No fists, this time. Iron picks. I was fighting to kill, fighting like a madman. Alone, in the middle of Africa.

Heaven knows where the strength came from. Once I thought I had him, but he swerved. Bob Savage was like an eel, I've told you. I kept on shouting: "I'll kill you, you swine; I'll kill you, you blasted Irishman!" All the stuff I'd been bottling up for months! He didn't answer a word. He kept his head, like he always did. He fenced me off just as if he'd been used to that sort of fighting from a child.

Then I got my chance. He slipped and fell. Murder this time! I was out to kill him. Not so much for himself, you know. Just water. Up went my pick: down it came! He gave a wriggle at the last moment, and I missed him.

That was the end of my strength. I followed the swing of the pick like a sack of flour.

When I came round, after a minute or two, there was Bob Savage sitting up with his shirt off beside me.

"Well, Jim," he says, "how goes it?"

I was too weak to answer. Somehow the rage had gone out of me. He gave me a pannikin of water. I felt damned ashamed of myself. I could have cried.

"That was a lucky stroke of yours, Jim".

"Lucky for you, Bob," I told him.

"Lucky for the two of us, my son. First of all you missed being a murderer. Secondly you did the trick."

"What trick?" I says. I couldn't think what he was driving at. I thought it was some new game of his.

"Look at this," he said. "That's what you did with that last shot of yours."

He tossed me a splinter of white quartzite.

"Gold," he says, "wire gold. See it for yourself. Talk about the values at Moodie's! This is something like, Jim."

That was how we discovered the Medina Reef. I don't suppose you've ever heard of it. To tell the truth, it wasn't a reef at all; it was what they call a "blow"! Fourteen ounces to the ton while it lasted, and then not a pennyweight more. When we got back south, Bob floated a company. That was where his brains came in. We sold our holdings for twenty thousand pounds apiece. I gave most of mine to a barmaid round the corner in Commissioner Street. The rest I lost in the Joh'burg boom in 'ninety. Bob . . . Well, you know what Bob did with his. He kept his head, like he always did. Bob went up and I went down. Ups and downs. That's Africa.

Hands that Preach the Gospel

The Reverend John Walter Michaels has been totally deaf since childhood. His affliction pointed the way to a career in which he is now rounding out fifty years of service as an evangelist to deaf mutes

by Mary Bess-Riggs

MOST unique among the many Sunday-school and church organizations that have been established by this deaf-mute missionary is a church at Fort Worth, Texas. It is the only house of worship in the world owned and used exclusively by the deaf and is in the heart of a territory where there are about twenty thousand of the sixty-five thousand persons who form the deaf population of the United States.

DURING the siege of Petersburg, Virginia, in the winter of 1864-5, a seven-year-old boy became a familiar—and welcome—figure to the half-starved Confederate soldiers.

"Nice pies and cakes! Nice pies 'n' cakes!" he would cry as he lugged a basket filled with tempting wares from group to group.

"Nice *pizen* cakes, you mean," the soldiers would tease, looking for a chance to laugh even in the horrors of that terrible siege.

But to the boy this selling of pies and cakes was serious business. His three older brothers were in the 15th Virginia Cavalry and his father, too old for service on the firing-line, had been stationed as a guard at Libby prison in Richmond. As times grew hard and the family exchequer approached its zero limit, the mother and sister turned to baking as a means of livelihood. As the only "man of the house," little John Walter Michaels assumed the not unpleasant responsibility of the marketing. In keeping with traits inherited from his Scotch ancestry, he could drive a good bargain—for one so young—with his soldier-customers and never a day passed that he did not return to his mother with his basket empty and his pocket well filled with small change and "shinplasters."

A day came, however, when the young salesman failed to appear. As is always the case, disease had followed close upon the heels of war and now claimed as one of its victims this sturdy, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little fellow. A strange malady—some called it erysipelas, others attributed it to the incessant noise of cannonading—affected his head. It was impossible in those strenuous days to secure adequate medical attention for the boy; physicians were in too great demand at the hospitals which were filled with sick and wounded soldiers. Three tiny white scars on his forehead show where some good neighbor applied leeches in order to reduce the inflammation—to no avail. In due time the disease ran its course, and left the boy totally deaf.

A misfortune to an individual may prove a benefit to the race. Had John Michaels not lost his sense of hearing, the fifty years of service which he has devoted to the thousands of deaf-mutes in the South and Southwest would have been diverted to other channels. And *service* in the highest sense it has been and continues to be. Despite his threescore and ten years of age he travels from Virginia to Texas and back again many times each year. He stops to preach to the deaf in the larger towns and cities, lectures to the children in the state institutions or, on rarer occasions, performs for them sleight of hand tricks in which he delights. At small, out-of-the-way places he visits individuals in distress or trouble and whenever it is possible he officiates at weddings of deaf persons.

In the lean years immediately following the war, the boy did his share toward the support of the family. Deafness had failed to lessen his interest in life and at the age of fifteen, he entered the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind. Four years later he had completed the eight years' course. It was an established custom at the Virginia school to present a gold, crescent-shaped pin to the young man who stood at the head of his class and to present a gold star to the young lady of similar attainment. John Michaels was awarded the crescent and Mary Whitcomb Steers, who several years later became his wife, was the winner of the star at their respective graduations. To these deaf parents were born four hearing children, all of whom became teachers of the deaf.

God Bless You!

After graduating from the Virginia school, he spent three most profitable years at Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C. He was a leader in literary and dramatic activities and was captain of the college's champion baseball team.

"After college—what?" is a much more difficult question for a deaf young man than it is for his hearing brothers. Yet John Michaels faced life squarely and asked no odds.

In business, he demonstrated the fact that total deafness is not an insurmountable obstacle in the way of success. He became eventually a partner in the firm of Michaels, Duncombe & Co., horse-collar manufacturers of Knoxville, Tenn. This business he left to become a teacher in the Virginia school from which he had graduated. Later he took a similar position in the Arkansas School for the Deaf, with which institution he was connected as teacher and principal for thirty years. In recognition of his success as an educator, Gallaudet College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy upon him in 1902.

In 1905, while principal at the Arkansas school, he was ordained a minister and soon after was appointed evangelist to the deaf of the South by the Southern Baptist Convention. His interest, however, is not confined to those of the Baptist denomination. There are in the United States, exclusive of the hard-of-hearing, approximately 65,000 deaf persons. Of this number some twenty thousand live in the territory covered by the Rev. John W. Michaels. In any city of more than 30,000 there are usually from 20 to 150 deaf persons anxious to organize for social or religious purposes.

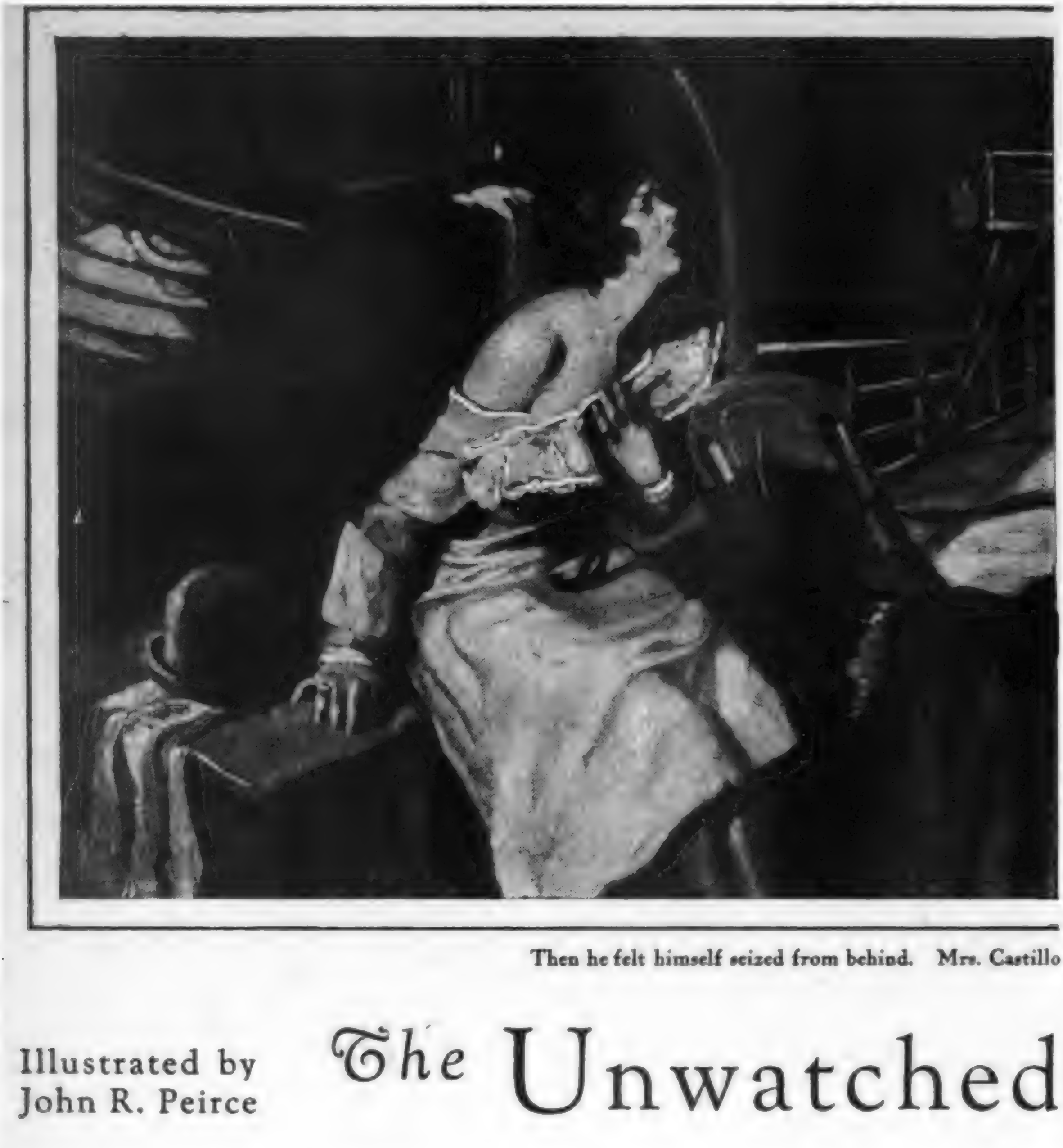
Among the many Sunday-school and church organizations which this unique minister has established, the most unusual is the one at Fort Worth, Texas. Here is the only church building in the world owned and used exclusively by the deaf. The building is not a pretentious affair, but it is neat, well-kept, and located in the most desirable part of the city.

A little more than a year ago, the Rev. Mr. Michaels wrote a handbook of the sign language. It is difficult for the average person to realize the amount of painstaking work that went into this volume, and the thousands of signs it contained, or what the modest announcement of its final publication meant to thousands of deaf people all over this country.

Copies of the book have been ordered by persons living in far distant parts of the world. A father wants to learn to converse with his deaf son. A hearing missionary in the interior of China thinks he may supplement his oral vocabulary with signs which are often quite obvious in meaning.

In the Ozark Mountains in western Arkansas, the "castle," as some of the mountain people call John Michaels' summer home, has been the scene of many a holiday festivity. There is always a community Christmas tree with a present for every boy and girl, and an Easter egg-hunt, and fireworks on the Fourth of July—things otherwise but little known in the mountains.

The world would not have censured this man whose hands preach the gospel had his sphere of activity been one of much smaller diameter. He might easily have chosen a life of dependence upon his hearing brothers, but he was too proud and fearless for that. So his life has broadened into one of unlimited service in which there has been no room for envy of his more fortunate fellow men blessed with the gift of hearing.



Then he felt himself seized from behind. Mrs. Castillo

Illustrated by
John R. Peirce

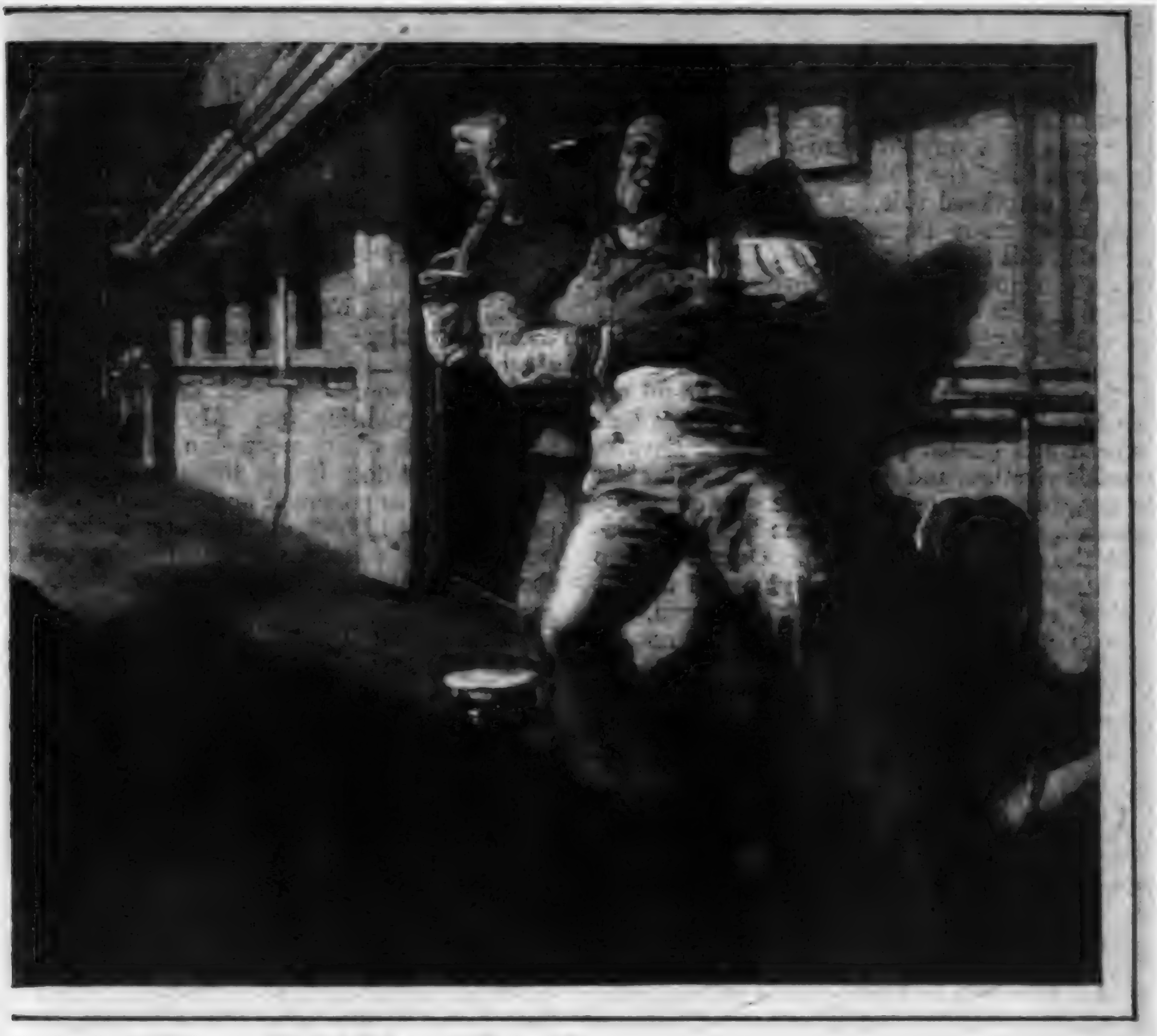
The Unwatched

Of a third mate who lost his bearings

THE light by day showed as a thick shaft of store painted up like a lady-bug in black and red; a romantic beacon planted on the northern horn of a densely wooded crescent of an island. This island, situated at the end of a dangerous strait, was nothing but a strip of beach fringed with jungle. Water broke there ceaselessly in white gleams against a liquid ground of peacock blue. Beyond the light, as if actually rooted under water, four or five feathery palms showed.

This setting of utter loneliness had for Jim Hanson a mysterious attractiveness. More than once the point of his dividers had lingered here, when he had been measuring off the *Saturnalia's* run on the chart. Indeed he never passed the place without a swarming of some indefinite emotion, a prickling of something like an absurd ambition to be set ashore there, to drop away from the ship secretly, and find his security in the green shades of that alluring jungle.

"I see. You want a place absolutely undefiled by human footsteps," Mrs. Castillo had said when he mentioned this ambition to her, outward bound to the river. He stared overside at the island which was now broad on the beam. The light itself was a white



was saying: "George— Don't kill him— George."

Light

By Richard Matthews Hallet

in the treacherous tides of romance

slab in groups of two, the period of eclipse greater than the period of light.

"Well, people are there from time to time," he said. "There would be ways of getting off."

"But you wouldn't want to get off."

"Not for years and years," Mr. Hanson admitted somberly.

Mrs. Castillo's light laugh was only a crowning humiliation. She peered at the Third Officer of the *Saturnalia* guardedly from under the convenient brim of her gray hat.

Then she quoted Whitman to him:

Oh, to sail to sea in a ship.
Passage to more than India. Passage to you.
To mastership of you, O ye strangling problems.

"But I suppose seamen are always looking for solid ground under their feet," she added, with that invasive sidelong glance of hers.

"They like to know where they stand, yes," Hanson admitted. He informed her hastily that the ship was a madhouse. Her officers were lunatics, and the Old Man, George Cross, was the maddest of the lot. What he objected to, he continued feelingly, was his captain's assumption that deck-officers were cattle—a mere ramping, snorting collection of hides and hoofs.

Mrs. Castillo, moving to the thick teakwood rail, leaned on it, overpowered, and then the Third's ears were shocked by a burst of rippling laughter.

"Why should he think that?" the lady inquired next. The shadow of her hat fell across her chin in a way to blind a man to consequences. But the Third was already sewed up on the emotional side, as he had told all his shipmates many times. He was going to be married this time home; that is, if the dear girl wasn't so unreasonable as to go on insisting that he go in some disreputable tramp, and fight shy of the big passenger ships, with their attractive passengers.

Mr. Hanson fixed his eyes on the bright sea flashing and foaming along the *Saturnalia's* scored and dented plates, with their lines of double riveting, and he was able to embroider a gorgeous, if transitory, shape on a romantic ground. This shape was woman-like, but it was not the shape of his Evelyn. Dear Ev, deep in her snow hills, was part and parcel of that other world from which he had cleared, the dream of his next slumber, perhaps, but not the problem of his waking mood.

He thanked God that he was a well-compartmented man, the sport of wind and wave, and yet unsinkable, practically.

"OF COURSE," he grumbled, "you can take a detached view. You are a passenger. The man is nothing to you and in the nature of things can't be anything to you. You don't have to take anything from him. But suppose you had to work for him; suppose every time his shadow fell across you, you felt all shriveled up inside, as if you had done something wrong and had no defense and no excuse—I tell you it's hard working for a man who has nothing but contempt for you. You needn't shake your head. Don't I know? Doesn't a man know some things without having to be told?"

"Not many," said Mrs. Castillo. "But how do you know, then?"

The Third drew closer.

"He looked into my room, last time in New York, and picked up one of those yellow sheets scattered all over the place. 'What's this?' he says. 'What the hell you doing, writing a love story?' Do you think that showed proper delicacy, or anything else?"

"Well but—were you?" inquired Mrs. Castillo, with a surprised lift of her intriguing brows.

"Was I what?"

"Writing a love story."

"What if I was? Is that the mark of a criminal? Other people have vices. No man is perfect. But it was just the idea of the thing, with him. I could have been brought aboard dead drunk, and he would have smoothed down my pillow for me, and given me a hair of the dog, but because I chose to jot down a few sentiments on paper, I'm not fit to be entrusted with a ship."

"I shouldn't take a little thing like that to heart," Mrs. Castillo said in her pigeon voice. "Captain Cross is probably a woman-hater."

"Don't you believe it," Mr. Hanson said with sudden fierceness. "He doesn't feel up to you, evidently; I see that as well as you do; he hasn't spoken half a dozen words to you; but he can be sociable enough with women. Last voyage he singled out a skinny Russian—some kind of a singer. Wore black silk dresses and lemon colored stockings and watched her rings; sat there and just deliberately watched her rings under the moon. She must have hypnotized him. She could sing, too. My God, she could for fair. She could croon one of these little lost melodies deep in her throat, until a man would want to go round and ask some one to pray for him. Music on the water is the very devil, isn't it? He was a human being before she got hold of him, but he hasn't been the same man since."

"That's what it is to go in passenger ships, then," said Mrs. Castillo scornfully, with a little quick breath.

"That's the one drawback," conceded Mr. Hanson. He checked an impulse to tell her Ev's view of passenger ships. "A man's a fool to go freighting. He gets slack, and falls into one bad habit after another. I tell you a man can go downhill fast in freight."

"Whereas in these ships . . . "

"Well, these combination ships are different. A man has to walk a chalk line. They are madhouses, but still they keep discipline up."

"So it seems," came as an indistinct murmur from Mrs. Castillo. She bade him good night abruptly.

He remembered that she was a semi-invalid, voyaging for her health—she had some insidious nervous complaint which didn't show in the face—and he hoped nothing he had said had agitated her. He had a guilty sense that something had, however.

And immediately afterwards he saw the loom of the Old Man's big body against the broad white smear of the ship's iron. Captain Cross came and stood in front of his Third Officer.

"Play chess at all?" he inquired, bending those turquoise eyes of his on Hanson.

"No, sir, I don't know the rudiments of the game," faltered Hanson.

"Gives you an idea of how to look six or seven moves ahead in real life," the captain said. "You're wrong though, in saying that you don't know the rudiments. You've sensed one of them. You seem to know by instinct that the Queen is the most powerful piece on the board. Goes as far as she likes, Hanson, in any direction. But her first duty is to protect the King."

He gave a harsh laugh, and turned on his heel. Hanson felt his blood turn to ice in his veins. What the devil was the insinuation there? He sought Jack Yardley, the Chief

Engineer, for his opinion. Yardley, however, half in and half out of the engine-room in stocking feet, was busy with sounds. He was listening for an alleged thump in the engine-room, due, the second assistant thought, to a loose core plug or something solid that had got inside a cylinder and was being struck by the piston. But he had listened for so many years to the thump of the crank pin brasses, the slip of the link-block in the link, and the roar of water-hammers, that he had latterly grown deaf.

"Hard to tell," he said absently, fixing his bulbous eyes on the Third. "Hard to diagnose the Old Man this trip." He slacked his jaws, and opened his mouth, in order to hear better. "I always contend it's the same with a man as it is with a machine—out of whack, that is—hard to tell which direction the thing comes from. You say it's that Russian. I don't know. It might be another one. Yes, just as well might, young man. These sound waves strike different surfaces of the engine and bulkheads, and get reflected. Why look here, I hunted once in the rigging, in the rigging, mind you—for a sound that, when I found it, was due to vibration of the main injection-valve in the bottom of the ship—fact."

"She's a madhouse, anyway," said Hanson.

The madhouse moved on to Montevideo, and there Mr. Hanson bought a parrot to take home to sweet Ev for a little joke. For Evelyn boasted of second sight. She had told him for instance, this last time home, what she thought of young men who sent radio messages like "All serene" from the heart of a cyclone which bade fair to smother the ship.

"You mustn't think," she had reproved him, "that people ashore are such simpletons as not to have an inkling of the real state of affairs, when a man at sea sends them a sugar and spice account of his doings. I knew, that very night, what an ordeal you were undergoing."

"Yes, you did," jeered Mr. Hanson. "Well, now, my lady, suppose you tell me who conveyed the precious information into your shell-like ear?"

And Ev replied sweetly, "Oh, a little bird told me."

So he was bringing home Don Juan as a joke—that little bird of her fond references. Don Juan had been a lover's gift in Montevideo to a girl who had committed suicide through a mistaken notion of her lover's unfaithfulness. Hanson had bought him for a song. His vocabulary was in part sadly sentimental, in part ribald, for he had later fallen into bad company. He hung from the forward davit of the clinker built work-boat in a wicker cage. Whenever he slipped wafers of food through the bars the parrot croaked him out a welcome in Argentine Spanish and added mournfully, "*Pobre de mi.*" Poor me.

Mrs. Castillo was still on the passenger list, and to account for this Mr. Yardley advanced the theory that she was madly in love with Captain Cross.

Hanson scouted that.

"The Old Man hasn't spoken half a dozen words to her in as many days," he said hoarsely. "He does nothing but sit back there in the smoking-room and play chess with that waxed fool of an Argentinian."

"What of it? It's the same with women that it is with dogs and babies," said Yardley. "They make up to the ones that pay the least attention to them."

HANSON strode away fiercely and looked through the windows of the smoking-room. Captain Cross and the Argentinian were playing chess. Beer bottle caps served them for pawns. The Old Man was deep in thought. There was a ragged fall of hair over his brow. He had just proved his Queen and his slightly pitted face hung intent in a sluggish layer of smoke. He looked saturnine and sleepily watchful.

"What can there be so attractive in that game?" said a voice in his ear. He turned, entranced. Mrs. Castillo's eyebrows, he had noted before, and noted now, were like wings; like wings of eaglets, with that odd lift and break and flash-away in their curve, which assorted so charmingly with a soaring note in the full-throated voice. It was a sympathetic personality.

"According to Captain Cross, it's the fact that the Queen is the most powerful piece on the board," said Mr. Hanson bitterly.

"The Queen." She seized on that. "He doesn't seem the type that would take an interest in queens. He's more a man's man, though I suppose he's married, isn't he?"

Hanson felt that interior twinge sharply. She was pumping him. In fact he knew from circumstantial evidence that the Old Man was married, but he had never seen his wife. So far as he knew, none of the ship's officers had. But he could not bring himself to enlighten her on this point. Ship's etiquette forbade. Clan consciousness was heavy on him. Clear to his marrow, he hated George Cross; hated the very way he entered the dining-room, heavy, taciturn, sitting down as if profound mysteries attended him, cloud-like; hated the way that sinewy and tyrannical hand picked up its napkin, or toyed with bread-crumbs; hated the way those smoke blue eyes made their circuit, shriveling powers of speech, drying up wit at its source, forcing grown men to weigh their words and choke them back unuttered.

He hated him, but he wouldn't tell this hardest of truths about him.

"If he has a wife, he's never mentioned her," he said grimly. "The truth is, a wife would be *persona non grata* on the sea. No, this Old Man is too mysterious to marry! And still and all," the Third went on, "he was a human being last voyage. Nobody had any fault to find then, when he was all wrapped up in that Russian, too. And now look. He's lost grip. He's not the same man, not George Cross at all. He acts to me as if some phantom from the past was stalking him."

"Isn't that a little far-fetched?" Mrs. Castillo said, ever so lightly. The Third was conscious of a rapid stir through her slender body, something like a shiver almost, although the wind was velvet. She tapped her white shod foot on the thick deck with its black pitch lines so regularly drawn.

"Well, is it? It's endangering the ship, whatever it is. You call it a ghost, or simply an influence; or just remorse; and I won't argue with you. But there it is. Look at that mess of things he made at the river, for one thing, trying to make dock at low tide, against pilot's advice. It only goes to show. There we were stuck in the mud for five hours, with five tugboats standing by, boilers steaming full blast, the ship backing and filling, everybody running wild and shouting their heads off. He ruined four brand-new ten-inch manila hawsers through sheer pig-headedness. A man in love couldn't have muddled things worse than he did. . . . "

And now Mrs. Castillo's hand was suddenly laid over his, and he was shocked to feel that she was trembling with a secret laughter.

"So many wrong inferences are drawn on shipboard, don't you think so?" she murmured with a soft flutter in her throat.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to question that," said Mr. Hanson loftily.

"Well but I mean—for example, your feeling that Captain Cross dislikes you. I happen to know that Captain Cross has the highest opinion of you for example," she said very softly and with a shining in the mysterious eyes.

"I suppose he has told you so," the Third muttered aghast.

"Who else could he turn to?" The lady shifted her position again ever so slightly, and dropped out at hazard with a dusky glance, "The captain of a ship is a very lonely man."

Hanson's gorge rose again. His knees trembled, he doubled his fists in his pockets. His voice was a bird that had flown, his tongue useless as a feather dropped in its flight.

"She has fallen in love with him," he thought disgustedly. She couldn't keep out of her voice that pining note of adoration, that slavish admiration for the outward husk of the man of iron. Captain Cross, lying sprawled in that canvas chair of his, with his cap pulled way over his eyes, had brought this woman to her knees. He varied his methods evidently. He had all but openly slighted her, and yet she stood ready to fall on his neck at the mere snap of his embruted fingers. The pity of it. Mr. Hanson, striding the bridge toward midnight, felt a great hungry surge within him. A big brotherly something had got into his blood.

The unwatched light was just ahead, on the starboard bow, unless all his calculations had gone wrong. It might be visible now, from the deck. He moved restlessly out of his room. Going forward he saw the Old Man stooping in front of that cabinet of brass nozzles affixed to the alley-side of his room-wall. These were fire-detectors. Pipes led away from them to the several holds, and an electric fan rigged over them sucked up specimens of taint and fire.

Captain Cross's nose was hanging over one of these nozzles. His head was turned a little aslant on the solid shoulders, and the big fingers drummed on the glass cover. He spied the Third looking at him.

"Hanson," he said crisply, "step down, will you, and tell the Chief there's a fire in Number Six hold on the port side. Get his report on it."

Mr. Hanson came out of his abstracted mood in a flash. He dropped into the engine-room like a plummet. The Chief, Yardley, was standing in the thick of that clash and glitter of animated metal parts, listening. Always listening. There was again a false note in that symphony. The big webs doubled over and over in the crank pit with a show of obedience which might be treacherous.

THE Chief made no other remark to the Third's message than to wave his arm in the direction of the shaft alley.

The Third, resplendent in whites, a visiting angel from the deck, shrank past the oiler standing in the entrance, and stepped into the alley. The shaft, bright as quicksilver from [illegible] to thrust-block, spun there, hissing like a serpent, where the Chief had hung pieces of emery paper weighted with shackles, on its lustrous rounds. He took a pride in the glitter of the blessed things. He had his own beautiful ideal of beauty. Half way down the alley, Harrigan, the second assistant, was on his knees, an enormous spanner dangling from his fist, his brows knit, the veins in his scarred neck thick. He looked up sharply.

"What's up now?" the Third inquired.

"Hot plate," said Harrigan. "Wouldn't you think we had had misery enough on this madhouse without fire. And I just stumbled on it by accident, too, going round sniffing for that hungry bearing—God, she's on the nose "

"The Old Man's just got wind of it upstairs," said Hanson.

He stooped and tapped a rivet with his fingernail. He felt his diaphragm buckle within him like sheet iron.

"Red hot," he whistled. "How the devil . . . "

"Search me. It's right near the oil, I know that. There's some odds and ends of dimension lumber in there. The Chief's pumping the place full of water."

Hanson could hear the rusty stroke of the sea-pump.

"How'll he know if he's got her?"

"I'm boring a hole in the top of this tunnel, see? And when she dribbles sea-water through, we'll know the hold is soused. But this isn't the whole of the trouble. The Chief's got a hot bearing out there somewhere. Have to stop the ship dead in the water for a few minutes as soon as this job is over, if we get it over. It's nip and tuck."

HANSON swung himself up a chain of steel ladders with misted rungs. One thought filled his mind, to the exclusion of everything else. *They would have to stop the ship.*

He heard the crew scuffling on the port side, taking the covers off the big life boat there, lifting her out of the chocks, swaying hard on the falls. The Old Man was only taking reasonable precautions, it had to be conceded. There might be a frightful uprush from fire in the oil.

He made his brief report, and asked for orders. Captain Cross shouldered him into the lee of a ventilator. The phantom stalking that man stood in his eye clearer than ever.

"I've put a man in charge of your boat," he said harshly. "You keep an eye on Mrs. Castillo. Stand by her, in case the ship has to be abandoned. Stand by her, understand. Get her away clear. I'm taking the bridge."

Mr. Hanson nodded, muted by this rush of fortune. He ran aft. There was already a light in Mrs. Castillo's room. Damask curtains showed red against the small leaded windows. The door was on the hook. He tapped, twice. . . .

"Come in, George. . . . "

Those three little confiding monosyllables plashed into him bodily like lead. They confirmed his worst suspicions. His heart stopped. George. Mr. Hanson gathered his forces. His duty was clear. This woman needed him. Even at the risk of casting in his lot with hers, he must save her. From the Old Man's angle an episode like this would evaporate like one of those sweet wafers she was so fond of, melt on the tongue, be lost in a gulp.

He had, all in one second, an extraordinary fancy, round which gathered all the instantaneous details of the drowning man's last pleasant dream. He sat in a kind of bohio, or native hut, of palm slos, thatched with palm leaves. Purple flowers clustered at the door. Through the open doorway he caught the flash and fall of the surf, he heard the noise of its lingering collapse. Sitting cross-legged on a floor of beaten dirt dusted by peacocks' wings, with fits and puffs of wild perfume in his nostrils, he watched Mrs. Castillo dreamily. Crouched on a billet of blackened wood, she was filling his pipe for him. They were on the island of the unwatched light together. Her wild dark hair, unbound, streamed over her shoulders, her eyes glowed with tender mischief, she wore a dappled fawn skin skilfully adjusted, and her instep gleamed within a foot of him.

"It's not George," he said formally.

"Oh . . . One moment, then."

"Please hurry."

Mr. Hanson took a tigerish turn along the alley which brought him out on the port side and into collision with Harrigan. The second assistant was heaving and sweating, and dragging hungrily at a cigaret.

"We've got it," he muttered. "In the nick of time, too."

"You mean—it's out?" Hanson said stupidly.

"Yes. Now for that bearing."

"You've still got to stop the ship, then?"

"Certainly. Dead in the water. Only for five minutes, though."

Mr. Hanson stared hard over his shoulder along the valley with its white enameled walls. He was acutely conscious that now, normally, he would be expected to modify his own plans for the immediate future. And he knew likewise that he was not going to modify those plans. He was going through with them. He retraced his steps stealthily to Mrs. Castillo's door. Her hand lifted the hook, and she put one foot over the brass sill.

"It's me," Mr. Hanson whispered secretly.

Mrs. Castillo darkened strangely.

"What is it?" she asked, holding her arm out against the door like a resolute barrier. She wore a blush pink crêpe de Chine jacket, with a faint figure traced in it in silk lines. A crisp ruffle stood out under the throat. She looked at him fixedly, her lips parted.

"Don't be in the least alarmed," he said, moistening the tip of his tongue, "because there's no occasion for it, the chances are. Still . . . just throw a few of the more important things into a bag, will you? We may find it necessary to take a jaunt over to one of the neighboring islands before morning."

"One of the neighboring islands?" Mrs. Castillo cried. "However *can* we? You're not serious."

"Oh, yes, I'm serious enough," the Third persisted, his heart beating very strong. "My sense of humor never came to very much. No. Not in situations like these. I tell you this is the order. The Old Man himself just told me to come here and stand by and see that you . . . "

"The Old Man? George?" she whispered staring.

Then she raised her eyes to his. It was disconcerting. He hung poised, between two worlds. A weird premonition fled through him, such as may come to a man who in the midst of a delightful dream catches a glimpse of that one leering incongruous thing, that stark detail, frightening, like a landslip, that casts a doubt on the remaining features of the scene, and heralds awakening. He clung to the vestige of his delusion however.

"George. Well, yes. Captain Cross," he said bitterly. "Hurry, in God's name. You'll only need what changes—and of course a strong dress or two. . . . . "

"Strong," she repeated uncertainly.

"Strong fabric, yes, that won't rip and tear getting about over rocks in wild country," he urged. His vision of the event was now glorious and perfect. The fawn skin. The fawn skin.

"You mean we must abandon ship? We are sinking then?" Mrs. Castillo said paling.

Since that last "George" Mr. Hanson's mind had moved at a frightful pace. It was no longer a question of the captain's orders, although these had not been countermanded. It was a case of need. He was certain that this woman needed him. Her misguided soul itself was like an unwatched light flaming on the horizon of his life.

"The ship is on fire," he said close in her ear.

At that ominous word, Mrs. Castillo began by thrusting several pairs of silk stockings into a chintz bag. She spun round once, seized a gray hat, dropped that in favor of a yellow bathrobe, and suddenly came, running, full tilt, holding this clutched to her breast.

At this instant the rigid stark clatter of a bell deep in the engine room was answered affirmatively from the bridge. Immediately the heavy pulsations of the engine died out.

"We are stopped," the woman cried.

"We are getting ready to abandon," the man said sternly. "Don't be panicky. Come this way."

He swept her through the door, half in his arms. The crew had vanished forward. They stopped in the shadow of the work-boat, underneath Don Juan's cage. Hanson's brain was in a whirl. The ventilator, its cowl turned on the wind, stared at him with a lunatic start. The radio room was humming like mad. He glanced up at the aerial—four black wires drawn against the stars—and he silently cursed those exponents of an uncanny art. They were gibbering his secret, letting those cats, latitude and longitude, out of the bag. Well, there was no help for that. He must take some chances.

"Now," he whispered, after a bit of mysterious sailorizing, "I've swung her out. Close your eyes, and let me lift you into the boat. It's nothing, really. She'll take to the water like a duck. Only a forty-foot drop."

His plan was wonderful in its simplicity. To leave the ship altogether in these few moments when it was possible to do so because she had no way on her; and to leave it in company with this entrancing woman who would live to thank him for his sacrifice. What could be more rational in the circumstances, which in themselves were so beautifully opportune? A delicate swaying of the ship brought the unwatched light sliding out from behind one of the in-black blocks hooked into the work-boat. A pure white stab across a sea shimmering like silk, across a melting dark vague into which a little boat would drop with hardly a splash and be lost to sight forever. Low down, at the water's edge, that unwatched light produced its crafty wink, a burning summons. The wind was heavy with spice.

"What are you thinking of?" he gasped, taking her by the elbows. "You don't know how these oil fires tear through a ship, once they start."

Mrs. Castillo suddenly called out, "George" toward the forepart of the ship. Her voice had fearful carrying power. Mr. Hanson trembled for his rescue. Action was imperative. He undertook to act. All in a breath, he took her up completely in his arms. But she was surprisingly strong, he found at once. In the forefront of his illusions had been that illusion of a woman's weakness. He had expected to find nothing more to deal with than the shadowy silkiness of that scarf which had slipped from her neck like the projection of her personality—that sympathetic personality which would be her undoing. He had supposed, erroneously, that physical strife with a woman, any woman, for a strong man, could be nothing more than chivalrous [illegible]. He was hideously undeceived by the [illegible] truth. She kicked his shins, wrestled him [illegible] advantages, struck the palm of her [illegible] against his chin, and tipped his head back at an absurd angle.

THEN, "George," she cried again frantically. "You ninny," muttered Mr. Hanson.

Then he felt himself seized from behind. Heavy pressure was applied to his encircling arm. A dark face with a ragged fall of hair ground against his own.

"Let be— Let me have him," said a voice. The Third felt himself borne down and back. Mrs. Castillo, at a little remove, was saying: "George— Don't kill him— George."

The Old Man's grip suddenly crumbled to nothing. Mr. Hanson felt a convulsive movement at his captain's midriff. The fellow was actually laughing like mad, without noise. Mr. Hanson struggled clear of him, and raised himself to a level with George Cross's devastating grin. He felt the upthrust of a glorious, tigerish aspiration, starting in his heels, spinning and spiralling through his blood in fire-wreaths, getting as far as his palate, and suffering block there on account of something deadly, numbing, having its abode in the roots of his clod of a tongue, he actually believed.

"Only say the word," he whispered, swinging on the woman. "There's still time. There's the boat. There's the island."

Mrs. Castillo's look was full of appeal.

"Go below, poor boy," she whispered. "Nothing will be said or done about this, I guarantee. I haven't any doubt you've acted in the best of faith. I honestly believe that. I do indeed. It's simply a mistake of fact."

"I shouldn't wonder," Mr. Hanson cried hotly. "At least what I had to offer was my life. I suppose it looks to you right now as if this man comes here in the rôle of a rescuer. Oh, yes, I can see how it would look to a romantic woman like yourself."

"It's his *method*," protested Mrs. Castillo.

"Method," repeated the Third. "Yes, of course. The same one you use with dogs and babies. Don't I know. All the same, the time will come when you'll wish you'd crawled to me on your knees, and begged me to take you—on my own terms. Yes, begged me. This man's a married man. By God, you're nothing but his plaything now."

"Dear boy," said Mrs. Castillo weakly, from within the barrier reef of the Old Man's arm, "I've been his plaything now for nearly fifteen years. I'm the woman he's married to."

Mr. Hanson sat in his room collapsed. His cheeks burned, his whole body burned. He kicked his shoes off, and poured himself a glass of whisky. He was trying to think what it was the Old Man had said about that game of chess. Something about the Queen. She went as far as she could in any direction, and her one duty was to protect the King. The King.

HER pawn drank his whisky thirstily. His affair, his great affair, had been only one of the moves in a family row. . . .

Suddenly he wanted to flee the ship like a pestilence. As far as that woman was concerned, he could write her down a total loss. He raised his eyes guiltily to a demure photograph tacked over his bunk. That was his dear Ev. That was the steadfast reality to which his soul was awakening. And he began to be frightened. Something had side-slipped, a chasm yawned at his feet. He saw how easily the human soul could come to wreck, by nothing more than misunderstanding facts.

What if Ev mistrusted him? But how should she mistrust? Was he not compartmented, a man of two worlds, and unsinkable, practically? He had come through a storm, he was damaged, superficially, one compartment had been smashed in, but he did not flounder. There was buoyancy to still float the hulk, thank God, and bring her limping into port.

"Old Girl," he groaned. "Old Girl."

He grinned wanly. He dipped a rusty pen.

Ev. Sweetheart,

Here we are, forging up out of the blue Carribbean. I am counting the days now into port; that is, for me, your arms, honey, and since you're so clairvoyant, or something, I suppose I'm bound to tell you that we had a little scare tonight. Nothing much, of course. Fire in the hold, but the engine-room gang pumped water in on it, and put it out. Probably the papers will have a long string of junk about the Chief of a merchant vessel battling with the flames heroically for five days without sleep, but don't you believe them. People ashore never get the right dope about what goes on at sea. Things get enlarged on, ever noticed that, Sharp Eyes? . . .

One comical thing has cropped out the last days. The captain's wife is aboard. Flat against regulations, of course, because the rules of this company are that the captain's wife can't even visit him while the ship is tied up in a home port. It endangers the ship, the argument is, by taking a man's mind off his work. So she took passage incog. under an assumed name in order to give him a taste of his own medicine, as we dope it out. You can imagine what an embarrassment she's been to him right along. Still, he had to sit tight and keep mum, and so he will to the end of the chapter, that's the funny part; because with the cat out of the bag, nobody would believe she shipped against his wishes. She was foxy. It seems she reserved a room and occupied it for a week without showing herself, giving out that she was sea-sick, to make sure he couldn't put back.

It's put a crimp in him for the entire voyage. Nobody could think what had gone wrong. A cyclone or a revolving storm wouldn't hold a candle to a situation like that, for just sheer power of endangering the ship. Think of that, you daughter of Eve. He had her on his mind day and night. She couldn't trust him is the theory now. Wouldn't trust him to paddle his own canoe without upsetting it. The S. S. *Saturnalia*, that is. Preferred to jeopardize the safety of an entire ship by distracting the Old Man's attention from his duties, with her goings-on, rather than be content to sit at home, like some one we know, and just let a little bird . . .

A little bird. Mr. Hanson broke off short. He now remembered with a rush of superstitous feeling, a cringing horror, the presence of the parrot Don Juan all through that business. He saw him now, in his mind's eye, hanging there from that davit under the stars, crook-beaked, questioning, his brilliant head doubtingly on one side. Storing up facts.

Mr. Hanson feared now for his remaining compartments. He sprang up, dashed chloroform on a towel, and stalked the bird.

With a rapid twist the Third wound the towel about the cage. Don Juan in an oppressed, mystified voice, inquired in Spanish, "What passes?"

Shortly he croaked, "*Que va*," very much enfeebled. But there was no answer. Then from a great distance, in the voice of one speaking disconsolately from the shades, Don Juan let fall, "*Pobre de mi*."

And only then did Mr. Hanson feel secure.

Never Touched Me!

Hair-breadth escapes from death and disaster are the subject of these personal-experience stories contributed by readers. Thrilling accounts of last-minute rescues are reported at first hand by the men and women who figured in them

FIRST prize was awarded to Miss Myra C. Davis, of Washington, D. C., for a letter describing an ingenious avoidance of a tragic fate such as any one might be called upon to face.

A FEW months ago EVERYBODY'S Magazine offered prizes for the best letter describing a personal experience in the way of escape from death or disaster. Out of the hundreds of contributions received, the ones here published were selected by the judges as being most representative of the kind of experiences described in the terms of the letter contest as announced.

NO ONE was in the little country schoolhouse but me. The other teacher had left an hour ago, but I had stayed on for the purpose of correcting the day's history test. Having completed my task, I stood by the desk drawing on my gloves when the front door suddenly opened and a heavy footstep sounded in the cloakroom. I whirled about and found myself face to face with one of the most sinister looking individuals I have ever beheld. His tall skeleton-like frame was covered with a shabby dark suit and one side of his gaunt face was drawn into a perpetual sneer. But it was his eyes that made me rigid and dumb with terror. They were fierce and black and gazed at me with the crazed glare of a maniac. No trace of reason remained in their evil depths. Insanity stood before me in its most vicious form.

I was rooted to the spot and neither moved nor spoke.

From his hip pocket he slowly drew a revolver and with great deliberation pointed it toward me. His sallow face dropped into a leer most horrible to see as he spoke in a low, tense voice.

"At last I have found you! You, who wrecked a hundred lives and passed on your way smiling! But this bullet will cease forever the beating of your cruel heart and will crimson the lily whiteness of your breast with the scarlet flood-tide of death!"

I remembered long afterward that his voice was musical—clear and low, and though vibrant with passion, perfectly controlled.

If any psychologist can explain my next action, let him come forward and speak. I have no clear recollection of the mental process which caused me to act as I did. You may decide for yourself whether it was Divine Providence, subconscious mind, or an atavistic impulse toward self-preservation.

Looking straight into his horrible face I smiled and spoke in my nicest voice: "Oh, you are Mr. Carter, the new member of the school board. You promised to call on me to discuss the Christmas entertainment and I am very glad to see you. Please be seated while I remove my gloves and hat." Somehow I managed to get them off.

Then I turned to look at my "guest." The hand which held the revolver slowly dropped to his side. His whole figure suddenly appeared to wilt; the wildness of his eyes was subdued by an expression of baffled disappointment. His gaze traveled through and beyond me until it seemed to rest in some remote realm of thought. He shook his head with a suggestion of hopelessness and muttered to himself:

"No, no, it is not she. It is not the [illegible] One. I must go on and on until I find her. I tell you I must find her!"

With this last exclamation he turned and rushed out of the door as suddenly as he had arrived. I ran to the window and watched him disappear around the bend of the road. I then called the country sheriff and with trembling voice told him of my dreadful encounter.

One week later I read of the capture of an escaped maniac, whose obsession was the wreaking of vengeance on golden-haired ladies. The mystery was solved. I breathed a fervent prayer of gratitude for the impulse which had led me to remove my hat. For, you see, I am a decided brunette!—M. C. D., Washington, D.C.

A WORKMAN who narrowly escaped the Grim Reaper in the course of his daily tasks gets second prize. The writer is Mr. Lloyd E. Klinger, of Collegeville, Pennsylvania.

Locked Inside a Locomotive

ONE of the closest calls with the Grim Reaper that I ever had was while employed in the

Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. My work was mostly on the inside of the engines when they were nearly finished. On this particular day we had an engine which had to be finished before the close of the day. Everybody was doing their very best and, as is often the case, some very important things were forgotten.

One of them was to hang a sign on the outside to tell everybody that there was a man working on the inside. This proved to be very nearly fatal to me. They closed the fire door and started to test the boiler to see if there were any small defects in it. I happened to be in the boiler when they closed the door. The awful noise that is always made in that shop kept the men from hearing my cries for help.

They kept running the hot steam into the boiler and I kept hollering and pounding against the inside with my hammer until I nearly went mad. I could see some men walking around the engine, but could not attract their attention. It finally got so hot in there that I took off nearly all my clothes and tried to climb out of the drop pan at the bottom, but this hole was only six inches wide and eighteen inches long, so I got stuck in there and was just about to give up hope (as they were running steam in as fast as possible). The heat was so intense that I thought I just couldn't endure it another second.

But luck or fate was with me, for just at that second a fellow passed close to where I was fastened and I threw my hammer and hit him on the ankle. He looked around, saw me waving my arms, and was horrified to realize that I was a prisoner. It only took him a few seconds to turn off the steam (I thought it took an hour) and open the door to get me out. Believe me, not for a million dollars would I go through it again.—L. E. K., Collegeville, Pa.

IN MAKING the selections for third prize, there were so many contributions of about equal merit, that several were purchased for publication in addition to the following report of a wild-animal hunt from A. J. Cavanaugh, of Galena, Kansas.

A Jungle Terror in Oklahoma

EVER catch a black panther? No. Well, my brother Al and I did, although it came near being the other way, for I came close to being caught by the "jungle terror."

Al and I were trapping, two seasons back, along Blue River, in Oklahoma. One day a black African panther (often miscalled "leopard") escaped from a circus train on the railroad siding, at the water tank, up the river. Though circus attendants hunted high and low, the black beast was not to be found, so the train pulled on South.

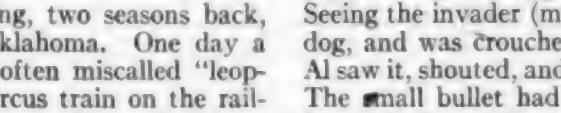
Very soon afterward the scattered ranchers and farmers near the river began to miss hogs, sheep, calves, and even dogs. Of course they realized the thief could only be the African panther. Nobody had been able to trail it, for dogs refused to follow its scent. A reward of one hundred dollars was offered for the beast's hide.

Al and I determined to try for the prize, although we had only one large trap and doubted its being able to hold the big cat if caught in it. And we had nothing in the way of firearms except a .22 caliber single shot target rifle. But we had "ideas," so, through a pair of good glasses, one of us kept watch all the time from the top of a bald hill. The third evening the black beast was seen sneaking down the hillside above the river on the opposite side.

We hurried across and soon located its lair, as evidenced by many bones and a horrible odor, at the entrance to a small cave leading into the side of a steep cliff of rock. This was led to by a narrow bench of rock along the cliff, fifty feet above the river. Going back to camp we cut a green log eight feet long and as heavy as we could carry. With this, the trap, and plenty of stout wire, we hurried back. Without any "reason why," Al took along the little ".22." The path or bench along the cliff-side was barely wide enough for the big panther to carry its victims. In a slight depression in the path, some thirty feet from the cave entrance, we set the monster trap, covering it with wind-blown grass and leaves. We wrapped the strong wire around the center of the log, strand after strand, with the other ends secured to the end of the heavy trap chain. Then we swung the log just over the edge of the declivity, just out of sight of the path, securing it by a loop in the wire to a jutting rock in such manner as to insure its slipping off at the first pull or jerk from the trap.

It was after nightfall before we finished, but the moonlight beat strongly against the bare rock of the cliff-side. I was bending over, placing a few more leaves over the trap, and Al was inspecting the cave entrance, holding the ".22" in his hands, when he suddenly shouted: "Quick, Jim! Jump this way!" and at the same time came the light crack of the ".22."

Needless to say, I jumped as quickly as possible, but we afterward knew it would have been useless had it not been for the little gun. The jungle terror had unexpectedly returned, clutching the body of a dog between its massive jaws. Seeing the invader (myself), it had dropped the dog, and was crouched, ready to spring, when Al saw it, shouted, and fired at the same instant. The small bullet had lodged just beneath the beast's left eye, thus distracting its "aim" and causing it to fall short a fraction in its spring. Otherwise, it would have landed fairly on top of me, and this



account would not have been written, at least not by me.

As it was, both hind paws of the big cat landed on the "pan" of the trap and instantly the mighty steel jaws snapped together. Then came a snarling, blood-curdling screech, the panther tried to leap backward, the wire loop slipped from the rock and panther, log, trap, and all hurtled downward toward the rocks at the edge of the river, fifty feet below.

When we got down we found the mass entangled, the beast with a broken neck—dead. It was one time that a "cat" failed to alight upon its feet. We not only got the one hundred dollars reward, but were allowed to keep the hide also, and we sold the latter to a collector for fifty dollars.

But it would have been a far different story had it not been for Al and the little rifle "being on the job." It was the narrowest escape I ever had. A. J. C., Galena, Kansas.

A Night Encounter with a Python

I'VE always had a horror of snakes, and have avoided them whenever possible. Yet one stormy night in September, 1907, I was compelled to fight for my life with a giant python in a ruined Spanish watch-tower from which there was no escape.

I was doing "sentry go" atop the ancient powder magazine at Cavite, Philippine Islands. From my lonely post I had just called out the hour of one o'clock in response to the mellow "dong-dong" of the old bronze bell at the gate. Then—the skies opened and the rain descended in a crashing, booming torrent—a real Philippine rain-storm. I ducked and ran for the stone watch-tower at the end of the magazine wall, a ruinous structure that yet offered some protection from the weather. I found a sheltered corner in the old tower, while the rain hissed and splashed through a dozen openings.

Pulling out the "makings," I rolled a cigaret in the dark (a trick you learn in the Marines) and prepared to spend the rest of my watch right where I was. The sudden flare of the match sent a colony of bats fluttering and squeaking about the narrow chamber. As I watched them, my eyes were caught and held by something on the cross-beam over the doorway.

Striking another match, I held it high while I peered upward. Then I saw it! Smooth and horrible, the leprous white patches on its back gleaming dully, lay a great python, the "python reticulatus" of the Philippines. My fingers froze, and only the odor of scorched flesh made me drop the match. Crouching low, while clammy perspiration broke from every pore, I started to creep for the doorway. There was no escape in any other direction unless I wanted to chance a forty-foot drop from the broken embrasure of the tower. Of a sudden I stopped, for between me and the outside, I was conscious of *movement*—slow, undulating movement as of some great body swaying, searching, swaying—

One desperate chance! My rifle clattered to the stone floor as I tore off my uniform blouse and threw it where I knew that Thing was moving. A thumping and thrashing followed, and the blouse whipped across my face. With a yell, I picked up my Krag and firing from the hip, sent shot after shot crashing into the darkness. Flashes from the rifle showed me the enraged monster trying to free its head from the khaki blouse. In the flash of the last shot in my magazine, I saw the horrid head uprear to strike, and not four feet from me!

Instinctively, I clubbed my rifle and lunged. The crumbling masonry at the edge of the floor by the embrasure gave way and I felt myself falling into space while stones and mortar rained about me. The next thing I knew, I lay on the floor of the guard-house with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder. Several of my comrades were standing over me. I learned that when I had fallen from the tower, my foot had caught in a climbing vine which grew to within ten feet of the embrasure, and my fall had been broken to some extent. All but one of my shots had gone wild, but the monster's head had been crushed by the falling walls of the tower. The crashing echoes of the shots had caused some of the smaller stones to fall, and they in turn had brought down the wh[illegible]er part of the structure.

As I lay waiting for the s[illegible]e bells sounded, followed by the sen[illegible] "Half-past one, and all's well-l-l." [illegible] B. McL., Oakland, Cal.

Once This Wasn't So Fu[illegible]

I HAVE been through prairie fire[illegible]braska, floods on the Colorado in Ariz[illegible] was chased by bandits in Mexico, bu[illegible] flood, and bandits taken altogether did no[illegible] me the hair-raising sensation that this exp[illegible]ence did.

It happened in the prime of my youth, whe[illegible] the thrill of my first beau's brass ring on my finger made my heart flutter and I grew hot and cold by spells when my Oliver would wink his right optic at me across the country schoolroom.

I should have been a boy. I was a tom-boy. I liked to do everything a boy does and had to do the kind of work a boy does and doesn't like and I didn't like it, either. One of my duties was milking.

One day my father brought home from a sale, a bargain in the form of a one-eyed, one-horned, hard-hearted cow with twin calves. She took a keen dislike to me the first time she laid her one evil eye on me and the feeling was mutual.

With her début into the cow corral, she made straight for me in the act of milking an honest cow and lifted me, milk-stool and all, in midair and through the barbed-wire fence. Then she rolled her wicked old eye and booed at me, all covered with milk and dirt.

All that I had done to earn this hatred was to pet one of her little black babies on their arrival while she was yet tied to the wagon. If there is a cow heaven she did not go there.

I bribed my little brother to feed her salt and keep her on the other side of the lot, until he had everything that I owned that I considered valuable, including about a dozen marbles, a pair of brass earrings, six coffee labels, a pocket-knife with half a blade in it, the first four teeth I had had extracted, and my pet chicken Tookie.

Before he got Tookie paid for, Mother discovered what was making her salt disappear and put a stop to it. Mother sold Tookie and kept the money to settle the ownership.

One hot day I went for a swim in the pasture pond on my way home from the neighbors, making sure that the one-eyed, one-horned, hardhearted cow was not in sight.

I left my clothes on the dam and dived in, enjoyed a good swim and then crawled onto the raft anchored in the middle of the pond. There I took one happy breath but it was almost my last. For when I looked up, I looked right into that one old evil eye.

After she had kept me in the pond for hours and contemptibly kept me from my clothes, I decided that I would make a run for the road fence, which was the nearest.

I made a dash for liberty while she was on the far side of the pond and had a good start before she got wise. But e'er I reached the coveted fence, I heard the crack of her hoofs and felt her hot breath on my back.

I lit rolling under the fence and came to a stop at the feet of bewildered and shocked freckle-faced sweetheart. Oh! words fail me.

I have braved prairie fire in Nebraska, floods on the Colorado in Arizona, and raced with bandits in Mexico, but none curdled my blood as my bare escape from that one-eyed, one-horned, hard-hearted cow.—D. L. P., Kansas City, Mo.

The Noose Was Around His Neck

I HAD been riding the range as a cow hand for the TIE outfit. We had just finished the spring round-up and I and two other cow hands had been sent to Fort Davis to deliver eleven head of beeves to the quartermaster. While in Davis I had traded horses with a man and on the next morning started for the home ranch south and east of Murphysville on the S. P. R. R. My two pardners had ridden ahead to get some tobacco and makings. I was left to follow with the pack-horse. When near the Picana Pass I was overtaken by five men from 5 ranch and questioned about my mount. It had been stolen over in Pacos County! My story did not satisfy that bunch of punchers so they put a rope around my neck and took me to a live oak. They threw the other end over a limb and were just agoing to send me to glory when my pardners came up and verified my story. I lost my horse and had to buy another, but that was easy and I still think I was lucky, for where could I buy another neck? I can never forget how good those homely cow punchers looked to me that May morning and what a relief it was to shed that necktie. I am still hale and hearty at sixty-eight but can not forget the necktie party at which I almost furnished the neck.—R. M. F., Joliet, Ill.

A Hunch Saved His Life

THE wreck I write of, which occurred on a small branch railroad in Central New York in the late '90s, is a matter of history.

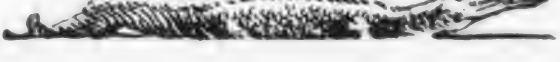
A train loaded with vacationists homeward bound from one of the lake resorts pulled out from the Ontario shore on a certain sultry afternoon in August. An hour previous I had left Syracuse on a main-line local en route for this same resort. I expected to change to the branch line at a junction where the two roads came together. The afternoon was sultry. I looked forward eagerly to enjoying the cool lake breeze and a week-end of much needed rest.

As the hot car wheels ground along the shining track I sank back on the cushions and fanned myself wearily. The car was crowded, a fat, foreign woman with two children sat opposite, and I have a distinct memory of the little fellow who toddled across the aisle and poked a sticky inquisitive finger in my pocket. On the wall in front of me was a glass-covered case and a frame notice, such as were found in coaches of that day, advising the passengers in case of accident to break the glass and pull a lever beneath it, thus bringing the train to a stop. I glanced at it idly.

The road-bed over which we were traveling lay between fields of waving corn and yellow stubble from which the heat rose in quivering waves. I was drowsy and I nodded. Unexpectedly I found myself staring out of the window. The cornfields were gone and in their place I looked down a stretch of glistening steel rails which came diagonally to meet us. I shook myself savagely and the vision vanished. I had been dreaming.

I noticed the name of a station we passed and reflected that I had half an hour yet to ride. I placed my grip where I could reach it and settled back in my seat. Soon I was dozing again.

Suddenly my vision returned, this time



more vivid and alarming. I gazed with terror down the phantom track for, bearing down upon us, was a train. I could feel the hot steam from its huge clanging engine and hear the rumble of its deafening approach.

With a wild impulse to action I leaped upon my feet. I must do something to save us from the monster. I was near the front of the car and yet the distance between me and that lever seemed interminable. I seized my grip and hurled it against the protecting glass. As it broke into a thousand slivers I grasped the lever and pulled down as far as it would go. The brakes ground shrilly upon the wheels and the train came slowly to a halt.

I was standing in the aisle wide-awake and feeling very foolish. Passengers crowded curiously about me. The conductor rushed in, red with anger. I could not explain what had induced me to commit such a mad act. I was ashamed to admit what I believed to have been my wild hallucination caused by the heat.

"I wanted to get off here," I said lamely.

They hustled me off unceremoniously and with many curses. I walked half a mile to a town we had just passed and caught the first train back to Syracuse, all thoughts of my week-end trip at an end.

When I alighted from the train newsboys were calling the evening papers and I bought one. It was then I learned for the first time that, twenty minutes after I left it, the train from which I had been ejected crashed into the excursion train at the junction. An open switch, a wrong signal, and death or injury to thirty persons!

As I have said, that train wreck is history. Mine is a bit of unwritten history which had never before been recorded.—M. Y. L., Sacramento, Cal.

An Amateur Deep-Sea Diver

THE surface of Manila Bay lay in a dead calm. It was that late-afternoon calm occasionally found in sub-tropical latitudes. However, on the bottom of the sea, some sixty feet down, quite a different setting was to be found. Slime lay in furrows centuries old. Eels squirmed about in the clumps of seaweed in countless numbers. Light penetrated but dimly, throwing the bottom into a murky green-gray ghostland.

From the sun-lit surface of the bay an injured man had sunk to the bottom where he must slowly die and be devoured piecemeal by every passing creature. He had gone overboard from a ship leaving a streak of blood behind to mark his sinking.

The *U. S. S. Chauncey*, to which ship I was attached, was riding near-by. In no time at all I found myself pressed into service as an emergency diver, though I had only once before descended in a helmet. While I was making ready to go down a veteran diver had already submerged ahead of me. As I swung over the side with a helmet my only diving equipment (for the full suit was not used for such work) I was not encouraged to see the first diver hauled up again—to all appearances dead. His helmet was filled with slime and refuse from the bottom. Through the face-plate of my helmet I saw them clearing mud from his eyes and mouth. What could have happened to him?

My attention was very soon centered on treading water for I was sinking rapidly and the weight of the helmet was on the point of turning me over head down. It grew darker and colder as I settled beneath the surface. Then I began worrying about the dying man somewhere under my feet. Would he clutch at me in a last effort—was he dead—would the taste of his blood in the water attract stray sharks—what of the under-water snakes? I reached the bottom and sank to my knees in slime. I groped about rather frantically. A life-line which I had carried on my wrist for signaling and for raising the victim had slipped away from me. I felt under my left arm for the air-hose. This too had slipped adrift and was now extending from the top of my helmet back and up to the air-pump.

Seaweed waved in the current as I groped along. Something floundered in the mud just ahead of me. Suddenly there seemed to be chaos all about me. A pungent oil-like odor assailed my nostrils and I was gasping for air. Realizing that I was swooning and growing dizzy, I struggled frantically with my helmet trying to dislodge it. As my chin jammed against the bottom rim, I tripped backward and fell over a submerged log. There was a taste of mud and salt water. The next thing I knew, I was sailing upward through the [illegible] sea.

My head broke the surface with a [illegible] almost alongside the diving boat. Bleeding [illegible] the nose and chin and covered with black mud I was mistaken for, and hailed, as the dead man! No such good fortune however, for we never found the victim! They hauled me in and treated me to a bucket of water in the face for my trouble.

The other diver lay in the sun wrapped in a blanket.

"Dead?" I inquired.

"Not yet!" some one answered. "But his lungs are full of bum oil some boob used in the pump."

"What about me?" I inquired, pounding my chest with a cough.

"Never reached you, lad, you came up too soon!"—W. A., Annapolis, Maryland.

So You Are Not Superstitious?

Superstition is such a universal human weakness that most of us have some pet fantastic beliefs. You will probably find your own and those of your friends among the eighty or more discussed in this article

by Montrose J. Moses

OF COURSE you are not! You are too strong-minded for that! It's too silly for words to allow your conduct to be modified by such childish belief as that which underlies all superstition! Yet, nevertheless, there is not a man, "be he alive or be he dead," who has not at one time or another been frightened nigh unto panic by the bare suggestion of ill luck. Either he has clung to some sort of literal or figurative amulet — in the hope of circumventing ill fortune, or he has had some fancy way of averting the evil eye, or he has had some other equally superstitious remedy for bad luck. It works clear down to the fervent belief that the wearing of a red flannel band around the throat will keep away disease.

"COINCIDENCE" is usually the comment of the skeptical when confronted by evidence that seems to justify the beliefs of the superstitious. Here is a little story of coincidence to remember when the Fourth of July rounds out the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our Independence. The famous Liberty Bell was imported from England in 1752, and recast in Philadelphia a year later, or twenty-three years before the Continental Congress had ever met, much less proclaimed the independence of the Colonies. Was a prophetic bell founder, chance, or a happy circumstance responsible for the inscription from Holy Writ cast in the metal? They read: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

We are all human, and superstition is distinctly a human manifestation. Scientists declare that, as far as observation has gone, they can find no evidence that the lower animals show superstitious dread of anything. It is reserved for the higher nerved organism, the superior being, to formulate his fears into cults, and to allow superstition to seep through the common actions of his daily life. It has reached a point where many men unblushingly consult a clairvoyant or fortune-teller before embarking on a speculative venture, while every gambler has some "hunch," which comes out of the clear blue, or is suggested to him by some freakishness of mind.

An investigator of superstition tells of an amusing circumstance which occurred at Monte Carlo. One man met with an unusual streak of ill luck, and so he thought he would go to church and, through prayer, see whether fortune could not be lured in his direction. The hymn number was given out. "Ah," thought the man, "that's a clue," and he hastened right back to the Casino, and staked his all on the number. He won. Again he betook him to church. Another hymn number was forthcoming, and again he won! Then he whispered to his friends the reason for his run of luck. Thus it was that the minister had full congregations, and the poor, deluded gamblers clung for many a day to hymn numbers, even though the table soon showed the foolishness of their reasoning, and the results eventually became disastrous.

You would not do such a thing, oh, no! But wait until the next time you have to make a decision, and see what tricks you find yourself resorting to, in an effort to be certain that you have luck on your side. Take any large group of beings and get them to make frank confession as to this matter of superstition. You will find the larger proportion of them admitting, shamefacedly, no doubt, that they are in the habit of doing such ridiculous things as knocking on wood or not watching a carriage out of sight. Education seems to have made little inroad on the claim of superstition to affect a person's life, and yearly we graduate teachers, destined to instruct the youth of the country, who are dominated by all sorts of little acts to avert misfortune.

It doesn't take much to start a superstition working. Let one woman say convincingly that she has been cured by a love-philter, that a certain waist-belt has cured her headache, and the drug-store will be overrun. In fact, patent medicines appeal to just the credulity which fosters the thing of which I write. If cures are the result of such signs and symbols, the suggestion and faith have a great potency in the matter. "Let them believe it if it helps," says the old-fashioned type of philosophical doctor, "they'll get better anyway."

Superstition comes to us from down the ages, clothed in mysterious beginnings and passed on without questioning. For it is the nature of man to court solutions without thinking. It is difficult to disentangle the reasons for our beliefs from the necessity which may have called them forth. Superstitions are part of folk-lore, part of ancient personal experience. If a farmer in olden days noticed that such and such a thing took place to his crops at the waning of the moon, his findings went down the ages as a fact every farmer should know. And in this so-called scientific age, we have not become much more logical than that.

Superstitions grow by what they feed on; they come into being by attributing certain animism to inanimate objects, merely because the element of coincidence between the thing and the result is strong. Some women have confessed that, being in the habit of reading a chapter of the New Testament every day, they have noticed that when they have omitted to do so, ill luck has marked the day. Can you not see that it does not take long for this observation to become an established resultant fact in the minds of the unthinking? One college girl confessed to her professor that she never gave a thought to the traditional fear of the number thirteen, until it was found at school that every girl who was given the locker with that number became in some way or other crippled. Nothing succeeds like success, and it might be said that a superstition grows by this kind of success. Experiencing the same thing more than once is often the foundation of such flimsy faith.

THE pernicious conduct which oftentimes results from superstition has begotten injustice, cruelty, wanton murder, intolerance. History is full of instances. Witchcraft was founded upon such beliefs. The evil eye, amulets, incantations, potent drinks, brought down upon innocent heads the full rigor of the law. People have been prompted, through belief in these evil spirits and inanimates, to kill, to commit suicide, to maltreat little children. And even though witchcraft seems to have decreased in our civilized age, there are many cases yearly brought to court that are induced by a superstitious prompting to commit murder or to attempt suicide.

DO YOU BELIEVE ANY

1. **Do you cross your fingers and make a wish when you see a white horse or a red-headed girl?**
2. **Is it bad luck for you to see the new moon over your left shoulder?**
3. **Do you pick up pins so luck will follow you all day?**
4. **Does a broken mirror mean to you seven years of bad luck? Napoleon believed that one.**
5. **Haven't you ever spent any summer hours looking for four-leaved clovers?**
6. **If you kill a cricket or a daddy-long-legs will it start to rain?**
7. **Is it bad luck for you to walk under a ladder or a trestle when a train is crossing?**
8. **Are you afraid merely to raise an umbrella in the house, or must it be directly over your head to bring bad luck?**
9. **If an undertaker's wagon passes you and the back is open, does it worry you?**
10. **Do you keep a bag of salt hanging behind the door to avert bad luck?**
11. **If two pairs of friends greeting each other cross their hands, do you believe that means a wedding?**
12. **Do you believe in the evil eye, and that it can be averted by wearing something with two points (like coral), or by closing your fist with two fingers stuck out straight?**
13. **Would you be afraid to light the third cigaret from the same match?**
14. **Suppose you were one of thirteen people at a table, would it really bother you?**

In fact, take any walk of life, and you will find that trades and professions alike have been affected in some way or other by superstitious dread. It is not saying anything against religion to claim that much of its initial life was bound up in such beginnings. Scientists can show that there is some analogy between various mystifying drugless cures, and the exercise of the potent remedies of the medicine man.

One is almost tempted to say that if superstitions affect you strongly, you had better not read this account any further. Perhaps my lists of the various beliefs with which ordinary life is riddled will add to your present stock instead of taking away those you have! They are so contagious and so widespread. Country folk are often halted in the course of true love by some folk-lore restriction regarding the circumstances of courtship and marriage. One is kept from enjoying certain jewels because there is a curious persistence that magic and charm and

OF THESE "SIGNS"?

15. **How many times have you found it true that when you drop a fork, company came?**
16. **Are you weak enough to wish on a load of hay?**
17. **What makes you stop to pick up a horseshoe on the road? When you hang it up, do you stop to consider how it should be hung so good fortune will not spill from it?**
18. **Would you wipe your hands on the same towel at the same time with a best friend?**
19. **When you return to the house for something forgotten, do you sit down on a chair and count twenty so as not to break the luck?**
20. **Would you, with no compunction, put peacock feathers in a vase on the mantel?**
21. **Can you verify by experience that ill-fortune comes in three's or that lightning does not strike thrice in the same spot?**
22. **Is it any comfort to you, when your ear burns, to think that you are being well spoken of?**
23. **Do you refrain from killing spiders for fear of courting ill-luck?**
24. **Do you believe there are such things as ghosts and that they can haunt houses?**
25. **Would a state dinner prevent you from throwing salt over your left shoulder if you spilt salt on the table?**
26. **Do you knock on wood when you realize that you have permitted yourself to brag about something?**

danger still lurk in their separate condition or their juxtaposition. The stars, the wind, the moon, the sun, all carry their traditional demands upon human action. They are part of our background; they have not been halted by any demand of reason for proof. For under given circumstances, man is a very unreasonable animal. The soothsayer and the palmist practise their trade as of yore. Even now there is a fight in Congress against the adoption of a bill suggested by that clever showman, Houdini, to stop the fraudulent practice of the soothsayer who fleeces the public of large sums yearly. Psychologists say that the hotbed for such artificial growth is to be found in the nursery. We still tell the child he was brought into the world by the stork; we still teach him to repeat that the cow jumped over the moon; we still scare children into quiet and good behavior by the use of bugaboos and hobgoblins.

Does all this indicate that we are after all an unthinking crowd of human beings? Or doesn't it merely indicate that in the long years of human development, the traditions of thinking are not as firmly rooted as the traditions of superstition? History carries a long chain of fantastic beliefs from the mists of time.

Many entertaining explanations have been offered of certain superstitions that affect us. Even though the number thirteen has been accounted potent of ill since the days of ancient Babylon, its modern significance is associated with the fact that at the Last Supper, thirteen were at the table. There is a tradition to the effect that the last one seated was Judas Iscariot, although no one of the four Gospels mentions this detail. The fear of thirteen at the table remains one of the strongest common superstitions.

When one considers the effect that even the bare name of Judas has upon the average individual, one can see a psychological justification for the long continuance of this particular belief. Recall that at Oberammergau, the man selected to enact Judas in the "Passion Play" went to the Committee after numberless rehearsals and declared that, unless they allowed him for one rehearsal to play the rôle of Christus, he would kill himself. Otherwise, it is to be supposed, he would believe they had selected him because they saw in him the characteristics of Judas. Critics, after considerable research, have found nothing to prove that Judas was the thirteenth at the table any more than was Peter. Yet the belief persists.

Friday is an unlucky day to begin a thing; so runs the ancient injunction. Has the ill luck anything to do with the fact that the Crucifixion occurred on a Friday? It probably has. Fear of the day, however, did not prevent Columbus from sailing on Friday; it did not keep land from being sighted on Friday, or prevent the Pilgrims from entering the harbor of Provincetown on Friday. We take it as a matter of course that when a person sneezes, we should say "God Bless You." But the fact is, this phrase was part of a prayer instituted in the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great, at a time when the air was filled with such a stringent substance that those who sneezed died instantly. Some people are confident that the reason why the aspen leaf quivers so is because the Cross was made from its wood.

There is a positive, a constructive side to superstition, as well as a negative, destructive one. These aspects have been emphasized by Addington Bruce and other writers on the subject. It is only now that Europe is beginning to question the divine right of kings. But the persistence of that belief in the past has done much to aid in the establishment of government. Because of it the crudest community has always had a certain reverential awe of their chief, even to the point of ascribing to him supernatural power to cure disease. This reverence for the person of the chief has done a good deal to create workable social organizations. Things that belonged to the chief must perforce be respected, and hence there grew a belief in the right to personal property and *respect* for personal property. The dread among the ancients that immorality caused disaster, especially disaster to crops, helped to establish the sacredness of the marriage bond. And finally, fear of being haunted by the ghost of the dead did much to increase a certain respect for human life. These details of man's climb toward civilization are just beginning to attract the attention of the modern kind of historian.

It is difficult to establish these details, since the evidence is so completely encompassed by folk-lore. For instance, it is all right for us to say that the old adage, "Sing before breakfast, cry before night," is good psychology, since we are primed in nerves early in the day, fagged in the evening. But did the saying come from that or is it explained by our modern squaring of superstition with common sense? It is all right for us, when we knock on wood to avert the consequences of boasting, to say that such action is a moral corrective, since it brings us to a sense of our bragging and tempers our speech in the future. But is that the origin? In this pragmatic age, it is well for us to say that he who refuses to walk under a ladder is very likely to save himself an accident, or that falling upstairs is lucky by comparison because falling down-stairs might end in a broken neck! In the light of our modern science we can, of course, explain away any of our superstitions, but such a method does not give any hint of the circumstances under which these superstitions started. I have seen an excellent psychoanalysis of "the thirteenth at the table." But while there is every reasonable element to the explanation, it will not do away with the residue of emotion which has come to us out of the past experiences of mankind.

THE psychoanalyst presents clean-cut reasoning. Some day a student of Freud will write a book tearing down all our pet hesitations, showing their baleful influence on our subconscious selves. For superstitions are foreign bodies, they are what scientists call "mental remnants of a past," just as surely as the biologist explains that the appendix is a biological remnant, destined, through disuse, to disappear in biologic time.

The psychoanalyst says that superstition leads to disaster. Take the instance of a woman losing her wedding-ring. "Alas, she is destined to a career of unhappiness," say the superstitious. Perhaps the ring is merely misplaced. It is found. But, presto, it is misplaced again. There becomes ingrained in the woman's mind the fact that nothing can divert the ill luck that is sure to break up her happy married life. Willy-nilly, the subconscious self reacts upon her, and she does something which actually does make her married life unhappy. Here is a case of thinking making it so. Such is the result of all superstition, says the Freudian student.

Various systematic examinations have been carried on by psychological experts to determine from what source the persistence of modern superstition owes its greatest incentive. The surest preservative is the home. Try it among your own folks: take a census of their small superstitions, and note how extraordinarily fast the number mounts up. Recently, I have gone through a thousand or more, and am surprised to find how, in some form or other, I can recall their affecting various people.

As a boy in the South, whenever a new marble was added to my quota, and I was about to spin it into the ring, I always spit on it for luck. I walk the streets now and see boys doing the same thing. Such ridiculous action becomes a ceremony, a ritual; no questions are asked as to its validity.

If such questions were asked, we would probably still persist in doing it, since it is always well to "be on the safe side." Your census will be the same as the census of the trained investigator. You have done things unconsciously, instinctively, merely because you were brought up to do so. Would you think [illegible] about walking on the other side of a p[illegible] your companion; would you wipe your [illegible] the same towel as another without some dread that a quarrel might ensue? I have watched persons on a country road walk backward for several steps so as to bring the moon over the [illegible] shoulder. Children are often told thoughtlessly to do things that have an enormous [illegible] effect upon them. I don't know of anything more enchanting than to get some of the far [illegible] echoes of explanations offered for these ceremonials. They are just about as tenable as the explanation for hand-shaking. Says one: "We give our hand to a friend to show him we have no dagger in it; and trust that he also carries none in his left hand. We bow to him on the street because our ancestors, in barbarian lands and times, bowed before the actual yoke of their lords."

Here are fifty common superstitions. Try them on a group of people. Find out how many have been affected by them. You will find there is no group immune.

1. Can you refrain from wishing on the new moon?
2. Do you refrain from getting out the wrong side of bed?
3. Do you believe that stepping over a child will retard its growth?

[*Continued on page 176*]

Are You Observing?

Accurate observation is the foundation of all useful knowledge, yet surprisingly few witnesses can trust the evidence of their own eyes. The key to dependable sense impressions is in knowing what to look for and how to retain it

by R. F. Foster

IT IS not true that if you see and hear a thing often enough you will know all about it—there is plenty of evidence to the contrary in this article. You may see familiar objects hundreds of times and know little about them unless you are interested enough to observe certain points of difference and agreement. The examples here given provide an interesting test of your own powers of observation in daily affairs.

THERE is probably no one mental faculty which the average person overestimates so much as his powers of observation. You frequently hear confessions of bad memories or want of concentration or steady application, but it is a rare thing to find any one lamenting his lack of observation, or making any systematic effort to improve it. That this faculty needs special cultivation should be evident from the fact that we constantly hear of "trained observers" in certain fields and are frequently confronted, on the other hand, with the evidences of unreliability in the observations of men and women who are not trained.

Take the case of any unusual happening, such as a street accident. Place six disinterested witnesses of the occurrence on the stand and no two of them will agree exactly as to the details. They cannot be sure whether a driver blew his horn or not, or, if a horn was blown, in which car it was. One will swear the driver was on his own side of the road, while another is sure he was in the middle. It is notorious how seldom any one notices the number of the car that knocks down a pedestrian, or sees what is going on quickly enough to help in a hold-up. If they get the number, they are not sure of the state that issued it.

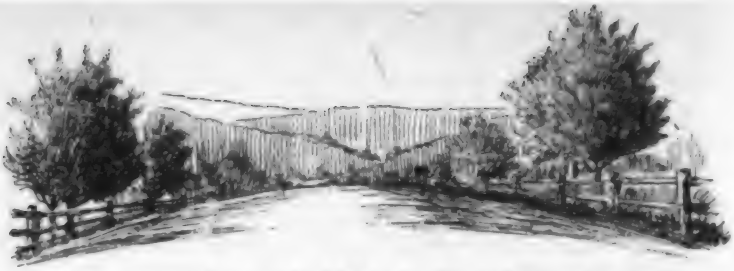
At a recent trial in Long Island not one of ten witnesses could tell whether the accused man wore a hat or a golf cap. You may recall the story of the dispute between two men as to the ownership of a horse. The real owner clapped his coat over the horse's head and then demanded of the other in which eye the horse was blind. Although the other had been in possession of the horse for several days he had not observed this. But as it was an even chance he guessed the right eye, whereupon the rightful owner showed that the horse was not blind at all.

Nothing is more common than for one person to tell another about something that was in some newspaper. It is about once in five times that he can name the paper correctly or be sure of the date. In many cases he cannot even recall the exact heading, or the position of the item on the page. He just "saw it in the paper."

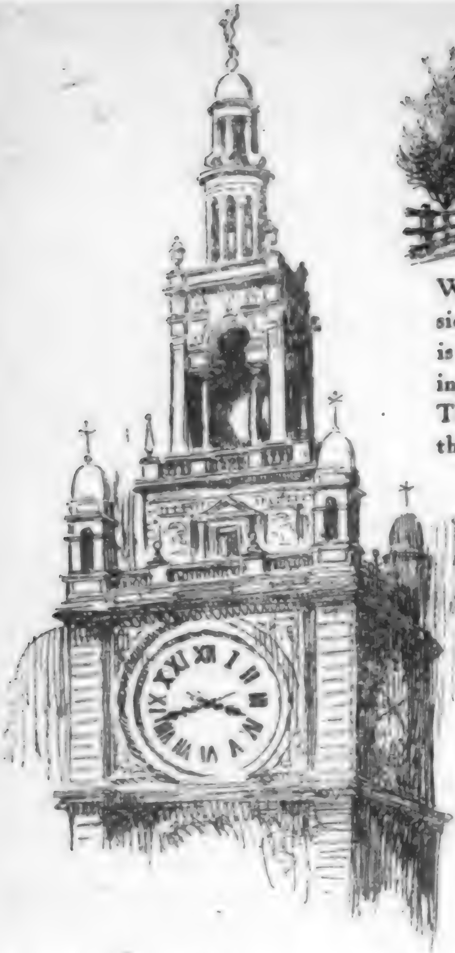
As a member of the Society of American Magicians I have frequently been amused at an untrained observer's description of the tricks or illusions he has seen. As such people tell it, the thing that happened is an out and out miracle. There is always some very important detail that they have failed to observe and therefore do not mention. It is not that the hand is quicker than the eye, because many of the best illusions are very slowly presented. It is because the spectator is not a trained observer.

Familiarity with the subject is the greatest help in correct observation, and selecting from the mass of facts the one that is interesting or useful is the important thing. When a man who is interested in buying and selling electrical appliances goes to a big exposition or world's fair, he devotes his observations to one part of the show, and wastes no time on office-filing systems, or farm implements. Idle curiosity in those directions would simply distract his attention from the electrical display in which his observations are worth something. A woman's observations of the details of another woman's dress are usually very accurate. The same woman's observation of the number of buttons on a policeman's uniform would be rather unreliable.

A man who has been born and raised in the country can tell you the name of any tree in



Why are macadam roads higher in the middle than on the sides—"crowned" as it is called? If you think that question is elementary, go on and say why engineers are now advocating concrete roads lower in the middle than at the sides. The idea is to supply your own answer before turning to the one given in the list printed at the end of this article.



A clock face is a thing you have seen hundreds of times. To test the accuracy of your observation, take a pencil and piece of paper and make a diagram of a clock dial with Roman numerals on it. The chances are it will look like the one the artist has made in the picture, which is wrong.

the woods, whether it has any leaves on it or not, simply by glancing at it, while to the city man they are all just trees. The countryman is a trained observer of trees. The city man, on the other hand, may be able to name each of the different kinds of marble that line the halls and stairs of his office building. To the countryman, they are nothing but various colors.

As we grow older we gradually acquire a great deal of miscellaneous information by reading and observation. Some of this is merely interesting and helps to make conversation. But one never knows when one may be able to make use of the facts that have been observed, by the process usually called putting two and two together and arriving at a logical conclusion. This is the chief asset of the successful business man—his knowledge of the facts and his ability to see how they fit.

There used to be a house in Durham England, that no one would occupy because it was reputed to be haunted. The ghost would shake loose an old latch, clank a chain on the cellar door, and stalk through the house every Sunday at midnight. The chief of engineers on the railway heard about this ghost and noted the day and hour of its alleged appearance. Then he went to look at the house and observed that it was built almost directly over the tunnel next to the railway station. He also recalled that the through express did not stop at Durham on Sunday night, and concluded that it was the rushing train that shook the cellar door loose. The next Sunday the cellar door was watched, the express train was stopped at Durham and the ghost did not walk.

There are, roughly speaking, two great subdivisions in occupations—brain workers and manual workers, with varying proportions of admixture in each. Success in any occupation requires knowledge of some kind and degree, and there are three principal ways of acquiring this knowledge. One is by doing things, another by reading, and another by observation. The majority of the things we learn are learned by doing them, and observation is the chief factor in teaching us how to do them. Imitation is the next step.

One might listen forever to directions for driving a car, without being able to pass the examination for a license. What is needed is to observe the movements when made by an expert and then take the wheel and drive yourself. The same is true of all manual trades. Those who are satisfied if they can do things well enough to earn their pay envelopes are not the kind that get on in life. The man who not only observes carefully how certain things are done, but observes that some ways of doing them are better than others, and brings his mind to work on the problem of doing them better still, is the one who is likely to find himself indispensable to his employers.

The object of reading and observation is the acquisition of knowledge which shall be useful to us, especially in our chosen vocation. If we analyze this knowledge, no matter what it is, we discover that all we really know about anything is that it is like something else, or different from something else which we already know. Trained observation notes these differences and agreements and gives us the key to the door through which all knowledge enters the mind. Without this observation, we never learn anything thoroughly. To illustrate:

Ask any person something that you wish to know about and you will find the knowledge is invariably communicated in one way, by stating its agreements with something you already know and then marking out its differences. Try to explain anything to another person yourself and you will find you are following out the same process.

Suppose some one knows you have spent considerable time in the woods, and this person asks you what a beaver is like. Now, unless you have either read a good deal about beavers and paid close attention, or have observed beavers and carefully noted their differences and agreements with respect to other animals, you will not be able satisfactorily to give the information asked for, because your knowledge will be incomplete. But if you have been fairly observant you will be able to say that a beaver is an animal about the size of a bull terrier. This statement of agreement assumes that your questioner knows what an animal is, and the average size of bull terriers. If he does not know what an animal is, you will have to find out if he knows the difference between living and dead matter, and then explain the difference between animal and vegetable life.

You can then proceed to tell him that a beaver has webbed hind feet and an oval, flat, scaly tail. Here again he is supposed to know what webbed feet are and what scaly means, and to recognize the difference in the shape of the tail from ordinary tails. The beaver is a rodent, but aquatic. This is assuming that he knows a rodent is a gnawing animal and that aquatic animals live in and around the water. If there is anything with which a comparison is made that your questioner does not know, or has not observed, you will have to work backward to something he does know.

Some knowledge is absorbed quickly and easily when the class to which it belongs is one with which our own business or the handling of similar things has made us already familiar. Suppose you ask what an English half-crown is, and are told it is a silver coin, like our half-dollar.

That is in agreement with something you know. But a half-crown is larger, and worth about sixty cents. Those are the differences. Now you know it all. The more we observe, the more we know and the more easily we learn. The person who has mastered almost any European language finds the second one much less difficult. That is why Latin is taught as a foundation. And even the process of learning any foreign language makes the acquisition of a second somewhat easier, though it may not be at all closely allied to the first.

If knowledge is acquired by the observation of differences and agreements, then it must be communicated by a statement of them. This is easily proved by asking any one to tell you what he knows about a certain thing. If he cannot recall its differences and agreements with something you already know, his observation has not been accurate enough to help you much. The manager of a big manufacturing plant was told that a certain young man knew all about a machine that a rival firm was making. He was sent for. "Has it the same automatic stop as ours?" was the first question. He had not observed that part of it. His knowledge was incomplete, and he thus missed a great opportunity for promotion.

Some years ago two mechanics were looking at a machine for doing a special kind of work. One simply remarked that it certainly did a good job, and passed on. The other stopped to trace the various changes of motion from the pulley shaft overhead to the cutting tool, and how they were made. When he got back to the shop he thought out some improvements and patented them. In less than two years he owned the shop. Today he is one of the biggest manufacturers in the country, while the other man is still working at the bench.

People will tell you that if you see and hear a thing often enough you will know all about it without paying any particular attention to it. This is absolutely untrue, unless you have seen and heard it in the right way. You may see a thing a hundred times and not know it unless you were sufficiently interested to observe its differences and agreements. You can go up and down a flight of steps for years and not know how many steps there are, simply because you never took the trouble to count them.

Suppose you try a few things that you are perfectly familiar with and are supposed to have observed many times. Take a pencil and a piece of paper and make a diagram of a clock dial with the Roman numerals on it, just from memory, without looking at a clock.

What King Is One-Eyed?

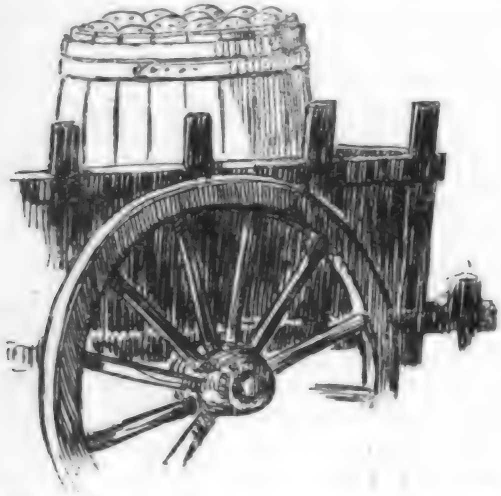
EVERY one plays cards and has to look at them all the time. Just put down on a slip of paper which kings look to the right and which look to the left. You have seen them thousands of times probably. Having done that, put down the suit or suits to which belong the jacks that have only one eye. You probably already know the "one-eyed king."

After you have done this to your satisfaction, entirely from memory and without prompting or consultation, just turn to page 121 and see if you are right.

Cultivating the habit of observation naturally leads to noting differences and agreements that have long passed unheeded, and prompts one to ask about them and thereby add to one's stock of general information. For example: Why are the older macadam roads higher in the middle than on the sides—"crowned" as it is called? Why are they now recommending concrete roads to be lower in the middle? Why are new roads and racing tracks "banked" on the curves, like railroad tracks? Why are the biggest potatoes usually found on the top of the barrel when they come to market? Why are tongues put in shoes?

You have probably observed the very common habit of making a noise when eating soup, but do you know what causes it? A famous doctor observed this phenomena carefully and published a sure cure for it. If you will observe the habit as carefully as he did you can suggest the same cure. Turn to page 121 and see if you are right.

There is probably no class to whom observation of details is so important as detectives who have trained themselves to notice trifles that do not appear to be of the slightest importance at the time. One of the famous murder mysteries of forty years ago was solved by a detective who picked up a short piece of string that he found on the door-mat.



Why is it that the biggest potatoes are usually found at the top of the barrel when they come to market? If you think the answer is because the shrewd potato grower purposely displays his best wares at the top, try again. You will find a more rational explanation in this article.

Criminals can so alter their appearance that it is often difficult to recognize them by their features. When lecturing some years ago I had several large outline profiles drawn on cards and numbered. On the back of each card were the same profiles disguised by changes in the arrangement of the hair, by the addition of beards and mustaches, altered eyebrows and all that sort of thing. The one thing that was not changed was the peculiar shape of the ears, which was different in each case. The disguised sides were not numbered. One of the numbered sides was selected by the audience. After shuffling them up, the disguised profiles were slowly paraded before them and they were asked to stop when I came to the man whose picture they had picked out on the other side. They seldom stopped at the right one.

ALL observation must be carried on by one or more of the five senses. They are our only means of communication with the outside world. What we learn through them are called perceptions, and if these perceptions are clear, all the other faculties of the mind will be strengthened in proportion. That is one of the fundamental laws of psychology.

Accurate observation is therefore the foundation of all useful knowledge. If you do not look at a thing closely enough to distinguish it from something else, how can you tell which is which when you see them apart? That is what leads you to speak to a stranger, thinking he is an acquaintance. What would you think of a buyer who did not know cotton goods from wool, or a bank teller who did not know good money from counterfeit?

The two senses through which we get most of our knowledge are sight and hearing, and as sight takes the place of hearing when we read, it is the most important of all the senses for the acquisition of knowledge of all kinds.

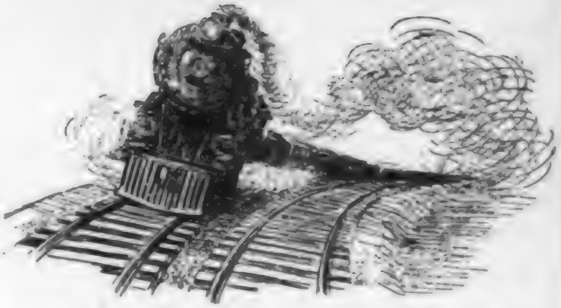
Accuracy and rapidity are the important things in training the sight, and few persons realize what practice will do in this respect. Study the pattern of a floor carpet or a piece of linoleum, and see if you come across one just like it elsewhere. Take a good look at your shoes and the next time you are in a street-car see if any of the other passengers has the same pattern, or if any two pairs of those you see are alike. You will be astonished at the variety of shoes, especially men's. Study the signs in the shops and see if you find two with the same style of lettering. Notice the details of some make of automobile, and as you walk along see if you can pick out all of that make that pass, making sure that you are not misled by partial resemblance.

Excellent practice for quick and accurate observation is known as glancing. Look at the numbers on automobiles, but do not read them as if you were reading a sentence, "Eight hundred and twenty-five thousand, two hundred and sixty-three," but try to see the group as a single picture, 8 2 5 2 6 3, and carry it in the mind's eye as if it were a pattern that had to be remembered by its shape. Practice recalling the sight of the figures, not their names.

Looking in at the shop-windows and then, as you pass on, finding out how many of the objects in the window you can recollect is good training. You will find you improve with practice. Robert Houdin, the famous French magician of the last century, practiced this steadily for years and boasted that he could recollect thirty or more articles in a window by merely walking past it once. Professional gamblers can riffle the edges of a pack of cards and remember the exact order and position of five or six in a flash.

There is a great deal of time wasted in street-cars. Use some of it in comparing the advertisements opposite you. Just how many have you seen before and how many are new? Note the color of the eyes of some of the passengers; count the buttons on their coats; see how many of the men wear scarf-pins. When you get to your office or your business, you will be astonished at the ease with which you can take in various details that you never noticed before.

THE sense of hearing may be cultivated by attention. Specialists tell us that it is not deafness so much as inattention that is the trouble with many that are supposed to be "hard of hearing." The trained ear, that observes differences in sounds, can recognize people by their footsteps, as well as by the tone of the voice. If attention is paid to the sound things make when laid down on different substances, such as wood, or glass, or cloth, it is often possible to recall where they were left.



Why are railroad tracks, racing tracks, and automobile roads "banked" on the curves? The answer seems obvious to any one who knows it, yet you will be astonished at the number of people who will find something new in the simple explanation of this engineering practice.

Unquestionably the greatest factor in the systematic training of the mind is the habit of attention, concentration on the matter in hand, and the careful observation of differences and agreements, especially in matters that have a direct bearing on your vocation in life.

◆

Don't Read These Answers Until You Have Tried the Problems

You have probably written IV instead of IIII, but no watch or clock face was ever made with a IV on it, yet there is not a single object in the world which is looked at so often as a clock-dial

The king of spades is the only one that looks to the left.

The jacks that have only one eye are those of spades and hearts; known to bridge players as the "major suits."

The king of diamonds has the head so turned that only one eye shows. He is the "one-eyed king."

Macadam roads are higher in the middle, or "crowned," for two reasons: One is to allow for the heavier travel on that part of the surface wearing it down. The other is to drain off the surface water.

They are now recommending concrete roads to be lower in the middle so as to carry the surface water toward culverts at certain intervals, instead of allowing it to run off at the sides and break down the soft "shoulders" of the road.

Good roads and railway or race-tracks are "banked" on the curves to resist the tendency of swiftly moving vehicles to climb the edge.

For instance, if you roll a marble on a flat board, it will run off at the side; but when you roll it in a soup plate, the curved side keeps the centrifugal force from pushing it off the edge.

When potatoes are brought some distance to market in a jolting vehicle, the shaking brings the big ones to the top of the barrel, and allows the smaller ones to work down through them to the bottom.

Tongues are put in shoes to keep out the wet, and not to keep the feet from feeling the laces, as some suppose.

The doctor found that it was the habit of inhaling the breath at the same time that the mouth was opened to take in the soup that caused the noise, and he advised taking a full breath and holding it while putting the spoon into the mouth.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two amusing stories by master humorists are reprinted in the following pages: *Hard Labor*, by W. W. Jacobs, and *Supply and Demand*, by Joseph C. Lincoln

THIS department feature is designed to present for contemporary readers two fiction stories of exceptional merit that have appeared elsewhere in print. As a rule, one story is either a short masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author or a tale published years ago but having a persistent appeal because it has made an unforgetable impression on discriminating fiction readers of varying tastes. Along with it is presented, for comparison, a story of similar character, either by a living author or one who wrote in the spirit of our time.

The following names of authors are indications of the variety and quality of the stories published in this department in past months:

Prosper Mérimée
Edward Everett Hale
Richard Harding Davis
James B. Connolly
Edgar Allan Poe
Owen Wister
Rowland Thomas
Frank R. Stockton
Robert Louis Stevenson
O. Henry
Stephen Crane
H. G. Wells
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Maarten Maartens
Wilkie Collins
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
James Hopper
Donn Byrne
Eugene O'Neill
Katherine Mansfield

In making selections from published fiction the first requirement is story interest—the fame of the author is secondary. The editors want to make the stories as representative as possible and will gratefully consider your suggestions.

The Authors

W. W. Jacobs.

THIRTY years ago, Conan Doyle with Sherlock Holmes put an English magazine on newsstands and living-room tables in this country. In consequence, another of its contributors won a sizeable American public, W. W. (William Wymark) Jacobs. His specialty was humorous short stories. Their appeal was so universal that, although they were as English as their own dropped h's and many were wholly in dialect, often American readers who hated dialect fiction enjoyed them.

Once in a very long while there would be a story surprisingly different, offering shuddersome horror instead of humor. These, while less popular, were especially admired by short story connoisseurs, and two of them, *The Monkey's Paw* and *The Toll-House*, have come to be almost classics. Among Jacobs' funny ones it is hard to choose, so many being excellent. The characters as a rule are sailors in coast-trade vessels or Thames barges, but sometimes are the tenant farmers of the inland countryside. There are series of each kind. A dock watchman yarns about three fo'c'stle hands, Peter Russet, old Sam Small, and Ginger Dick; a village's oldest inhabitant reminisces, over the beer pots, of the exploits of a foxy scalawag, Bob Pretty. And there are capital unconnected stories of both kinds. *Hard Labor* represents the first.

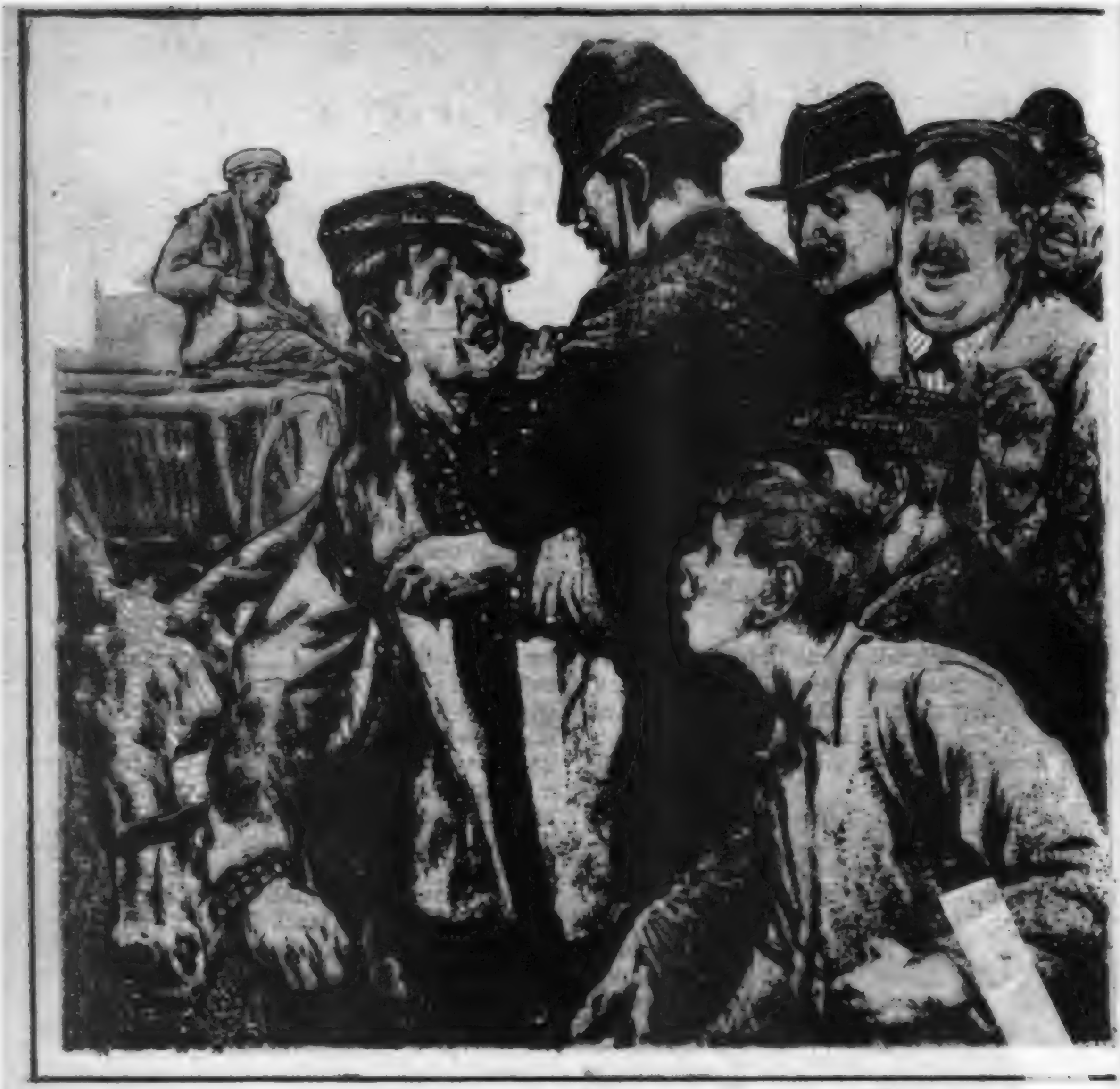
Mr. Jacobs was born in 1863, had a private-school education, and at twenty entered the savings bank department of the civil service in which he stayed sixteen years, in his spare hours haunting the London docks, or working the material gleaned there into fiction. It is now some time since he was most widely read, but librarians attest that his books are by no means idle. Four or five are novels, much like his funny short stories but with more love and interest, and several of his stories have been dramatized. He lives in the country, "comes up to London" only when he can't avoid it, and is described as being acutely shy, but on acquaintance, charming, and as having the sad look traditional of humorists.

J. C. Lincoln.

THE sad look traditional of humorists doesn't appear upon Joseph C. Lincoln. He is red-cheeked and substantial, with a twinkle and a fund of jokes. As novelist, he would literally need no introduction to any American "audience," for he is a hardy perennial best-seller, and, of our authors in that class, one of those most respected by fastidious critics. Everybody knows his Cape Cod and the wholesome humanity of its population. To write him down as merely a humorist would be obviously wrong, but his humor has always been one of his chief assets, and he began in that vein, with short stories like *Supply and Demand*, here reprinted. The broad, general resemblance between these stories and W. W. Jacobs' makes the present pairing exceptionally appropriate; *Old and New Salt-Air Comedies* might label it. The character tangs are as different as a Thames "bargee" from a Cape Cod clamdigger, but the elements of the fun are much the same.

Mr. Lincoln was born at Brewster, on the Cape, when Grant was President, a circumstance that isn't preventing him now from turning out a novel every year and some years two, and with rather increasing than diminishing vitality. He went to school in Brewster and Chelsea, set out to be a commercial artist, took to writing verses to put over his drawings, and thus in the bicycle days, after moving to New York, made a staff connection with the bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen. His verse went so well that he reeled off a bookful, his first book, *Cape Cod Ballads*. He was also for a while in a stockbroker's office—detested it; and brokers and such in his fiction are invariably detestable. He wrote his first novel, *Cap'n Eri*, by sitting up all night, weekends. No book of his has failed, and in *Shavings* he has to his credit a successful play. He lives in Hackensack, New Jersey, and summers on the Cape, swimming, fishing, and sailing.

Especially popular, among his novels, have been *The Woman Haters*, *The Rise of Roscoe Paine*, *Cap'n Dan's Daughter*, *Kent Knowles*, and the recent *Doctor Nye*.



The ghost of the red policeman was plainly visible. It was stru in

Illustrated by
J. Scott Williams

Hard

Mr. Pinner, ship's fireman, assumes

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 122)

POLICE-CONSTABLE C 49 paced slowly up Wapping High Street in the cool of the evening. The warehouses were closed, and the street almost denuded of traffic. He addressed a short and stern warning to a couple of youths struggling on the narrow pavement, and pointed out—with the toe of his boot—the undesirability of the curbstone as a seat to a small maiden of five. With his white gloves in his hand he swung slowly along, monarch of all he surveyed.

His complacency and the air with which he stroked his red moustache and side-whiskers were insufferable. Mr. Charles Pinner, ship's fireman, whose bosom friend C 49 had pinched, to use Mr. Pinner's own expressive phrase, a week before for causing a crowd to collect, eyed the exhibition with sneering wrath. The injustice of locking up Mr. Johnson, because a

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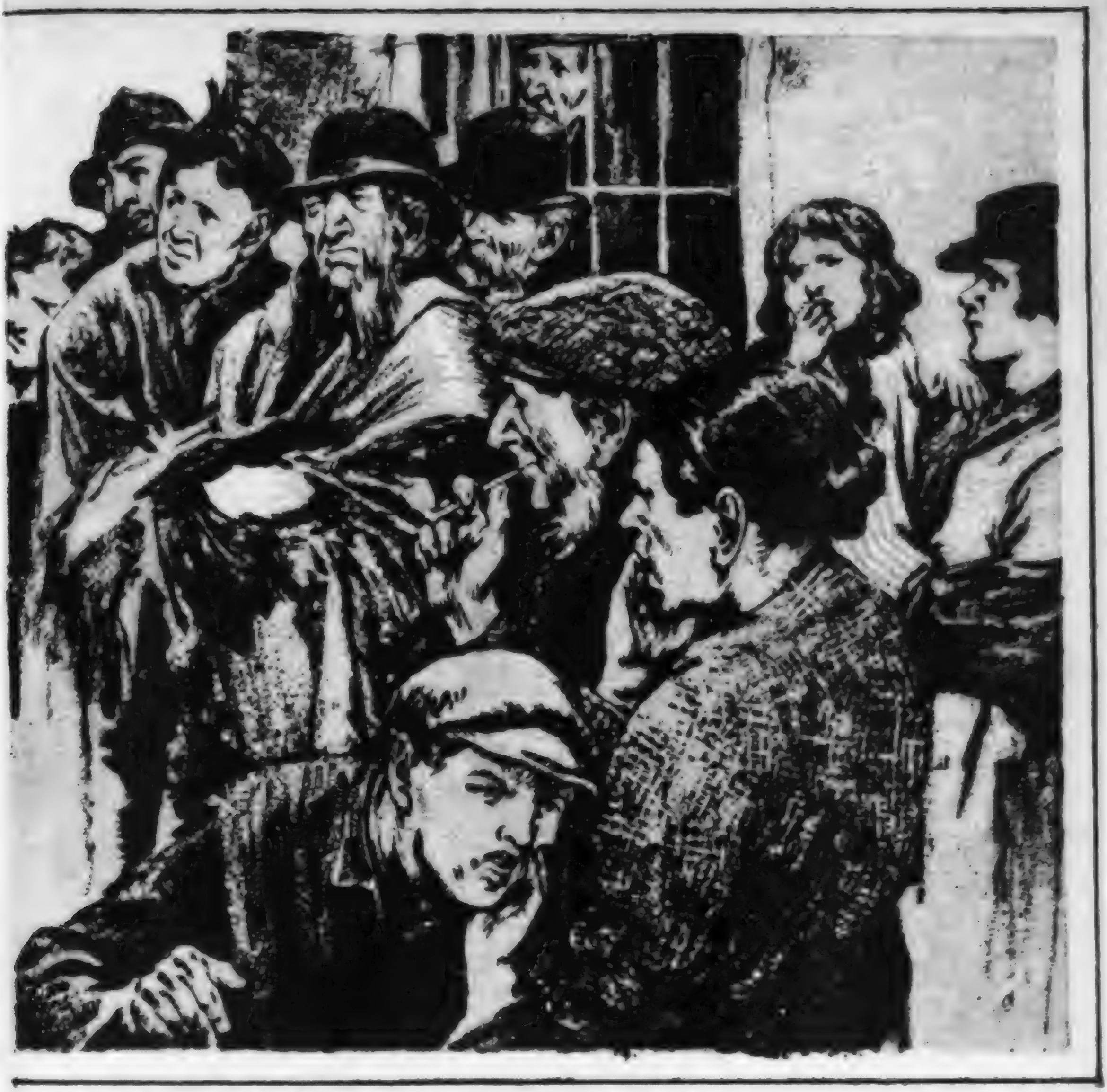


a most fleshy manner to lead a recalcitrant costermonger to the station.

Labor

By W. W. Jacobs

the rôle of a little fairy in the home

crowd of people whom he didn't know from Adam persisted in obstructing the pathway, had reduced Mr. Pinner to the verge of madness. For a time he kept behind C 49, and contented himself with insulting but inaudible remarks bearing upon the color of his whiskers.

The constable turned up a little alleyway between two small pieces of waste ground, concerning the desirability and value of which as building sites a notice-board was lurid with adjectives. Mr. Pinner was still behind; he was a man who believed in taking what life could offer him at the moment, and something whispered to him that if he lived a hundred years he would never have such another chance of bonneting that red-whiskered policeman. There were two or three small houses at the end of the alley, but the only other living person in it was a boy of ten. He looked to be the sort of boy who might be trusted to smile approval on Mr. Pinner's contemplated performance.

C 49's first thought was that a chimney had fallen, and his one idea was to catch it in the act. He made a desperate grab even before pushing his helmet up, and caught Mr. Pinner by the arm.

"Leggo," said that gentleman, struggling.

"Ho," said C 49, crimson with wrath, as he pushed his helmet up. "Now you come along o' me, my lad."

Mr. Pinner, regretting the natural impulse which had led to his undoing, wrenched himself free and staggered against the fence which surrounded the waste ground. Then he ducked sideways, and as C 49 renewed his invitations, coupled with a warning concerning the futility of resistance, struck him full and square on the temple.

The constable went down as though he had been shot. His helmet rolled off as he fell, and his head struck the pavement. Mr. Pinner, his taste for bonneting policemen all gone, passed the admiring small boy at the double, and then, turning the corner rapidly, slackened his pace to something less conspicuous.

He reached his home, a small house in a narrow turning off Cable Street, safely, and, throwing himself into a chair, breathed heavily, while his wife, whose curiosity at seeing him home at that early hour would not be denied, plied him with questions.

"Spend a 'alf-hour with *me?*" she repeated, in a dazed voice. "Ain't you well, Charlie?"

"Well?" said the fireman, frowning, "o' course I'm well. But it struck me you ought to see a little of me sometimes when I'm ashore."

"That's generally what I do see," said Mrs. Pinner. "It's been a long time striking you, Charlie."

"Better late than never," murmured her husband, absently, as he listened in shuddering suspense to every footfall outside.

"Well, I'm glad you've turned over a new leaf," said Mrs. Pinner. "It ain't afore it was time, I'm sure. I'll go up and fetch the baby down."

"What for?" demanded her husband, shortly.

"So as it can see a little of you, too," said his wife. "Up to the present it calls every man it sees 'farver.' It ain't its fault, pore little dear."

Mr. Pinner, still intent on footsteps, grumbled something beneath his breath, and the baby being awakened out of its first sleep and brought downstairs, they contemplated each other for some time with offensive curiosity.

UNTIL next morning Mr. Pinner's odd reasons for his presence sufficed, but when he sat still after breakfast and showed clearly his intention to remain, his wife insisted upon others less insulting to her intelligence. Mr. Pinner, prefacing his remarks with an allusion to a life-long abhorrence of red whiskers, made a clean breast of it.

"It served him right," said his wife, judicially, "but it'll be six months for you if they nab you, Charlie. You'll 'ave to make up your mind to a quiet spell indoors with me and baby till the ship sails."

Mr. Pinner looked at his son and heir disparagingly, and emitted a groan.

"He 'ad no witnesses," he remarked, "except a boy, that is, and 'e didn't look the sort to be fond o' policemen."

"You can't tell by looks," replied his wife, in whose brain a little plan to turn this escapade to good account was slowly maturing. "You mustn't get nabbed for my sake."

"I won't get nabbed for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Pinner, explicitly. "I wonder whether it's got into the papers?"

"Sure to," said his wife, shaking her head.

"Go and buy one and see," said the fireman, glancing at the baby. "I'll look after it, but don't be long."

His wife went out and got a paper, and Mr. Pinner, who was unable to read, watched her anxiously as she looked through it. It was evident, at length, that his prowess of the previous evening had escaped being immortalized in print, and his spirits rose.

"I don't s'pose he was much 'urt," he said. "I dare say he wouldn't like to tell 'em at the station he'd been knocked down. Some of 'em don't. I'll just keep my eyes open when I'm out."

"I don't think you ought to go out," said his wife.

She picked up the paper again, and regarded him furtively. Then she bent over [illegible] and slowly scanned the pages, until a sudden horrified gasp drove the roses from Mr. Pinner's cheek and prepared him for the worst.

"Wot is it?" he stammered.

Mrs. Pinner folded the paper back [illegible] motioning him to silence, read as follows:

"A violent assault was committed last night on a policeman down at Wapping, who [illegible] knocked down by a seafaring man until he [illegible] concussion of the brain. The injured constable states that he can identify the man what attacked him, and has given a full description of him at the police-station, where search is now being made for him. The public-houses are being watched."

"Ho, are they?" commented Mr. Pinner, much annoyed. "Ho, indeed."

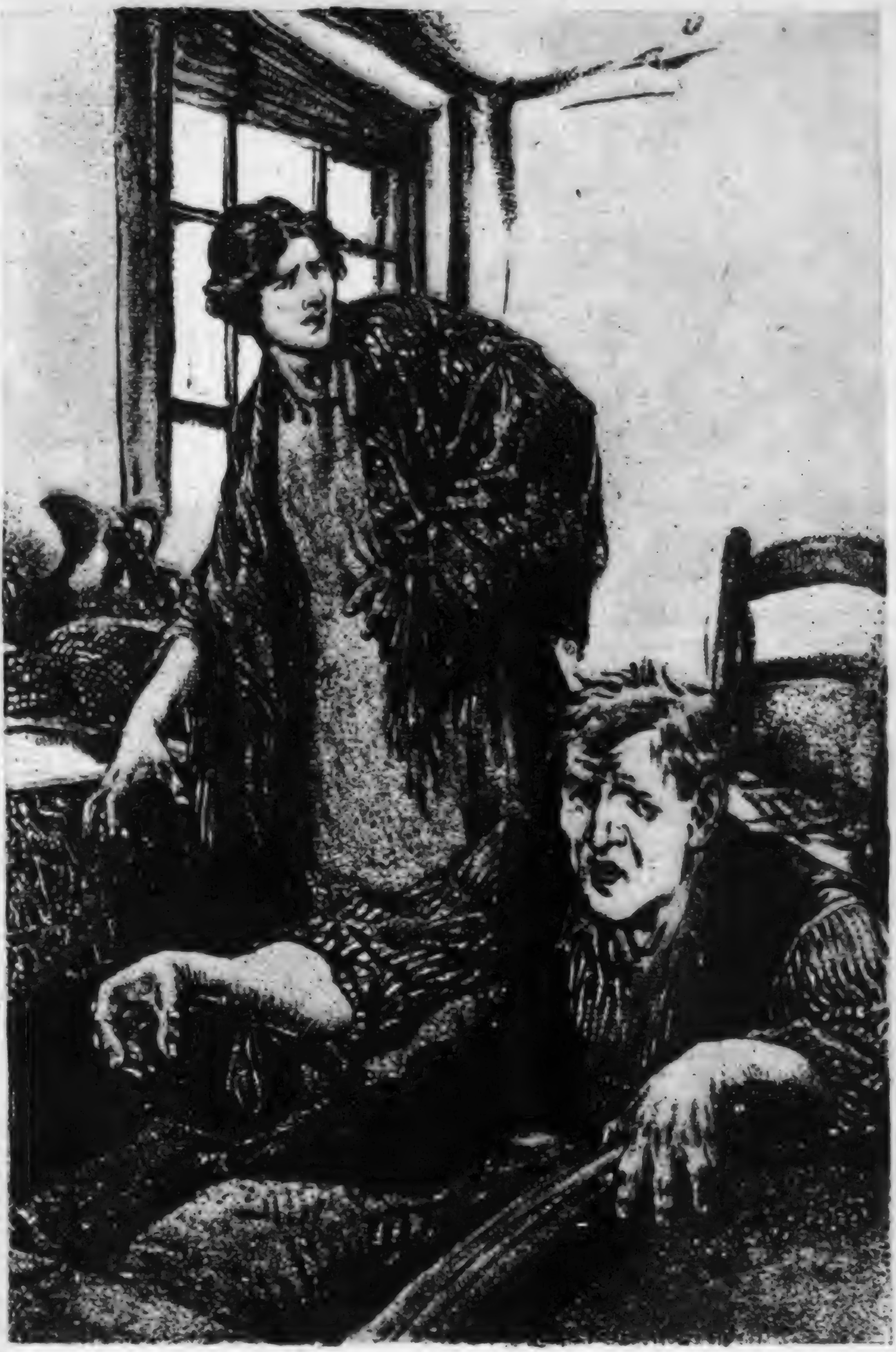
"That's all," said his wife, putting down the paper.

"All!" echoed the indignant fireman. "'Ow much more do you want? I'm in a nice 'ole, I don't think. Seems to me I might as well be in quod as 'ere."

"You don't know when you're well off," retorted his wife.

Mr. Pinner sighed, and moved aimlessly about the room; then he resumed his chair, and, shaking his head slowly, lit his pipe.

"You'll be quite safe indoors," said his wife, whose plan was now perfected. "The only



When Mrs. Pinner entered the room she started with a cry at the sight which met her eyes. Mr. Pinner was in a crouching attitude on the sofa. "I've seen it. I've seen a ghost!" he moaned.

thing is, people'll wonder what you're staying indoors all day for."

Mr. Pinner took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her blankly.

"Well, I've got a reason, ain't I?" said the injured man.

"Yes, but you can't tell them that," said his wife. "You want a reason everybody can understand and keep 'em from talking."

"Yes, all very fine for you to talk," said Mr. Pinner. "If you could think of a reason it 'ud be more sensible."

Mrs. Pinner, who had got several ready, assumed an air of deep thoughtfulness, and softly scratched her cheek with her needle.

"Whitewash the kitchen ceiling," she said, suddenly.

" 'Ow long would that take?" demanded her lord, who was not fond of whitewashing.

"Then you could put a bit of paper in this room," continued Mrs. Pinner, "and put them shelves in the corner what you said you'd do. That would take some time."

"It would," agreed Mr. Pinner, eying her disagreeably.

"And I was thinking," said his wife, "if I got a sugar-box from the grocer's and two pairs o' wheels you could make the baby a nice little perambulator."

"Seems to me—" began the astonished Mr. Pinner.

"While you're doing those things I'll try to think of some more," interrupted his wife.

Mr. Pinner stared at her for some time in silence; finally he said "Thank'ee," in a voice slightly tinged with emotion, and fell into a sullen reverie.

"It's the safest plan," urged his wife, seriously. "There's so many things want doing that it's the most natural thing in the world for you to stay indoors doing them. Nobody'll think it strange."

She stitched on briskly and watched her husband from the corner of her eye. He smoked on for some time, and rising at last with a sigh, sent her out for the materials, and spent the day whitewashing.

He was so fatigued with the unwonted exertion that he was almost content to stay in that evening and smoke; but the following morning was so bright and inviting that his confinement appeared more galling than ever. Hoping for some miracle that should rescue him from these sordid tasks, he sent out for another paper.

"It don't say much about it," said his wife.

The baby was crying, the breakfast things were not washed, and there were several other hindrances to journalistic work.

"Read it," said the fireman, sternly.

"The injured constable," read Mrs. Pinner, glibly, "is still going on satisfactory, and the public-houses are still being watched."

"They do seem fond o' them public-houses," remarked Mr. Pinner, impatiently. "I'm glad the chap's getting on all right, but I 'ope 'e won't be about afore I get to sea again."

"I shouldn't think he would," said his wife. "I'd better go out and get the wall-paper, 'adn't I? What color would you like?"

Mr. Pinner said that all wall-papers were alike to him, and indulged in dreary speculations as to where the money was to come from. Mrs. Pinner who knew that they were saving fast owing to his enforced seclusion, smiled at his misgivings.

HE papered the room that day after a few choice observations on the price of wall-paper, and expressed his opinion that in a properly governed country the birth of red-whiskered policemen would be rendered an impossibility. To the compliments on his workmanship bestowed by the gratified Mrs. Pinner he turned a deaf ear.

There was nothing in the paper next morning, Mrs. Pinner's invention being somewhat fatigued, but she promptly quelled her husband's joy by suggesting that the police authorities were lying low in the hope of lulling him into a sense of false security. She drew such an amusing picture of the police searching streets and public-houses, while Mr. Pinner was blithely making a perambulator indoors, that she was fain to wipe the tears of merriment from her eyes, while Mr. Pinner sat regarding her in indignant astonishment.

It was no source of gratification to Mr. Pinner to find that the other ladies in the house were holding him up as a pattern to their husbands, and trying to incite those reluctant gentlemen to follow in his footsteps. Mrs. Smith, of the first floor, praised him in terms which made him blush with shame, and Mrs. [illegible], of the second, was so complimentary that [illegible] Hawk, who had not long been married, [illegible] downstairs and gave him a pressing invitation to step out into the back yard.

By the time the perambulator was finished his patience was at an end, and he determined at all hazards to regain his liberty. Never had the street as surveyed from the small window appeared so inviting. He filled his pipe and communicated to the affrighted Mrs. Pinner his intention of going for a stroll.

"Wait till I've seen the paper," she protested.

"Wot's the good of seeing the paper?" replied Mr. Binner. "We know as 'e's in bed, and it seems to me while 'e's in bed is my time to be out. I shall keep a look-out. Besides, I've just 'ad an idea; I'm going to shave my mustache off. I ought to ha' thought of it before."

He went upstairs, leaving his wife wringing her hands below. So far from the red policeman being in bed, she was only too well aware that he was on duty in the district, with every faculty strained to the utmost to avenge the outrage of which he had been the victim. It became necessary to save her husband at all costs, and while he was busy upstairs with a razor, she slipped out and bought a paper.

He had just come down by the time she returned, and turned to confront her with a conscious grin; but at the sight of her face the smile vanished from his own, and he stood waiting nervously for ill news.

"Oh, dear," moaned his wife.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Pinner, anxiously.

Mrs. Pinner supported herself by the table and shook her head despondently.

" 'Ave they found me out?" demanded Mr. Pinner.

"Worse than that," said his wife.

"Worse than that!" said her husband, whose imagination was not of a soaring description. "How can it be?"

"He's dead," said Mrs. Pinner, solemnly.

"*Dead!*" repeated her husband, starting violently.

Mrs. Pinner, with a little sniff, took up the paper and read slowly, interrupted only by the broken ejaculations of her husband.

"'The unfortunate policeman who was assaulted the other day down at Wapping passed away peacefully yesterday evening. Lady Vera is prostrate with grief and refuses to leave the death-chamber. Several members of the Royal family have telegraphed their—' "

"*Wot?*" interrupted the astonished listener.

"I was reading the wrong bit," said Mrs. Pinner, who was too engrossed in her reading of the death of a well-known nobleman to remember to make all the corrections necessary to render them suitable for a policeman. "Here it is:

"'The unfortunate policeman who was assaulted the other day at Wapping passed away peacefully yesterday evening in the arms of his wife and family. The ruffian is believed to be at sea.'"

"I wish 'e was," said Mr. Pinner, mournfully. "I wish 'e was anywhere but 'ere. The idea o' making a delikit man like that a policeman. Why, I 'ardly touched 'im."

"Promise me you won't go out," said his wife, tearfully.

"*Out?*" said Mr. Pinner, energetically; "*out?* D'ye think I'm mad, or wot? I'm going to stay 'ere till the ship sails, then I'm going down in a cab. Wot d'ye think I want to go out for?"

HE SAT in a frightened condition in the darkest corner of the room, and spoke only to his wife in terms of great bitterness concerning the extraordinary brittleness of members of the police force. "I'll never touch one on 'em agin as long as I live," he protested. "If you brought one to me asleep on a chair I wouldn't touch 'im."

"It's the drink as made you do it," said his wife.

"I'll never touch a drop agin," affirmed Mr. Pinner, shivering.

His pipe had lost its flavor, and he sat pondering in silence until the absolute necessity of finding more reasons for his continued presence in the house occurred to him. Mrs. Pinner agreed with the idea, and together they drew up a list of improvements which would occupy every minute of his spare time.

He worked so feverishly that he became a byword in the mouths of the other lodgers, and the only moments of security and happiness he knew were when he was working in the bedroom with the door locked. Mr. Smith attributed it to disease, and for one panic-stricken hour discussed with Mr. Hawk the possibility of its being infectious.

Slowly the days passed until at length there were only two left, and he was in such a nervous and overwrought state that Mrs. Pinner was almost as anxious as he was for the date of departure. To comfort him she read a paragraph from the paper to the effect that the police had given up the search in despair. Mr. Pinner shook his head at this, and said it was a trap to get him out. He also, with a view to defeating the ends of justice, set to work upon a hood for the perambulator.

He was employed on this when his wife went out to do a little shopping. The house when she returned was quiet, and there were no signs of anything unusual having occurred; but when she entered the room she started back with a cry at the sight which met her eyes. Mr. Pinner was in a crouching attitude on the sofa, his face buried in the cushion, while one leg waved spasmodically in the air.

"Charlie," she cried. "Charlie."

There was a hollow groan from the cushion in reply.

"What's the matter?" she cried in alarm. "What's the matter?"

"I've seen it," said Mr. Pinner, in trembling tones. "I've seen a ghost. I was just peeping out of the winder behind the blind when it went by."

"Nonsense," said his wife.

"*His* ghost," said Pinner, regaining a more natural attitude and shivering violently. "Red whiskers, white gloves and all. It's doing a beat up and down this street. I shall go mad. It's been by twice."

" 'Magination," said his wife, aghast at this state of affairs.

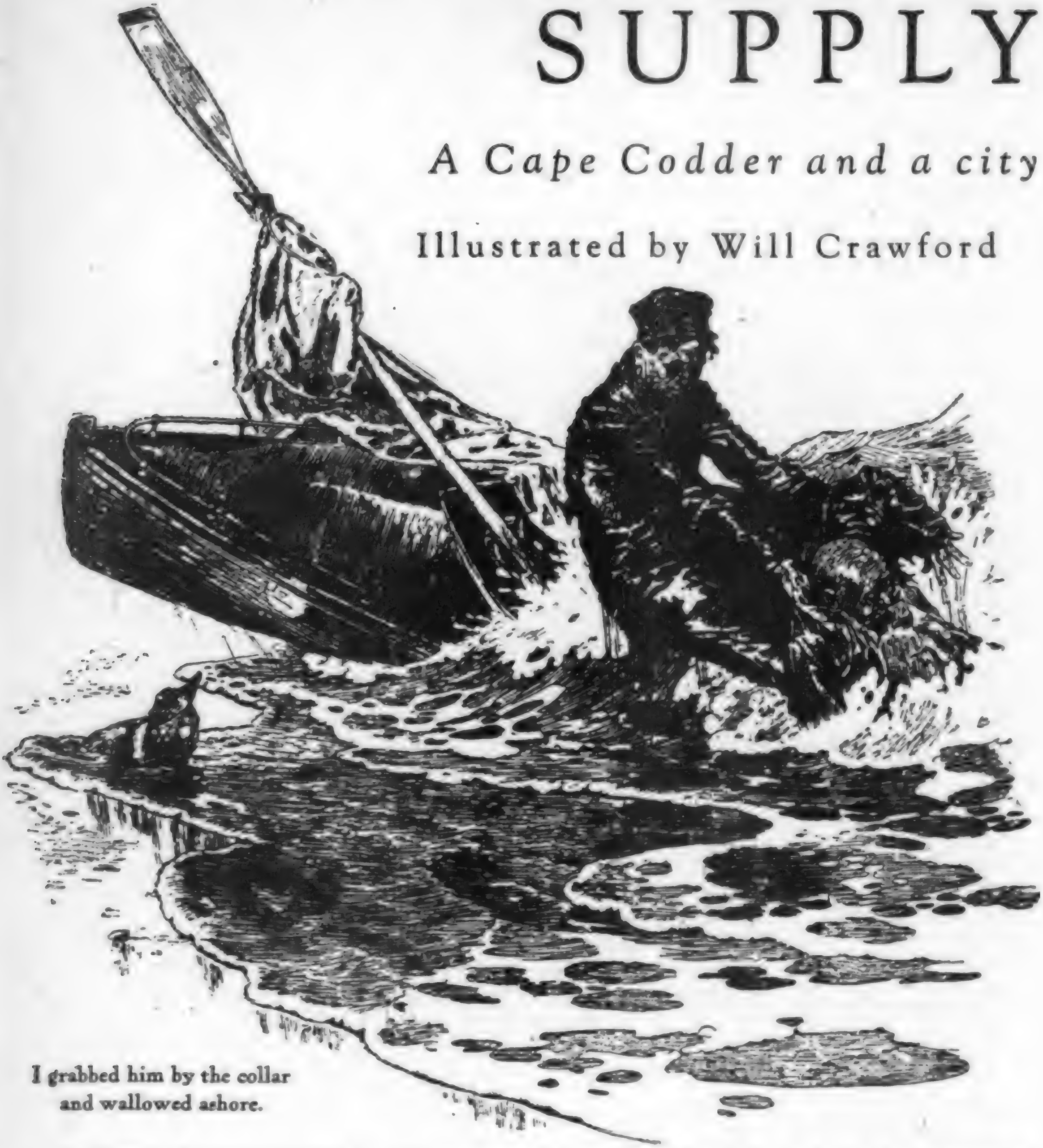
"I'm afraid of its coming for me," said Mr. Pinner, staring wildly. "Every minnit I expect to see it come to the door and beckon me

[*Continued on page 151*]

SUPPLY

A Cape Codder and a city

Illustrated by Will Crawford



I grabbed him by the collar and wallowed ashore.

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 122)

I WAS comin' along the road between East Wellmouth and the Center when I run afoul of him. He was fat and shiny, and drivin' a skittish horse hitched to a fancy buggy. When he sighted me he hove to and hailed.

"Here you!" says he, in a voice as fat as the rest of him. "Your name's Pratt, ain't it."

"Yup," says I.

"Methusalum Pratt or Jehoshaphat Pratt or Sheba Pratt, or somethin' like that? Hey?"

"Well," says I, "the last shot you fired comes nighest the bull's-eye. They christened me Solomon, but 'twa'n't my fault; I was young at the time and they took advantage."

He grinned a kind of lopsided grin, like he had a lemon in his mouth, and commenced to cuss the horse for tryin' to clime a pine tree.

"I knew 'twas some Bible outrage or other," he says. "There's more Bible names in this forsaken sand-heap than there is Christians, a good sight. When I meet a man with a Bible name and chin whiskers I hang on to my watch. The feller that sets out to do me has got to have a better make-up than that, you bet your life. Well, see here, King Sol; can you run a gasoline launch?"

"Why, yes, I guess I can run 'most any of the every-day kinds," says I, pullin' thoughtful at my own chin whiskers. This fat man had got

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and DEMAND

broker match wits in a game of High Finance

By Joseph C. Lincoln

me interested. He was so polite and folksy in his remarks. Didn't seem to stand on no ceremony, as you might say. Likewise there was a kind of familiar somethin' about his face. I knew mighty well I'd never met him afore and yet I seemed to have a floatin' memory of him, same as a chap remembers the taste of the senna and salts his ma made him take when he was little.

"All right," says he, sharp. "Then you come around to my landin' tomorrer mornin' at eight o'clock prompt and take me out in my launch to the cod-fishin' grounds. I'll give you ten dollars to take me out there and back."

"Well," says I, "ten dollars is a good price enough. Do I furnish—"

"You furnish nothin' except your grub," he interrupts. "The launch'll be ready and the lines and hooks and bait'll be ready. My own man was to do the job, but he and I had a heart-to-heart talk just now and I told him where he could go and go quick. No smart Alec gets the best of me, even if he has got a month's contract. You run that launch and put me on the fishin' grounds. I pay you for that and bringin' me back again. And I furnish my own extras and you can furnish yours. I don't want any of your Yankee bargainin'. See?"

I saw. There wan't no real reason why I couldn't take the job. 'Twas well along into September; the hotel where I'd been hired to take out summer folks on sailin' cruises was closed for the season; my own sloop, the *Dora Bassett*, was hauled up for repairs, and about all I had on my hands just then was time. So the ten dollars looked good.

"All right," says I, "it's a deal. If you'll guarantee to have your launch ready. I—"

"That's my business," he says. "It'll be ready. If it ain't you'll get your pay just the same. Tomorrer mornin' at eight o'clock. And don't forget and be late. Gid-dap, you blackguard!" says he to his horse.

"Hold on, just a minute," I hollers, runnin' after him. "I don't want to be curious nor nosey, you understand, but seems 's if it might help me to be on time if I knew where your launch was goin' to be and what your name was."

He pulled up then. "Humph!" he says, "if you don't know my name and more about my private affairs than I do myself, you're the only one in this county that don't. My name's Williams and I live in what you folks call the Lathrop place over here toward Trumet. The launch is at my landin' down in front of the house."

He drove off then and I walked along thinkin'. I knew who he was now, of course. There was consider'ble talk when the Lathrop place was sold and I gathered that the feller who bought it answered to the hail of Williams and was a retired banker, sufferin' from an enlarged income and the diseases that go along with it. He lived alone up there in the big house, except for a cranky housekeeper and two or three servants. The yarns about his temper and language would have filled a log book. Nobody ever called on him. The Methodist minister tried it once when he fust come and he ain't been the same man sence.

But all this was way to one side of the mark-buoy, so fur as I was concerned. I'd cruised with cranks afore and I thought I could stand this one—ten dollars' worth of him, anyhow. Bluster and big talk may scare some folks, but to me they're like Aunt Hepsy Parker's false teeth, the further off you be from 'em the more real they look. So the next mornin' I was up bright and early and on my way over to the Lathrop landin'.

THE launch was there, made fast alongside the little wharf. Nice, slick-lookin' craft she was, too, all varnish and gilt gorgeousness. I'd liked her better if she'd carried a sail, for it's my experience that canvas is a handy thing to have aboard in case of need; but she looked seaworthy enough and built for speed.

While I was standin' on the pier lookin' down at her I heard footsteps and brisk remarks from behind the bushes on the bank and here comes Williams, puffin' and blowin', followed by a sulky-lookin' hired man totin' a deckload of sweaters and ileskins, with a lunch basket on top. Williams himself wa'n't carryin' anything but his temper, but he hadn't forgot none of that.

"Hello, Pratt," says he to me. "You are on time, ain't you. Blessed if it ain't a comfort to find somebody who'll do what I tell 'em. Now you," he says to the servant, "put them things aboard and clear out as quick as you've a mind to. You and I are through; understand? Don't let me find you hangin' around the place when I get back. Cast off, Sol."

The man dumped the dunnage into the launch, pretty average ugly, and me and the boss climed aboard. I cast off.

"Mr. Williams," says the man, kind of pleadin', "ain't you goin' to pay me the rest of my month's wages?"

Williams told him he wa'n't, and added trimmin's to make it emphatic.

I started the engine and we moved out at a good clip. All at once that hired man runs to the end of the wharf and calls after us.

"All right for you, you fat-head!" he yells. "You'll be sorry for what you done to me."

I cal'late the boss would have liked to go back and lick him, but I was hired to go a-fishin', not to watch a one-sided prize fight, and I thought 'twas high time we started.

The name of that launch was the *Shootin' Star*, and she certainly lived up to it. 'Twas one of them slick, greasy days, with no sea worth mentionin' and we biled along fine. We had to, because the cod ledge is a good many miles away, 'round Sandy P'int out to sea, and, judgin' by what I'd seen of Fatty so fur, I wa'n't hankerin' to spend more time with him than was necessary. More'n that, there was fog signs showin'.

"When was you figgerin' on gettin' back, Mr. Williams?" I asked him.

"When I've caught as many fish as I want to," he says. "I told that housekeeper of mine that I'd be back when I got good and ready; it might be tonight and it might be ten days from now. 'If I ain't back in a week you can hunt me up,' I told her; 'but not before. And that goes.' I've got *her* trained all right. She knows me. It's a pity if a man can't be independent of females."

I knew consider'ble many men that was subjects for pity, 'cordin' to that rule. But I wa'n't in for no week's cruise and I told him so. He said of course not; we'd be home that evenin'.

The *Shootin' Star* kept slippin' along. 'Twas a beautiful mornin' and, after a spell, it had its effect, even on a crippled disposition like that banker man's. He lit up a cigar and begun to get more sociable, in his way. Commenced to ask me questions about myself.

By and by he says, "Pratt, I suppose you figger that it's a smart thing to get ten dollars out of me for a trip like this, hey?"

"Not if it's to last a week, I don't," says I.

"It's your lookout if it does," he says prompt. "You get ten for takin' me out and back. If you ain't back on time 'tain't my fault."

"Unless this craft breaks down," I says.

"'Twon't break down. I looked after that. My motto is to look out for number one every time, and it's a mighty good motto. At any rate, it's made my money for me."

He went on, preachin' about business shrewdness and how it paid, and how mean and tricky in little deals we Rubes was and yet we didn't appreciate how to manage big things, till I got kind of sick of it.

"Look here, Mr. Williams," says I; "you know how I make my money—what little I do make—or you say you do. Now, if it ain't a sassy question, how did you make yours?"

Well, he made his by bein' shrewd and careful and always lookin' out for number one. "Number One" was his hobby. I gathered that the heft of his spare change had come from dickers in stocks and bonds.

"Humph," says I. "Well, speakin' of tricks and meanness, I've allers heard tell that there was some of them things hitched to the tail of the stock market. What makes the stock market price of—well, of wheat, we'll say?"

That was regulated, so he said, by the law of supply and demand. If a feller had all the wheat there was and another chap had to have some or starve, why the first one had a right to gouge t'other chap's last cent away from him afore he let it go.

"That's legitimate," he says. "That's cornerin' the market. Law of supply and demand exemplified."

"'Cordin' to that law," says I, "when you was so set on fishin' today and hunted me up to run your boat here—'cause I was about the only chap who could run it and wa'n't otherwise busy—I'd ought to have charged you twenty dollars instead of ten."

"Sure you had," he says, grinnin', "but you weren't shrewd enough to grasp the situation and do it. Now the deal's closed and it's too late."

HE WENT to talkin' about "pools" and "deals" and such. How prices of this stock and that was shoved up a-purpose till a lot of folks had put their money in it and then was smashed flat so's all hands but the "poolers" would be what he called "squeezed out," and the gang would get their cash. That was legitimate, too—"high finance," he said.

"But how about the poor folks that had their savin's in them stocks," I asks, "and don't know high financin'? Where's the law of supply and demand come in for them?"

He laughed. "They supply the suckers and the demand for money," says he.

By eleven we was well out toward the fishin' grounds. 'Twas the bad season now; the big fish had struck off still further and there wa'n't another boat in sight. The land was just a yeller and green smooch along the sky line and the waves was runnin' bigger. The *Shootin' Star* was seaworthy, though, and I wa'n't worried about her. The only thing that troubled me was the fog, and that was pilin' up to wind-'ard. I'd called Fatty's attention to it when we fust started, but he said he didn't care a red for fog. Well, I didn't much care nuther, for we had a compass aboard and the engine was runnin' fine. What wind there was was blowin' offshore.

And then, all to once, the engine *stopped* runnin'. I give the wheel a whirl, but she only coughed, consumptive-like, and quit again. I went for'ard to inspect, and, if you'll believe it, there wa'n't a drop of gasoline left in the tank. The spare cans had ought to have been full, and they was—but 'twas water they was filled with.

"Is *this* the way you have your boat ready for me?" I remarks, sarcastic.

"That—that man of mine told me he had everything filled," he stammers, lookin' scart.

"Yes," says I, "and I heard him hint likewise that he was goin' to make you sorry. I guess he's done it."

Well, sir! The brimstone names that Fatty called that man was somethin' surprisin' to hear. When he'd used up all he had in stock he invented new ones. When the praise service was over he turns to me and says, "But what are we goin' to do?"

"Do?" says I. "That's easy. We're goin' to drift."

And that's what we done. I tried to anchor, but we wan't over the ledge and the iron wouldn't reach bottom by a mile, more or less. I rigged up a sail out of the oar and the canvas spray shield, but there wa'n't wind enough to give us steerage-way. So we drifted and drifted, out to sea. And by and by the fog come down and shut us in, and that fixed what little hope I had of bein' seen by the life patrol on shore.

The breeze died out flat about three o'clock. In one way this was a good thing. In another it wa'n't, because we was well out in deep water and when the wind did come it was likely to come harder'n we needed. However, there wa'n't nothin' to do but wait and hope for the best, as the feller said when his wife's mother was sick.

It was gettin' pretty well along toward the edge of the evenin' when I smelt the wind a-comin'. It came in puffs at fust and every puff was healthier than the one previous. Inside of ten minutes it was blowin' hard, and the seas were beginnin' to kick up. I got up my jury—the oar and the spray shield—and took the helm. There wa'n't nothin' to do but run afore it and the lord knows where we would fetch up. At any rate, if the compass was right, we was drivin' back into the bay again, for the wind had hauled clear around.

The *Shootin' Star* jumped and sloshed. Fatty had on all the ileskins, and sweaters, but he was shakin' like a custard pie.

"Oh, oh, heavens!" he chatters. "What will we do? Will we drown?"

"Don't know," says I, tuggin' at the wheel and tryin' to sight the compass. "You've got the best chance of the two of us, if it's true that fat floats."

I thought that might cheer him up some, but it didn't. A big wave heeled us over then and a keg or two of salt water poured over the gunwale. He give a yell and jumped up.

"My Lord!" he screams. "We're sinkin'. Help! Help!"

"Set down!" I roared. "Thought you knew how to act in a boat. Set down! d'you hear me? *Set down and set still!*"

HE SET. Likewise he shivered and groaned. It got darker all the time and the wind freshened every minute. I expected to see that jury mast go by the board at any time. Lucky for us it held.

No use tellin' about the next couple of hours. 'Cordin' to my reckonin' they was years and we'd ought to have sailed plumb through the broadside of the Cape, and be makin' a quick run for Africy. But at last we got into smoother water and then, right acrost our bows, showed up a white strip. The fog had pretty well blowed clear and I could see it.

"Land, ho!" I yells. "Stand by! *We're* goin' to bump."

And we did. Steerin' anyways but dead ahead was out of the question, and all I could do was set my teeth and trust in my bein' a member of the church. The *Shootin' Star* hit that beach like she was the real article. Overboard went oar and canvas and grub pails, and everythin' else that wa'n't nailed down, includin' Fatty and me. I grabbed him by the collar and wallowed ashore

" 'Awk! 'Awk!" he gasps, chokin', "I'm drowned."

I let him *be* drowned, for the minute. I had the launch to think of, and somehow or 'nother I got hold of her rodin' and hauled the anchor up above tide mark. Then I attended to my passenger.

"Where are we?" he asks

I looked around. Close by was nothin' but beach-grass and seaweed and sand. A little ways off was a clump of scrub pines and bayberry bushes that looked sort of familiar. And back of them was a little black shanty that looked more familiar still. I rubbed the salt out of my eyes.

"*Well!*" says I. "I swan to man!"

"What is it?" he says. "Do you know where we are? Whose house is that?"

I looked hard at the shanty.

"Humph!" I grunted. "I do declare! Talk

about a feller's comin' back to his own. Whose shanty is that? Well, it's mine, if you want to know. The power that looks out for the lame and the lazy has hove us ashore on Woodchuck Island, and that's the only piece of real estate I own."

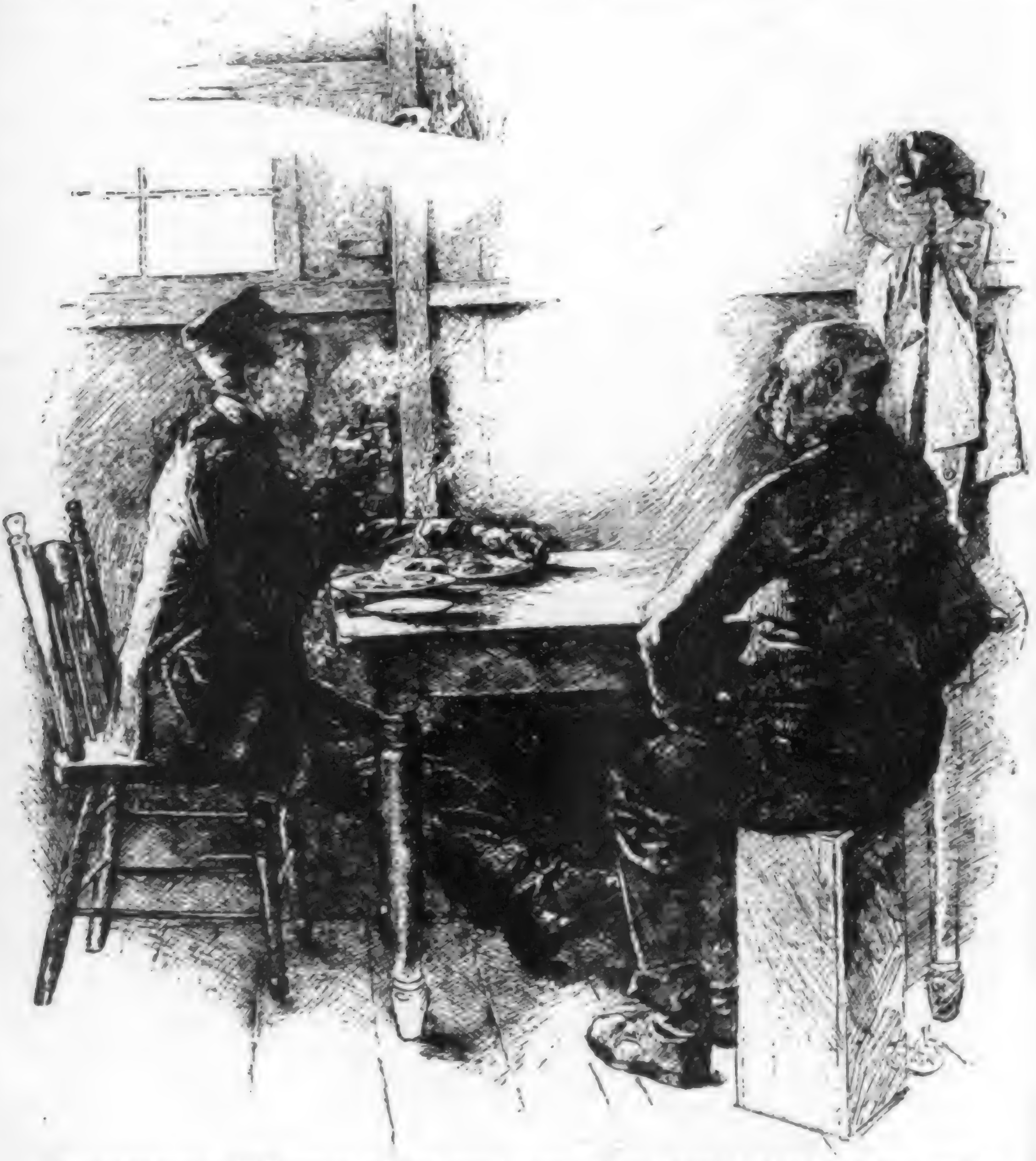
It sounds crazy enough, that's a fact; but it was true. Woodchuck Island is a little mite of a sand-heap off in the bay, two miles from shore and ten from the nighest town. I'd bought it three year afore and put up the shanty for a gunnin' shack; took city gunners down there every fall. This summer I'd leased it to a friend of mine, name of Darius Baker, who used it while he was lobsterin'. The gale had driven us straight in from sea, way past Sandy P'int and on to the island. 'Twas like hittin' a nail-head in a board fence, but we'd done it. Shows what Providence can do when it sets out.

I explained some of this to Williams as we waded through the sand to the shanty.

"But is this Baker chap here now?" he asks.

"I'm afraid not," says I. "The lobster season's about over and he was goin' South on a yacht this week. Still, he wa'n't to go till Saturday and perhaps—"

But the shanty was empty when we got there. I fumbled around in the tin match-box and lit the kerosene lamp in the bracket on the wall. Then I turned to Williams.



For a minute or so Williams set still and stared at me. Then the red biled up in his face. "Why, you dummed villain!" he shouted. "Do you mean to starve me?"

"Well," says I, "we're lucky for once in—"

Then I stopped. When he went overboard the water had washed off his hat. Likewise it had washed off his long black hair—which was a wig—and his head was all round and shiny and bald, like a gull's egg out in a rain-storm.

"What are you starin' at?" he asks.

I fetched a long breath. "Nothin'," says I. "Nothin'."

But for the rest of that next ha'f hour I went around in a kind of daze, as if *my* wig had gone and part of my head with it. When a feller has been doin' a puzzle it kind of satisfies him to find out the answer. And I'd done my puzzle.

I knew where I'd met Mr. Williams afore.

FATTY went to bed, in one of the hay bunks, pretty soon after that. He stripped to his underclothes and turned in under the patchwork comforters. He was too beat out to want any supper, even if there'd been any in sight. I built a fire in the rusty cook-stove and dried his duds and mine. Then I set down in the busted chair and begun to think. After a spell I got up and took account of stock, as you might say, of the eatables in the shanty. Darius had carted off his own grub and what there was on hand was mine, left over from the spring season. A hunk of salt pork in the pickle tub, some corn-meal in a tin pail, some musty white flour in another pail, a little coffee, a little sugar and salt, and a can of condensed milk. I took these things out of the locker they was in, took 'em over, put 'em back again and sprung the padlock. Then I put the key into my pocket and went back to my chair to do some more thinkin'.

Next mornin' I was up early and when the banker turned out I was fryin' a couple of slices of the pork and had some coffee bilin'. Likewise there was a pan of johnny-cake in the oven. The wind had gone down consider'ble, but 'twas foggy and thick again, which was a pleasin' state of things for yours truly.

Williams smelt the cookin' almost afore he got his eyes open.

"Hurry up with that breakfast," he says to me. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

I didn't say nothin' then; just went ahead with my cookin'. He got into his clothes and went outdoor. Pretty soon he comes back, cussin' the weather.

"See here, Mr. Williams," says I, "how about them orders to your housekeeper? Are they straight? Won't she have you hunted up for a week?"

He colored pretty red, but from what he said I made out that she wouldn't. I gathered that him and the old lady wa'n't real chummy. She give him his grub and her services, and he give her the Old Harry and her wages. *She* wouldn't hunt for him, not until she was ordered to. She'd be only too glad to have him out of the way.

"Humph!" says I. "Then I cal'late we'll enjoy the scenery on this garden spot of creation until the week's up."

"What do you mean?" says he.

"Well," I says, "the launch is out of commission, unless it should rain gasoline, and at this time of year there ain't likely to be a boat within hailin' distance of this island; 'specially if the weather holds bad."

HE SWORE a blue streak, payin' partic'lar attention to the housekeeper for her general stupidness and to me because I'd got him, so he said, into this scrape. I didn't say nothin'; set the table, with one plate and one cup and sasser and knife and fork, hauled up a chair and set down to my breakfast. He hauled up a box and set down, too.

"Pass me that corn-bread," says he. "And why didn't you fry more pork?"

He was reachin' out for the johnny-cake, but I pulled it out of his way.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Williams," says I. "While you was snoozin' last night I made out a kind of manifest of the vittles aboard this shanty. 'Cordin' to my figgerin' here's scursely enough to last one husky man a week, let alone two husky ones. I paid consider'ble attention to your preachin' yesterday and the text seemed to be to look out for number one. Now in this case I'm the one and I've got to look out for myself. This is my shanty, my island and my grub. So please keep your hands off that johnny-cake."

For a minute or so he set still and stared at me. Didn't seem to sense the situation, as you might say. Then the red biled up in his face and over his bald head like a Fundy tide.

"Why, you dummed villain!" he shouts. "Do you mean to starve me?"

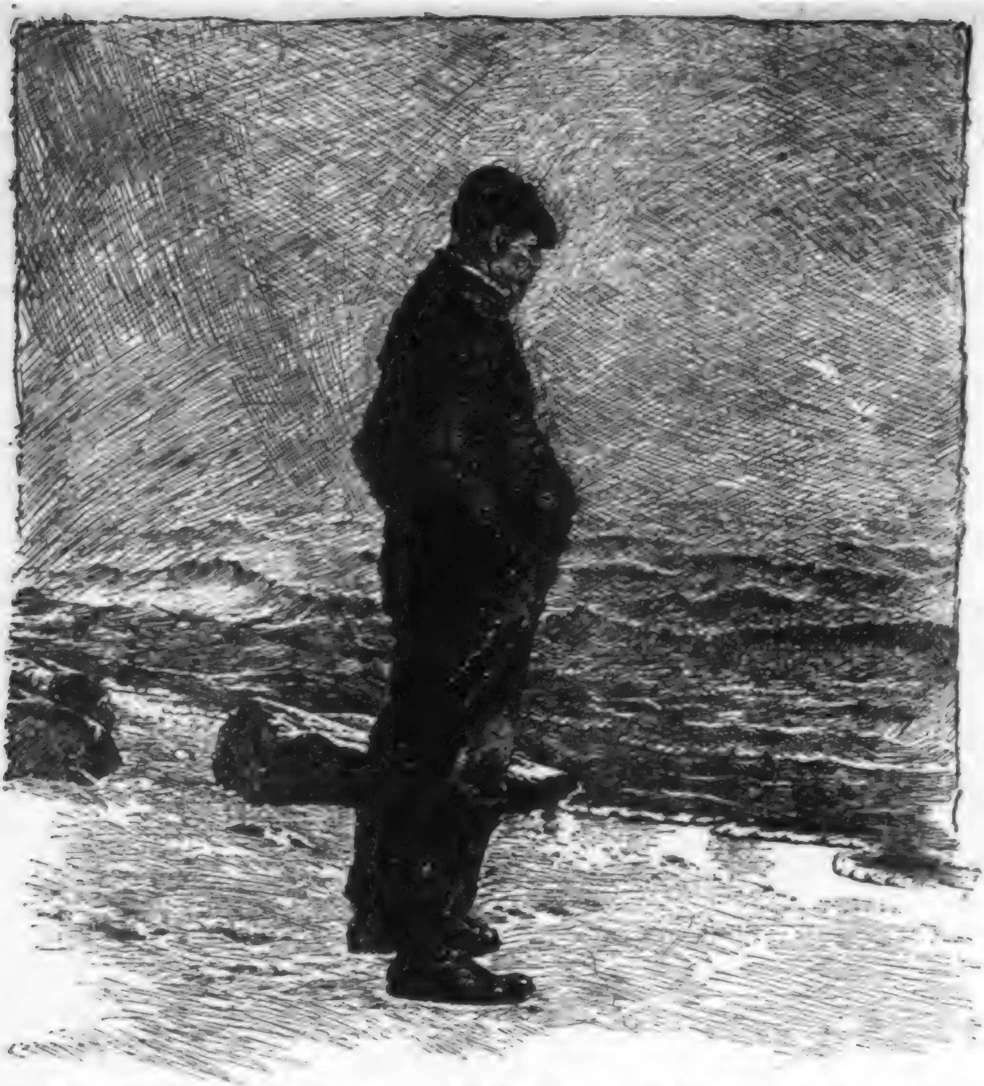
"You won't starve in a week," says I, helpin' myself to pork. "A feller named Tanner, that I read about years ago, lived for forty days on cold water and nothin' else. There's the pump right over in the corner. It's my pump, but I'll stretch a p'int and not charge for it this time."

"You—you—" he stammers, shakin' all over, he was so mad. "Didn't I hire you—"

"You hired me to take you out to the fishin' grounds and back, provided the launch was made ready by *you*. It wa'n't ready, so *that* contract's busted. And you was to furnish your extrys and I was to furnish mine. Here they be and I need 'em. It's as legitimate a deal as ever I see; perfect case of supply and demand—supply for one and demand for two. As I said afore, I'm the one."

"By thunder!" he growls, standin' up; "I'll show you—"

I stood up, too. He was fat and flabby and



Williams went down to the edge of the beach. He stared out into the fog; lookin' for a sail, I presume likely.

I was thin and wiry. We looked each other over.

"I wouldn't," says I. "You're under the doctor's care, you know."

So he set down again, not havin' strength even to swear, and watched me eat my breakfast. And I ate it slow.

"Say," he says, finally, "you think you're mighty smart, don't you. Well, I'm It, I guess, for this time. I suppose you'll have no objection to *sellin'* me a breakfast?"

"No—o," says I. "Not a mite of objection. I'll sell you a couple of slices of pork for five dollars a slice and—"

"Five dollars a—!" His mouth dropped open like a main hatch.

"Sartin," I says. "And two slabs of johnny-cake at five dollars a slab. And a cup of coffee at five dollars a cup. And—"

"You're crazy!" he sputters, jumpin' up.

"Not much I ain't. I've been settin' at your feet learnin' high finances, that's all. You don't seem to be onto the real inwardness of this deal. I've got the grub market cornered, that's all. The market price of necessaries is five dollars each now; it's likely to rise at any time, but now it's five."

He looked at me steady for at least two more minutes. Then he got up and banged out of that shanty. A little later I see him down at the end of the sand-spit starin' out into the fog; lookin' for a sail, I presume likely.

I finished my breakfast and washed up the dishes. He come in by and by. He hadn't had no dinner nor supper, you see, and the salt air gives most folks an almighty appetite.

"Say," he says, "I've been thinkin'. It's usual in the stock and provision market to deal on a margin. Suppose I pay you a one per cent. margin now and—"

"All right," says I, cheerful. "Then I'll give you a slip of paper sayin' that you've bought such and such slices of pork and hunks of johnny-cake and I'm carryin' 'em for you on a margin. Of course there ain't no delivery of the goods now because—"

"Humph!" he interrupts sour. "You seem to know more'n I thought you did. Now are you goin' to be decent and make me a fair price or ain't you?"

"Can't sell under the latest quotations," says I. "That's five now; and spot cash."

"But hang it all!" he says, "I haven't got money enough with me. Think I carry a national bank around in my clothes?"

"You carry an Orham Bank check-book," says I, "because I see it in your jacket pocket last night when I was dryin' your duds. I'll take a check."

He started to say somethin' and then stopped. After a spell he seemed to give in all at once.

"Very good," he says. "You get my breakfast ready and I'll make out the check."

That breakfast cost him twenty-five dollars; thirty really, because he added another five for an extry cup of coffee. I told him to make the check payable to "Bearer," as 'twas quicker to write than "Solomon."

He had two more meals that day and at bedtime I had his checks amountin' to ninety-five dollars. The fog stayed with us all the time and nobody come to pick us up. And the next mornin's outlook was just as bad, bein' a drizzlin' rain and a high wind. The mainland beach was in sight but that's all, except salt water and rain.

He was surprisin'ly cheerful all that day, eatin' like a horse and givin' up his meal checks without a whimper. If things had been different from what they was I'd have felt like a mean sneak-thief. *Bein'* as they was I counted up the hundred and ten I'd made that day without a pinch of conscience.

This was a Wednesday. On Thursday, the third day of our Robinson Crusoe business, the weather was still thick, though there was signs of clearin'. Fatty come to me after breakfast—which cost him thirty-five, payable, as usual, to "Bearer"—with almost a grin on his big face.

"Pratt," he says, "I owe you an apology. I thought you was a green Rube, like the rest down here, but you're as sharp as they make 'em. I ain't the man to squeal when I get let in on a bad deal, and the chap who can work me for a sucker is entitled to all he can make. But this pay-as-you-go business is too slow and troublesome. What'll you take for the rest of the grub in the locker there, spot cash? Be white, and make a fair price."

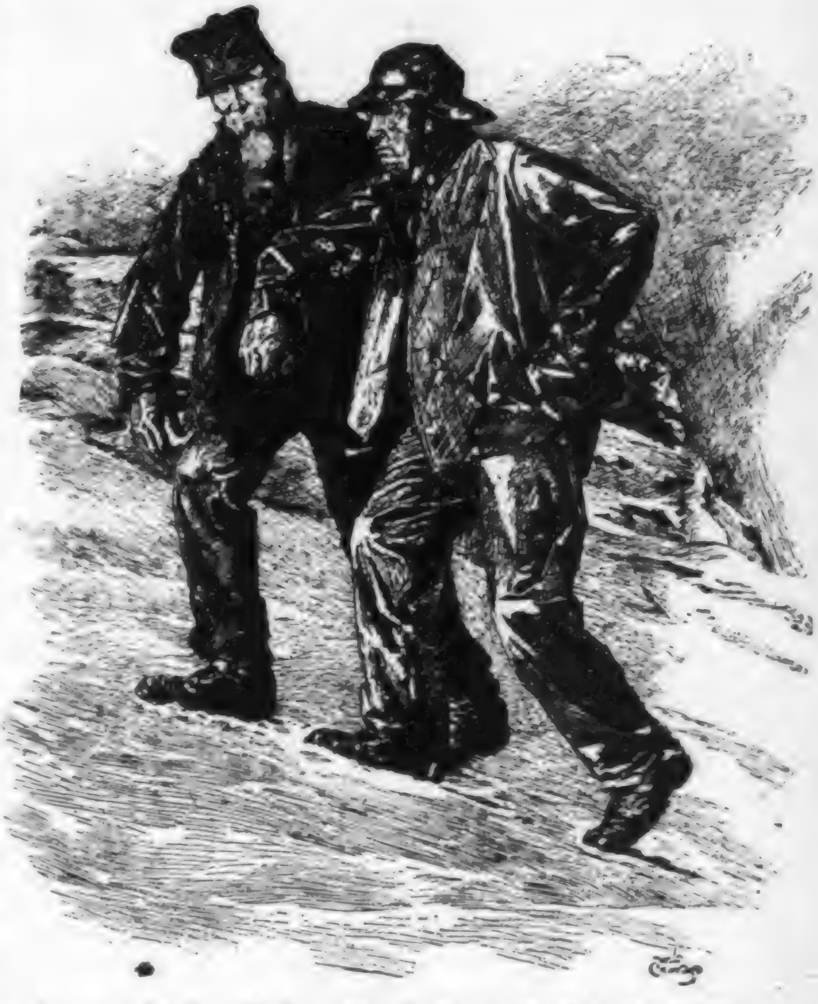
I'd been expectin' somethin' like this, and I was ready for him.

"Two hundred and sixty-five dollars," says I, prompt.

He done a little figgerin'. "Well, allowin' that I have to put up on this heap of desolation for the better part of four days more, that's cheap, accordin' to your former rates," he says, "I'll go you. But why not make it two-fifty, even?"

"Two hundred and sixty-five's my price," says I. So he handed over another "Bearer" check, and his board bill was paid for a week.

Friday was a fine day, clear as a bell. Me and Williams had a real picnicky, sociable time. Livin' outdoor this way had made him



As we waded through the sand to the shanty I explained to Williams how I used Woodchuck Island.

forget his diseases and the doctor, and he showed signs of bein' ha'f-way decent. We loafed around and talked and dug clams to help out the pork—that is, I dug 'em and Fatty superintended. We see no less'n three sailin' craft go by down the bay and tried our best to signal 'em, but they didn't pay attention—thought we was gunners or somethin', I presume likely.

At breakfast on Saturday, Williams begun to ask questions again.

"Sol," says he, "it surprised me to find that you knew what a 'margin' was. You didn't get that from anything I said. Where did you get it?"

I leaned back on my box-seat.

"Mr Williams," says I, "I cal'late I'll tell you a little story, if you want to hear it. 'Tain't much of a yarn, as yarns go, but maybe it'll interest you. The start of it goes back to consider'ble many years ago, when I was poorer'n I be now, if such a thing's possible. At that time me and another feller, a partner of mine, had a fish weir out in the bay here. The mackerel struck in and we done well, unusual well. At the end of the season, not countin' what we'd spent for livin' and expenses, we had a balance owin' us at our fish dealer's up to Boston of five hundred dollars—two-fifty apiece. My partner was goin' to be married in the spring and was cal'latin' to use his share to buy furniture for the new house with. So we decided we'd take a trip up to Boston and collect the money, stick it into some savin's-bank where 'twould draw interest until spring and then haul it out and use it. 'Twas about every cent we had in the world.

"So to Boston we went, collected our money, got the address of a safe bank and started out to find it. But on the way my partner's hat blowed off and the bank address, which was on a slip of paper inside of it, got lost. So we see a sign on a buildin', along with a lot of others, that kind of suggested bankin', and so we stepped into the buildin' and went upstairs to ask the way again.

"The place wan't very big, but 'twas fixed up fancy and there was a kind of blackboard along the end of the room where a boy was markin' up figgers in chalk. A nice, smilin' lookin' man met us and, when we told him what we wanted, he asked us to set down. Then, afore we knowed it almost, we'd told him the whole story—about the five hundred and all. The feller said to hold on a spell and he'd go along with us and show us where the savin's-bank was himself.

"So we waited and all the time the figgers kept goin' up on the board, under signs of 'Pork' and 'Wheat' and 'Cotton' and such, and we'd hear how so and so's account was makin' a thousand a day, and the like of that. After a while the nice man, who it turned out was one of the bosses of the concern, told us what it meant. Seemed there was a big 'rise' in the market and them that bought now was bound to get rich quick. Consequent we said we wished we could buy and get rich, too. And the smilin' chap says, 'Let's go have some lunch.' "

WILLIAMS laughed. "Ho, ho!" says he. "Expensive lunch, was it?"

"Most extravagant meal of vittles ever I got away with," I says. "Cost me and my partner two hundred and fifty apiece, that lunch did. We stayed in Boston two days, and on the afternoon of the second day we was on our way back to Wellmouth, totin' a couple of neat but expensive slips of paper signifyin' that we'd bought December and May wheat on a one per cent. margin. We was a hundred ahead already, 'cordin' to the blackboard, and was figgerin' what sort of palaces we'd build when we cashed in.

"Ain't no use preachin' a long sermon over the remains. 'Twas a simple funeral and nobody sent flowers. Inside of a month we was cleaned out and the wheat place had gone out of business—failed, busted, you understand. Our fish dealer friend asked some questions, and found out the shebang wan't a real stock dealer's at all. 'Twas what they call a 'bucket shop' and we'd bought nothin' but air, and paid a commission for buyin' it. And the smilin', nice man that run the swindle had been hangin' on the edge of bust for a long while and knew 'twas comin'. Our five hundred had helped pay his way to a healthier climate, that's all."

"Hold on a minute," says Fatty, lookin' more interested. "What was the name of the firm that took you greenhorns in?"

" 'Twas the Empire Bond, Stock, and Grain Exchange," says I. "And 'twas on Derbyshire Street."

He give a little jump. Then he says, slow, "Hu-u-m! I—see."

"Yes," says I. "I thought you would. You had a mustache then and your name was diff'rent, but you seemed familiar just the same. When your false hair got washed off I knew you right away."

He took out his pocket pen and his check book and done a little figgerin'.

"Humph!" he says again. "You lost five hundred and I've paid you five hundred and five. What's the five for?"

"That's my commission on the sales," I says.

And just then comes a hail from outside the shanty. Out we bolted and there was Sam Davis, just steppin' ashore from his power boat. Williams' housekeeper had strained a p'int and had shaded her orders by a couple of days.

Williams and Sam started for home right off. I followed in the *Shootin' Star*, havin' borrered

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He Sculptures in Ice

"THE swan is already in the cake. I just bring him out," Paul Muller told me.

And with this modest assertion he set to work. The cake was a huge block of ice, the place, the basement of a restaurant in New York City, the tool, an ice-scraper—and—the swan came out. No, this story has nothing to do with cold storage.

Paul Muller enjoys the unique distinction of being an ice sculptor. He is employed by a corporation operating a restaurant chain. His exhibition galleries are the windows of the restaurants. From the Bronx to the Battery, at all times of the day, curious crowds gather, absorbed in a melting bear, a lion, a giant vase filled with real flowers, a tiger or a fish.

His first ice exhibition in New York was in a new up-town place his employers were opening. In the center of the window was a life-sized ice bathing girl in a silk bathing-suit, at one side of her a lion, and at the other side cakes of ice, out of which Mr. Muller brought an elephant. This was a life-sized elephant carved out of several cakes of ice which Paul Muller cemented together with salt.

Mr. Muller is also an artist in sugar. He has reproduced Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht in sugar. Recently he exhibited a gleaming crystal model of the New Madison Square Garden. This was done in cut sugar, cemented together with white of egg. Also he has taken prizes at exhibitions at the Grand Central Palace for his sugar paintings.

Mr. Muller climbed to sugar-painting and ice sculpture by way of the decorative art of the pastry-chef.

He is a slight, blond young man with a quick, earnest manner of speech, and quick movements.

"I could always make anything I saw," he said simply, as though it were the most usual achievement in the world.

"When I was a little boy in Hamburg I always did better in drawing than in any other study. My father wanted me to become an engineer when I grew up. But somehow that didn't interest me.

"When I was about ten years old he took me to a Hamburg restaurant for supper. I remember how excited I was when he told me that *men* cooked the food. Also I remember with what interest I looked through a sidewalk grating which was over the kitchen of the restaurant, and watched the chefs at their work. I went back home and insisted upon helping my mother cook. Then we children built a little stone house with a stone oven, out in the back yard, and there I experimented in cooking. My parents weren't particularly pleased at my choice of activity, but they did not oppose me. And when I was thirteen years old they consented to apprentice me to a pastry baker for two years to learn that trade.

Summer crowds throng the restaurant windows where are displayed the glittering elephants, swans and bathing girls carved by Paul Muller.

"At the end of this time my father died. I needed to apprentice myself to a chef for two years in order to become a full-fledged cook. This was not easy. In Germany parents have to pay to apprentice their children for the purpose of learning a trade. After father's death, I not only had no money to pay for an apprenticeship, I had no money at all for clothes or food. But I didn't give up. I kept going from place to place in Hamburg until I found a hotel man who took me on as cook's apprentice and gave me a few marks a month for spending money."

Paul Muller had served one of his two years when he experimented in that decorative art which was to set him apart from the usual

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A California Lion Rancher

"YOU ought to see the lion lady; she sure would have shown Daniel something!" This was the forceful opinion of a certain small boy. Comparing Biblical lore with strictly modern activities, he instantly became an ardent advocate of present day progress. It awakens appreciative response among the crowds of adults who press about the huge open air cages where Mrs. Charles Gay skillfully handles her daily dozens of husky young lions.

Californians are proud of Mrs. Gay for it is through her initiative that the only lion farm in the entire world has been established within their state. This farm is located at El Monte, where the historic old Santa Fé Trail ends, and it is only a short distance from Los Angeles, where a new era of trail making begins.

Hearing of Mrs. Gay's amazing occupation, her courage and superb control of the tawny cubs born in the confinement attendant upon civilization, I sought this Mecca of motorists. The famous sunshine of the southland shone with zealous ardor upon the massive golden lion guarding the entrance to this new interpretation of Jungleland.

The residence, which is built along the prevalent lines of African architecture, stands back from the highway in a most impressive manner. At either side of the broad frontage an effective stockade is formed of sharply pointed eucalypti logs over whose serrated peaks the drooping fronds of sentinel palms and luxuriant shrubbery spread with tropical realism. They formed an admirable background for the trimly clad, sun-helmeted woman who waited in the shelter of the wide doorway.

"I know you will want to rest awhile before you see the farm," she suggested, leading the way into the delightful coolness of the mammoth living-room where an array of African trophies covering walls and floor and furnishings indicated a wealth of interesting story material.

"All of our curios came from the Dark Continent," Mrs. Gay explained. "Some were gifts, while others were personally acquired, but they all have a vivid history. That great python skin, those heads of game, and the skins of these enormous lions all have stories of their own. Notice, for instance, the peculiar shaped holes that show in several of the larger skins. Those are spear thrusts, and they indicate how the animals met their death, in a charging ring of six-foot, naked Masai warriors."

Instead of an aggressive, loud voiced tamer of lions, I was listening eagerly to the soft inflections of a demure little hostess who told me very quietly with what terrible risk of life and limb some of the specimens in this noteworthy collection were won.

Daily dozens of husky lions from "Numa" the movie star to bottle-fed babies are handled serenely by Mrs. Charles Gay of Los Angeles.

"Now, you will want to see our pets," she remarked encouragingly, and holding the door hospitably open, ushered me into "the farm." I stepped out rather gingerly and beheld a vista which in its completeness of detail, appropriateness of arrangement, and beauty of landscaping, was of a surprising loveliness that evoked the tribute of an indrawn breath. For, banked across the verdant sward that forms the semi-circular esplanade, hedges of elephant-grass and other tropical growths foster the immediate impression of a solid wall of the jungle. Then my heart stopped beating! For all about us, lolling on the ground, or playing happily together, or stalking silently toward us, were scores of powerful lions. Thank heaven, however, they were all in great securely fenced enclosures.

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The Only Aquatic Dean in the World

THE University of Wisconsin is probably the only institution of learning in the world to employ an aquatic dean. He is Thomas Isabell, captain of the university life saving station, and his particular job is to stand shepherd over eight hundred canoes and a lesser number of larger craft that make their way about Lake Mendota daily during the summer months.

Ten years ago there were a number of students drowned from year to year. Captain Isabell was given his job at that time to prevent such a condition, and his record has been such that he will remain a fixture at the university as long as he cares to. He insists that he will want his job as long as he is able to hold it.

"Cap" Isabell holds no college degree. But he tells with pride of learning to read while a sailor on the Great Lakes with his uncle. Both felt that the ability to make out printed words would be a decided advantage and so they used their spare time poring over old magazines that came their way. The captain can read with considerable efficiency now.

There is a dean bossing each of the numerous colleges of the school of eight thousand, but the grizzled, red-faced Neptune of Mendota wields no less power than any of them. When it comes to the water his word is law. He has the power to dismiss any student from school for refusal to obey his orders on the lake.

"Cap" confesses to two ambitions. One is to continue his record of preventing lake fatalities and the other is to avoid ever sending a student home because of a violation of the lake rules. He admits that he gets "sore" occasionally, but insists that he has always won his point without resorting to that final drastic measure. He has, however, barred certain students from the lake because of repeated offenses.

Captain Isabell is a water veteran. He started as a sailor on the Great Lakes when he was a boy, and in all he has spent thirty-five years as master of boats or as a professional diver on the great inland waters.

"After working with Great Lakes ships, it sure seemed queer here the first few days to look after a bunch of canoes and boats on a toy lake," the captain remarked. "The joke was on me, though, for by the time the first week had passed, I had discovered that watching eight hundred dinky boats on a toy lake keeps a man all-fired busy."

Captain Isabell has just ended his tenth season as guardian of the university's lake, which measures about seven by four miles. There is a little note-book in the boat-house, the captain's log. Through it run such life saving notations as these:

In the ten years "Cap" Thomas Isabell has been admiral of Wisconsin University's fleet of small boats there has been no serious accident.

"May 26—Two girls in canoe full of water in midlake. Reached just as they were sinking and brought back.

"June 20—Man and girl capsized in canoe—brought in three swimmers, one exhausted.

"July 6—Rescued five off overturned sailboat."

During the summer season of 1925 Captain Isabell and his staff rescued forty-seven people.

"This year had a bumper crop of green paddlers," the captain recalls. "We can spot the green ones every time by the way they get into the boats. By the way they start off we can usually guess how soon they will be wanting us. Then we keep a sharp eye on them."

The captain's crew consists of four swimmers —three men and one woman. A platform in front of the university boat-house is the observation station. Two speed launches wait at the pier, ready for instant action, and the

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A Champion Basket-Maker of the West

"THE greatest basket-maker that ever lived," is the enthusiastic praise used by a famous art collector to describe Mary, a Pomo Indian woman who lives in a tiny mountain cabin in northwestern California and carries on the ancient craft of her people. The basketry of the Pomos has never been excelled, and Mary's work represents the highest point of their marvelous achievement. She knows every step in the laborious process from the gathering of fiber threads and the peeling and curing of willow shoots to the last finishing touch of the close and complicated weaving. She knows the interesting decorative designs which have been handed down from generation to generation of basket-makers. Her baskets are in museum collections all over the country and have brought high prices because of their exceptional workmanship. One of the finest of Mary's baskets was three years in the making.

Miss Grace Nicholson, an art dealer of Pasadena, has done much to aid the Indian woman and has been largely responsible for her excellent products. At one time Mary was slowly going blind. The medicine men of the tribe had done their best—or worst—to no avail. Soon she would be unable to weave. She would have to give up the work in which she took such pride and she would lose all the great sunlit world of trees and birds and grasses. Mary's heart was very sad, and William, Mary's husband, was in despair. With great difficulty Miss Nicholson persuaded Mary to have an operation and she also paid for it and for all the care and treatment which restored the Indian woman's sight.

In order to inspire the best possible results, Miss Nicholson paid Mary twice as much for really fine baskets as for those ordinarily made. She also provided living expenses so that Mary could work on a basket as long as necessary, instead of being forced to finish and sell it quickly. In this way the splendid old craft was brought to its wonderful perfection at a time when most of the Indians were beginning to forget the skill of their fathers.

In the primitive life of the Pomo, baskets held a very important place, and this fact doubtless accounts for the endless care expended in their manufacture. The Pomo baby was cradled in a papoose basket and made his first journeys in it, jogging along on his mother's back. His house was a huge thatched basket that kept out the storm, and his toys were baskets modeled after the large ones in use about the camp. He ate from a *da-la* or flat basket and drank from a *tci-ma* or round one. The Pomo's meal was ground in a mortar basket, his fish and meat were cooked in great food bowls, and a large *tci-ma* was his water-pail. Fish were caught in huge fish-net baskets, meal was winnowed in large winnowing baskets and sifted in a *pa-se* or basket sieve. Conical burden baskets carried the Pomo's belongings when he traveled and were used as a white man uses a wagon or a wheelbarrow. Garden fences were of wicker and game traps were long cylindrical baskets. The art of basketry applied to heavy reeds produced graceful, water-tight canoes.

Mary, a Squaw of the California Pomo Indians is holding one of her brilliant willow baskets which may some day become a museum piece.

Mythology was woven into the meshes of the Pomo's baskets and the richest spoils of the chase were used for their adornment. On their treasured gift-baskets the Pomos used brilliant bird feathers and also their precious money made of abalone shells from distant seashores. Mary's baskets are woven on a frame-work

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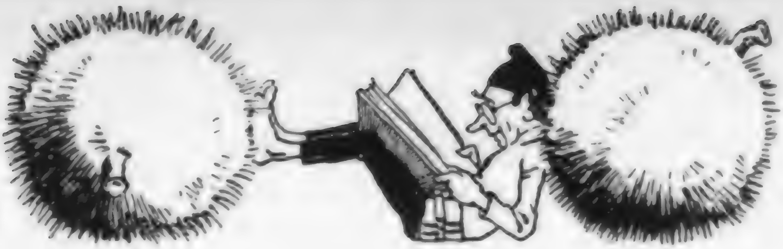

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Rrrevenge!

He walked into the bird and animal store and asked for the proprietor. "I want to place a rather large order and I'd like to know if you can handle it," he explained.

"I think we can take care of almost anything you put up to us," purred the bird and animal man. "What is it you want?"

"I want some cockroaches," said he. "Can you get me some?"

"Why, ah, why, I suppose—how many do you want?" stammered the storekeeper.

"Seventeen thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven."

"Say, what are you trying to do, kid me or what?"

"No, I'm not," snapped the customer. "My lease says I must turn over my apartment to my landlord in the condition it was when I moved in. I'm going to see that that son-of-a-gun gets it back just exactly that way."

Two More Blessed Soles

It was an old-time revival meeting at a country church in Arkansas and the saved were coming forward in droves. A great big hired hand come striding down the aisle and plumped himself to his knees on the sawdust trail. He was barefoot and two enormous naked feet stuck up behind him.

In a moment the benign old revivalist started up the aisle, kneeling here and there beside the saved. The near-sighted old man peered earnestly at the countryman, patted him on the shoulder and murmured "God bless you, brother." Then, kneeling behind him and putting a hand on each heel, he said, "And God bless these two dear little boys."

"Save the Lens" Week

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip, and he called back as he was leaving:

"Good-by all; and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's glasses aff when he isna' lookin' at aething."

Too High Powered for Sam

A negro was whitewashing a fence. A passer-by watched him a while and asked, "Sam, why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"Wha' foh?" replied the aged worker.

"Why, if you had a good brush you could do twice as much work."

"Yassah, but ah ain't got twicet as much wu'k to do!"

No Special Classes

"How is it?" asked a police magistrate of a culprit haled before him for robbery, "that you managed to take this man's watch from his vest pocket when it was secured by a patent safety catch?"

"My fee, your Honor," replied the man politely and with dignity, "is ten dollars for the full course of six lessons."

Literal

Deacon White had been pacing the station platform for twenty minutes. Rather hot under the collar, he went back to the ticket window.

"I thought you said the noon local was on time today," he roared at the station master's youthful assistant.

"Wal, she were," replied the latter. "Went through here right on the dot, 'bout three minutes afore you come in an' ast me."

Really Should Be Seen

A Parsee on a visit to London, one winter, dined with a bishop. The bishop tried to convert him.

"You are a cultured fellow," said the bishop. "You've traveled a lot and read good books, and yet you worship the sun.

The Parsee gazed out of the windows at the thick London fog. "But, my dear sir," he said. "You've no idea what a splendid thing the sun is. You should just see it once."

Ambition Well Won

There was much discussion in an English city recently as to whether the public-houses should be allowed to remain open until eleven o'clock instead of ten-thirty. One of the town counselors emphatically opposed the proposed change.

"Wot I say is," he announced in the council chamber, "that if a man ain't drunk by 'alf-past ten, he ain't trying."

The Truth, the Whole Truth

Recently the widow of a farmer, striving to keep the farm going, had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the department of agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground, cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following letter from the department.

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

His Act Just an Appetizer

A young man applied to the manager of an entertainment bureau for employment as a freak, saying he was called Enoch, the egg king.

"What is your specialty?" asked the manager.

"I eat three dozen hen's eggs, two dozen duck eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"Do you know that we give four shows a day, and on Saturdays we give six shows?"

"Oh, yes, I understand that.

"And do you think you can do that?"

"I know I can."

"But on holidays we usually give a performance every hour."

"In that case, I must have one thing understood before I'd be willing to sign a contract. No matter what the rush of business is in the show, you've got to give me time to go to the hotel to eat my regular meals."

Too Smart to Walk

To achieve elegance, madam ordered a pair of smart boots from an expensive shop. Some days after delivery she returned them.

"Your boots don't fit well. I can't walk in them."

"Madam," replied the dignified shopkeeper, "people who have to walk don't shop here."

Too Small to Kick

On one of the Western railroads there was a small but very peppery division superintendent, who believed in following things up in person.

He had received numerous complaints that freight trains were in the habit of stopping on a grade crossing in a certain small town, thereby blocking travel for long periods. He issued orders, but still the complaints came in.

So he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a long freight train, anchored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of a car.

"Move that train on," sputtered the little "super." "Get it off the crossing so people can pass. Move on, I say!"

The brakeman surveyed the tempestuous little man from head to foot. "You go to the devil, you little tarantula," he drawled. "You're small enough to crawl under."

Probably Hitch-Hiked

A pigeon fancier of Los Angeles who brags continually about his homers, finally drove a San Diego friend to desperation.

"Jack," said he, "I'll bet you ten dollars I can take one of your homing pigeons to San Diego, that's only a hundred and twenty-five miles from here, turn the pigeon loose, and it won't be back in three days." The pigeon man laughed uproariously and accepted the bet readily.

His friend left at once with a homing pigeon in a cage. Arrived in San Diego on Saturday, he carefully clipped all the bird's wing feathers, took him to a friend's suburban estate where the bird would come to no harm, and turned him loose. Then he drove back to Los Angeles to collect his bet.

Sunday afternoon he called the pigeon man. No bird. Monday he called again. No bird. This time the pigeon man was plainly worried. Tuesday the San Diego man went around to collect his money.

"So your bird hasn't come in yet, has he?" jeered the clever one.

"Yes, he has, too," was the reply. "He came in this noon, but his feet are pretty darn sore."

The Hangman's Daughter

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We'll see anyway. I'm awfully obliged, Don, for your help."

Lew's sneaking suspicion was more than justified. He had not been in his office fifteen minutes before the telephone bell rang and a rather acid voice said:

"Is this Mr. Ffoyle? Mr. Lewis Ffoyle?"

"Yes, madam, speaking."

"Oh. This is Mr. Rodman Churchill's secretary. Some days ago you attempted to see Mr. Churchill about a real estate matter of some kind, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, at the time Mr. Churchill was extremely busy on account of stock-taking and so forth and was not able to see you. He wishes me to say that you may call at eleven o'clock this morning if you wish to and state your business."

Lew did not attempt any false reluctance. "All right," he said simply. "I'll come at eleven o'clock. Thank you for calling me."

Once inside Mr. Churchill's office Lew put on a mask of courteous indifference.

"You sent for me, sir, in regard to the real estate matter that I wanted to present to you?"

"Yes, young man. Mr.—Mr. Ffoyle," and he peered at the card which lay on his desk. "I couldn't possibly see you when you came before. I believe you wrote a letter too, but as I was up to my eyes in work I asked my secretary to advise you to that effect. Things have eased off a bit now. I'd be glad to listen to your proposition."

Lew hesitated and appeared embarrassed.

"Well, sir. I hardly know what to say. At the time—please don't misunderstand me—at the time I had a proposition which I was most anxious to present to you, but now—well, sir—"

He floundered and Mr. Churchill rose to the surface, as Lew had hoped, with a sharp:

"Yes? You are trying to tell me perhaps that the proposition which you intended to offer me has been taken by some one else."

"Not exactly, sir. It has not been—definitely settled yet, but I think it will be shortly."

"Who's going to take it? No. You couldn't answer that of course. Tell me, Mr. Ffoyle, what your proposition is. If it's not definitely settled surely you're not committed."

LEW seemed to consider this. At length he said slowly:

"No. I don't think there would be anything really unethical in my telling you what my proposition was—or is. It's about the Pinkham property in Arnold Square. You probably know the piece. There are thirty-four thousand square feet of land. Of course it's been inevitable that sooner or later some large store would take the plunge to that district and then, of course, there'll be a scramble."

"You're talking rather wildly, young man. No store in the city could afford the risk except ourselves or Robinson Brothers, and I have reasons to know that they do not contemplate any change."

He eyed Lew keenly, and the latter, looking very self-conscious, made no reply.

"The price is a million, four hundred thousand," he said finally. "The owners will take back a good mortgage."

"They'd better," said the older man irritably. "They'll never sell their property at that price or anything like it. Furthermore no concern is going to risk suicide by making such a plunge into the wilderness, least of all the Robinsons as you imply."

"Aren't you—jumping to conclusions, sir?"

Mr. Churchill seemed about to make a sharp reply, but thought better of it and said quietly:

"I'll keep in mind what you've said. It's no use talking in the air. When it comes to cases I'm not afraid of any one else jumping for that Pinkham property. If I want to take this up again I'll send for you."

Lew promptly rose and bowed himself away, knowing very well that Mr. Churchill was far from feeling as confident as his words sounded.

At one o'clock two young men entered the grill room of Wilder's Hotel. The waiter offered them a table close to the window but one of them, muttering something about a cold, asked for a table farther back.

"How about that one over in the corner?" he asked, and the waiter promptly acquiesced.

At the next table to this sat two older men, one of them conspicuous because of a fine crop of red hair. Though he had not met him Lew knew this man for Mr. Ricker, Charles Robinson's right hand man. He had often noticed his red head at a particular table in Wilder's grill but had not known who he was until, at the commencement of his business attack on Robinson Brothers, he had seen him lording it in the Robinson offices.

When Lew and his friend, Don Thurlow, had nearly finished their meal, and the two men at the next table showed signs of leaving, Lew nodded to his companion who promptly asked:

"Then it really looks like a go?"

"It surely does," replied Lew, speaking in a low tone but with a careful enunciation that was sure to carry to the next table. Then they went on using practically the same conversation they used to interest Rodman Churchill.

That afternoon, as Lew more than half expected, he received a telephone call from Charles Robinson, and had a conference with him not unlike that which he had had with Mr. Churchill in the morning, except that Mr. Robinson was sharp and jerky and wore a nasty smile much of the time. Lew greatly disliked him, but had to admit that he might quite naturally be prejudiced.

THE annual banquet of the retail trade association of the city took place on a Thursday evening only a week before the date set for the wedding. Both men would surely be present, making soft speeches and complimenting one another. Lew saw his chance. By pulling the right wires he gained admittance as a press representative to Webster Hall, where the banquet was to be held. His plans were very vague. He hoped in some way to fan the suspicions which he had already lighted. He was puzzling over the best way to accomplish this when a wonderful piece of luck played into his hands. He saw that Mr. Arthur Ransom, the active trustee of the trust which included the Pinkham property, was present and sat near the speakers' table. He must have come on special invitation, perhaps because of his prominence in the port development plans.

Rodman Churchill and Charles Robinson were at the speakers' table as Lew had expected, and they both made generous and windy speeches. Finally their addresses as well as all the others were gracefully concluded and a mild confusion reigned as this part of the program gave way to the entertainment which was to follow. It was at this point that Mr. Arthur Ransom went out. Lew saw him go. His pulse quickened. Here was his chance. He quietly rose and followed Mr. Ransom from the main hall. Presently he came back and went straight to Mr. Robinson. The action was rather conspicuous. Every one at the speakers' table, certainly including Rodman Churchill, must have seen him speaking confidentially in Mr. Robinson's ear, and then the two withdrew together. Out of the corner of his eye Lew watched Mr. Churchill and thought he saw signs of considerable agitation. They were gone from the hall for perhaps ten minutes and then returned, though not quite together. As Lew resumed his place among the gentlemen of the press he again looked at Mr. Churchill, who was manifestly distraught, though not out of control. Yes, he thought, the toboggan moves fast if you can once get it started.

After a wearisome period of alleged entertainment the annual meeting of the retail trade association broke up about midnight. Lew was elated almost beyond measure when Mr. Churchill, with a few furtive glances about him, made straight for him.

"Good evening, young man," he said hurriedly and guardedly as he came up to Lew. "Meet me in fifteen minutes at the Temple Spa. I want to talk with you. Will you be there?"

Lew assented and immediately Mr. Churchill had gone. Lew noticed with admiration how competently he finished up the necessary chaff and hand-shaking that should conclude such an evening.

Fifteen minutes later Rodman Churchill entered the Temple Spa alone. Lew was waiting for him. Although not a particularly impressive man physically, Mr. Churchill had a dignified presence born of the long habit of exercising power. Lew needed all the assurance he could muster to maintain the attitude of courteous indifference which he had adopted with the great man. Mr. Churchill came up to him at once and sat down.

"Oh, here you are, Ffoyle. Fine enough. What'll you have in this dry place? Ice cream? Parfait? Hot chocolate?"

"Oh, anything at all, Mr. Churchill. Chocolate ice cream perhaps."

Mr. Churchill ordered two, and then without wasting time came abruptly to the matter in hand.

"I'm not going to mince words with you, Ffoyle. I've had in mind the proposition you put up to me on that Pinkham property, but I haven't been ready to act. I won't attempt to hide the fact that I saw you speak to Charles Robinson this evening and that I saw him follow you outside. Also I noticed that Arthur Ransom had previously gone out. Now I'm not going to quiz you young man, but I'll ask you one question. Is that Pinkham property sold at the present moment?"

"No, sir," said Lew very slowly. "It is not—actually sold at the present moment."

"Is the proposition the same—a million, four hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Will Ransom take back a mortgage of a million at five per cent?"

"I think it would have to be five and a quarter."

"Very well, Ffoyle. Five and a quarter. Thirty day agreement. Deposit whatever he wants in reason. Can you draw up the agreements and bring them to me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning?"

Lew wanted to yell with excitement, but he said in a voice which only trembled a little:

"I'll work as fast as possible, Mr. Churchill. I would have to do a careful job of it, though. Half past ten would be safer."

"All right. Ten-thirty. Make them out to me personally, Rodman Churchill. Later I'll probably transfer to the corporation. Now look at me, Ffoyle. I've *bought* the Pinkham property. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it's strictly between you and me until the agreements are signed all around?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Ffoyle. I'm going to trust you. Please remember that Arthur Ransom belongs to most of the same clubs I do. I could have talked with him, but you really got me interested in the property and I'd rather have lost it than go behind your back."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Ransom would have protected my interest, but just the same it was very square of you not to try to talk with him. I appreciate it."

AT TEN-THIRTY the next morning he was in the outer office of Churchill and Lyman, his name sent in to the great man. In his pocket were the documents that represented a possible fifteen thousand dollar commission to him, though the possibility seemed mournfully slight when his customer should learn the whole truth.

Mr. Churchill promptly received him. It seemed to Lew that he saw a peculiar expression in his eyes as if, way at the back of them, the man were laughing.

"Well, Ffoyle. Have you the papers ready?"

"Yes, sir. Here they are."

He produced them, but instead of handing them over he said haltingly:

"I'm—not quite sure, Mr. Churchill, whether I ought to let you sign them—without explaining something."

Lew looked up and thought the gleam of mirth or whatever it was at the back of the other man's eyes changed in some way.

"Let's have it, young man," he said kindly; "the explanation, I mean."

Lew started in, at first haltingly, then more firmly, outlining the tricks of faked conversation and so forth by which he had reached this point. He told the story straight, without attempting to round off the edges. But one thing he studiously omitted and that was all reference to Esther Churchill. She must not be dragged into this. He was very heavy at heart as he concluded:

"And I capped it all by that incident at the association banquet last night. I wanted you to think I was arranging a hurried meeting between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Ransom out in the corridor. But it wasn't that at all. I went to the telephone and called up a friend of mine who knows Mr. Robinson and got—him" (Lew choked a bit over this) "to fake up a business matter. Then I came back and summoned Mr. Robinson as if I had chanced to be near the 'phone when the call came in and were merely doing him a favor. But the whole thing was only a blind to make you think there was something doing on the Pinkham property. I—I must say I feel pretty small, Mr. Churchill, after your treating me so white, but anyway there's the story—and here are the agreements if by any chance you're still interested in them after what I've said."

Rodman Churchill, without reply, took the agreements and carefully read them over. Finally he said:

"These seem to be all right. Now if you'll step out and wait fifteen minutes I'll just run over this with Mr. Stimson, our counsel. I asked him to be here at ten-thirty."

He turned to the telephone.

"Is Mr. Stimson there, Miss Ryan? All right. Ask him to step in."

Lew, in something of a haze, stepped out. He could hardly believe his senses. Mr. Churchill seemed scarcely to have taken any note of the bombshell he had thrown at his feet. What did it mean? After a few minutes the lawyer came out and Lew was summoned again.

"Here they are, Ffoyle, signed and sealed. I trust you can get the trustees' signatures promptly."

Lew was thunderstruck. He took the documents hesitatingly.

"Then you don't—hold anything against me, Mr. Churchill?"

The older man smiled.

"When Churchill and Lyman really buy a piece of property it's because they want the property," he said. "As a matter of fact I more than half suspected what you were doing from the beginning. You did rather drive me along, young man, but I wanted the property and I did not want any competitor to have it, so there you are. I may as well tell you in confidence that Mr. Robinson was waiting for me at my home last night when I arrived. He gave me a very lively half hour." Mr. Churchill chuckled in high humor as he recalled the affair. "Believe me, young man, things were very lively. Charles Robinson has a quick temper. He had seen me speak to you and then later, as he was driving home, had caught sight of me in the Temple Spa with you. Well, I made no bones of it finally. I told him I had bought the Pinkham property. What he didn't say then would certainly not be worth saying. The least of his epithets were 'Fool' and 'Suicide.' That's the way people generally talk when they lose out in something they've wanted. I saw through him like a book. He had planned to marry my daughter first and then, if he could, snatch that Pinkham property from under my nose. I know Charles Robinson very well now, better than I did. He's suave and doesn't often uncover. And as to my daughter—you see I'm telling you everything now because you told me everything—as to my daughter, he's thrown her down along with me. It was quite a crash, I assure you. He said he'd as soon marry the hangman's daughter as mine."

Mr. Churchill's good humor quite got away from him at this point and he laughed with a hearty spontaneity that was far from his usual rather cold dignity. Suddenly he brought himself to order.

"Well, young man, I won't keep you. Just one thing though. In regard to that friend of yours who telephoned to Mr. Robinson. Oddly enough I happen to know him." (He too choked over the pronoun, exactly as Lew had done.) "In fact he lives in my house and told me some interesting things last night after Robinson had slammed his way out. He told me some little details which you haven't thought it necessary to include in your recital, starting with a matter of theater tickets at Telson's Agency and a subsequent incident at the theater. However, that's neither here nor there. Suppose you hurry along now and get these agreements signed up by the trustees."

Lew was exceedingly red as he rose to go. There seemed nothing to say so he said nothing. He had a miserable feeling that Mr. Churchill was laughing at him. Certainly there was a smile on that gentleman's face which Lew could not interpret. He had nearly reached the door when Mr. Churchill again spoke.

"By the way, Ffoyle. There are two or three other matters in connection with this transfer that I shall want you to handle eventually—garage and warehouse accommodations for instance. Suppose you come to dinner some Sunday and then we can talk comfortable afterwards. Things are too rushed here at the office. Anyway, my daughter and I are always glad to have company for Sunday dinner. Can you make it a week from this Sunday?"

Lew somehow succeeded in uttering his acceptance and thanks. Mr. Churchill's smile was very friendly.

"Good for you," he said heartily. "I'm glad to see you're so broad-minded. You don't object to dining with the hangman and his daughter, eh?"

Lew's mind was so deliriously broad on this point, as he left the Churchill and Lyman offices, that it threatened to burst from its bonds and float away from its owner.

Feet Let's Go

[*Continued from page 33*]

"Well, well," Precocious said, grinning amiably at Thesus, "this shore is a s'prise. Me'n Usyalus drives up to Gallatin, an' decides, at th' las' minute, to go up to Looeyville an' see th' race tomorrow. An' heah you is."

Thesus, with bulging eyes and ashy complexion was speechless. Moreover, he did not like the significant bulge in the right coat pocket of Usyalus Jackson.

"Yassuh," Precocious continued, "it's a li'l worl' aftuh all. Fust time I evuh knowed a race-hawss man to be so int'rested in takin' bets th't he went up hisself to see if he had to pay off."

Thesus licked his dry lips. "Ah—Ah just wanted to spen' a day at th' track," he ventured to explain.

"Thass all we aims to do," Precocious replied. "Ain't that nice. Then you is aimin' to go back to Nashville—mebbe with me'n Usyalus?"

NO USE to stall now. Thesus knew, from the manner in which Usyalus gazed at the black satchel between his legs, that he was as thoroughly under guard as if he were in prison. "Yassuh, Mist' Precocious," he said, "Ah goes back with you."

"Now, thass fine," Precocious commented, turning to Usyalus. "Heah them words? Reckon, since we is all Nashville folks, we stays togethuh, Usyalus. Thesus bein' alone, ought to appreciate bein' with us."

Usyalus nodded. "'Fraid somebody'd steal yore money, Mist' Thesus? Th't why you brung it along?"

"Of co'se," Thesus mumbled.

By degrees Thesus learned the harrowing details. There had been a meeting of Thesus' clients, after Precocious had learned of the bookmaker's impending flight. A pot had been formed, Precocious and Usyalus, being the largest investors, chosen as delegates to attend Thesus.

"Co'se we knows you is an hones' man," Precocious informed, setting beside the forlorn Thesus. "But five hun'erd dolluhs is real money. So we decided to keep company with it."

"How," Thesus managed to inquire, presently, "does you fin' out Ah'm travelin'?"

Precocious grinned. "You tell him, Usyalus, I hasn't the heart."

"Matilde Pearl," Usyalus announced. "Reckon she wus yore Deliluh, Thesus."

His mind was now concerned with making his getaway. Now that Matilde Pearl had turned traitress, had given his secret away, Black Bottom was a most undesirable place to revisit. Even if Usyalus were armed, the pair couldn't keep him under guard all the time. But let their vigilance relax an instant—

"We is hiahed," Precocious announced solemnly, "two well known membuhs of th' Graveyahd gang, Thesus, to keep you comp'ny today. See th' tall man by th' doah? Thas is

Sweet Papa Tom. Th' short nigger lookin' at you with a mean eye is Badeye Mac. He's a cuttin', carvin' fool when he's mad. Me'n Usyalus paid him to stay mad—at you."

"Precocious," Thesus appealed, "you'n Usyalus take this heah satchul an' leave me go!"

"It's yore money—now," Precocious reminded softly. "Besides, Thesus, after we wins on Ruby Day, we aims to accompany you back to Nashville an' see th't you pays off."

And that was the end of the argument. The four guards, Badeye Mac and Sweet Papa Tom, brought up the rear when Precocious and Usyalus prodded Thesus into heading for the race-track at noon.

Thesus saw Badeye Mac and Sweet Papa Tom occupying positions to either side as he moved forward, in company with Usyalus and Precocious. No condemned man ever felt the pressure of doom more strongly than did Thesus. No bugle call, summoning the entries to the post, ever sounded more ominous. Thesus felt the black satchel pulling him down. He wondered if he could scramble over the fence and escape across the infield. But there were mounted policemen across there, a half dozen.

"Theah's Ruby Day," Precocious spoke up suddenly, glancing up from his program, "got numbuh two on his saddle pad. Green an' red. Easy colluhs to folloh."

Thesus stared at Ruby Day as one might at a tiger. "An' foah's Susan Alice's—all white," Precocious said. "Them's ouah two to watch."

THEY were at the upper end of the stands, a sixteenth of a mile from the finish. Against the rail with his captors vigilant, Thesus awaited the inevitable. He saw eight thoroughbreds assemble before the barrier across the infield, saw them milling for perhaps two minutes, saw a sudden blur, heard the crowd give that peculiar half coughing roar—"they're of-f-f."

Then he saw a white bloused rider shoot to the front, stay there, a half length in front.

"Susan Alice," Precocious muttered. "Wheah's that Ruby Day—second. Hot dog!"

"Lawd!" appealed Thesus, "make Susan Alice step out."

It mattered not to Thesus that this was the Juvenile Stakes, at five furlongs, for a five thousand dollar purse. Susan Alice was carrying more than money in his case; he dreaded to think what outraged citizens of Black Bottom might do to him when he returned under guard by Precocious and Usyalus. Ten to one! That had been the closing odds according to Precocious. Ruby Day second! A close second!

Susan Alice had turned into the home stretch next the rail and a half length ahead of Ruby Day. Thesus felt better. He even began to call upon Susan Alice to appeal to the white bloused rider to keep her out in front.

"Ride her, boy!" he begged. "Ride her!"

The jockey was doing that little thing, no question about it. But Thesus grew suddenly dumb, while Precocious increased his howls. Ruby Day was coming up. The rider, timing the pace with precision, was endeavoring to pass the tiring Susan Alice. The filly had run the first part of the race at too fast a clip.

Right before his eyes Thesus saw Ruby Day come to even terms with Susan Alice. And gazing down the track, it appeared to him, as it did hundreds of others, that Ruby Day drew away to win by more than a half length.

Precocious leaped upward in his joy. Usyalus was hardly less vociferous. A moment more and they'd give him undivided attention.

Thesus thought swiftly. He glanced down at his feet. They had taken him out of trouble before. If he ever intended to use them now was the time.

Badeye Mac was staring at the man approaching the number board. Sweet Papa Tom was gazing in the same direction. Thesus became inspired. Suddenly he shoved the satchel into Sweet Papa Tom's hand. "Hold this," he shouted.

His surmise was correct. Sweet Papa Tom accepted the satchel. He would question the act later. But that gave Thesus his chance. "Feet," he quavered, "le's go."

It was as if a vacuum had been created in the space so lately occupied by Thesus Abraham Lincoln Bryant. Thesus opened a path through the crowd at the rail. Twenty feet beyond he had freedom of movement and got into his stride.

And that was all, except a couple of bulging eyed policemen who darted forward, toward the fence in an attempt to identify the swiftly moving object which cleared both hedge and four-foot obstruction. As for catching Thesus—well, it was an impossible accomplishment. That individual had already reached Central Avenue, consequently gone—clear gone.

Precocious turned to Usyalus. "Whut you know 'bout th't," he muttered. "Susan Alice got it after all. Looked lak Ruby Day done went by fr'm heah, didn't it?"

Usyalus didn't reply. He was looking vaguely for Thesus. "Ouah man's gone," he said.

"Gone," affirmed Sweet Papa Tom, examining a black satchel curiously, "is right. Wonduh whut he handed this to me foh?"

At sight of the worn bag, a smile of ineffable joy came over the face of Precocious. "That, Mist' Sweet Papa Tom," he said, "is the mos' 'sential paht of Thesus. Lemme look inside. Yassuh—thass is what Thesus left to gimme a boost in bisness an' Usyalus a weddin' stake, I guess. Reckon we hadn't bettuh sen' Matilde Pearl a message, Usyalus. She's waitin', right now, to heah eithuh fr'm you or Thesus. An' by now, I reckon it'd plum' bust Thesus to sen' her a telegram."

A Princess in Distress

[*Continued from page 85*]

Corcoran looked up at him. "Yes, go ahead and I'll have you all arrested as accomplices. Who is that beast over there?"

"He's the boss," some one uttered. "Is he dead?"

"I'm afraid not," said Corcoran. "Who is he—what's his name?"

"Name's Mr. Saidan, sir," quavered one of the waiters.

"So? Saidan," muttered Corcoran, his face changing. "Take him away before I finish him. Up those stairs, if you don't want a dead boss on your hands."

Unwillingly, but awed by the fury of his eyes, they dragged their employer's senseless figure up the short flight of stairs. While they were preoccupied with this task, Corcoran whispered to Kyra: "You're all right now, child. Michael's got you—that's it, open your eyes. See, I'm right here, dear."

As Kyra's eyes opened and her gaze fell upon the stairway a hysterical shudder went through her. But Corcoran held her close and said, "Come, we're going home now, Kyra. You can walk, can't you?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered. "Take me home, Michael. Quick—"

Half supporting her, Corcoran managed to make a quiet and unnoticed exit. The car was waiting across the street and he lifted her into it. He had recovered Kyra's wrap from the hall where he had dropped it, and as the chauffeur wrapped it around her, Corcoran said, "Bad air in those tea places. Mrs. Corcoran fainted. Drive us home as quickly as you can, Denny."

"Home—oh, Michael, to be going home with you—safe." She shivered violently, and putting his arms about her he held her close. As the car sped over the long bridge in the darkness of the quieter suburban roads, he talked to her reassuringly and presently he felt her tense body relax. She lay quiet, with her face against his shoulder.

"I thought I had come to the end of my life," she said after a while, "and I called to you. Did you hear me?"

"I think I must have heard you. I knew, somehow, from the moment I went into that place, that you were in danger. But that's all over now, Kyra. Put it out of your mind, dear."

"When I've told you the truth about everything, yes," she murmured. "That man was some one I knew in Constantinople, Michael. He—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted. "And he'll never harm you again."

"You didn't—kill him, did you?" She sat up, staring at him.

He gave a short laugh. "No, we haven't got that to worry about. But don't give him another thought. Saidan will go back to where he came from, a sadder if not wiser man. He'll never threaten you again. How did I know about him? Well, I—oh, I had him looked up some time ago. So that's finished, and nothing more to bother about."

SHE was silent, for a moment, then she drew a long breath. "There are other things I must tell you, though."

He patted her hand reassuringly. "Don't unless it will make you easier in your mind. I'm willing to accept you for what you are, inside. I know what you are—sweet and wonderful and good, all the way through. You see, darling, I love you. Nothing will ever change that, my dear."

"Michael, Michael," she cried softly, "do you know what I thought of in that last moment, when I believed the end had come? I thought of you, of nothing but you. I didn't want to die until I had told you that I loved you. That I loved you, Michael."

"Don't," he whispered sharply. "Don't say that just out of pity for me, Kyra. Don't say it unless you mean it, unless you mean there isn't any one else."

She took his hand between both her own. "There isn't any one else, my dear—my very dear. Michael, I saw Cyril this afternoon, in that place, dancing."

"Well?" he said. He spoke as if his throat was dry.

"I saw him. And I knew that for me he had died a long time ago. I had been carrying in my heart a memory that couldn't stand being compared with the reality. I sat there watching him and nothing stirred within me. And it was very odd, too—I felt relieved, as if at last I was free to follow my heart, my grown-up heart, Michael."

"Your grown-up heart, Kyra?"

"Yes. I think it has been yours for a long time, Michael. Only, I've been so stupid. Sometimes I've thought you no longer cared—you were willing to give me up, you know. And again I was afraid that when you knew all about me—"

The rest of the sentence she did not finish, for Corcoran took her into his arms quickly, as if he was afraid she might vanish from his sight. His hungry lips met the yielding sweetness of hers, he saw the flame of complete and happy surrender in her eyes.

The car turned into the road, to home and all that, too soon they were obliged to assume some semblance of calm, to meet the gaze of Denny and the man who opened the door at the sound of their arrival.

"Mr. Sazonoff has telephoned that he will not be back to dinner," said Johnson. "Shall I lay places for two only?"

"Yes, for two, Johnson." Kyra replied. The word two was the most satisfactory word in the English language as she said it.

They climbed the stairs slowly, arm in arm. In her sitting-room Kyra closed the door behind them. "Remy Sazonoff will not be here for dinner," she murmured thoughtfully. "I think he'll not be here for breakfast, either. I think he'll find his luggage packed to leave when he comes back."

But Corcoran declared himself shocked by this ferocity. After all, you couldn't put a guest out in the middle of the night, could you? "Leave him to me, darling," he said. "To-morrow morning Mr. Remy Sazonoff will go back to town before you are up. And I don't think he'll take Barbara with him, either."

She sat down on the chaise-longue in front of the fire and motioned him to sit beside her. Then she slipped her hand into his and laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"There's something else I must tell you, Michael, before Remy does. It's something I'm awfully ashamed of. No, don't look at me—look at the fire there, Michael, I'm not really a prin—"

The word never was finished, for its second syllable was extinguished in a kiss.

"That's all right, sweet," he said. "I knew before we were married, you weren't a princess. You remember that first breakfast we had together when you told me about your parents? Well, you see, your story didn't agree with the one Remy Sazonoff told me before you arrived. And so I wired a man in Constantinople to get the facts, I received his reply the evening you fell ill. It didn't make any difference to me. I knew circumstances had been a little too much for you, that was all. Princess! Pooh! What's a title more or less between me and my girl?"

She drew a long, long breath and then she kissed him. "Now," she sighed, "we can begin all over again."

THE END.

Hard Labor

[*Continued from page 129*]

to foller it to the station. Every minnit I expect to see it with its white face stuck up agin the winder-pane staring in at me."

"You mustn't 'ave such fancies," said his wife.

"I see it as plain as I see you," persisted the trembling fireman. "It was prancing up and down in just the same stuck-up way as it did when it was alive."

"I'll draw the blind down."

She crossed over to the window, and was about to lower the blind when she suddenly drew back with an involuntary exclamation.

"Can you see it?" cried her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Pinner, recovering herself. "Shut your eyes."

The fireman sprang to his feet. "Keep back," said his wife, "don't look."

"I must," said the fireman.

His wife threw herself upon him, but he pushed her out of the way and rushed to the window. Then his jaw dropped and he murmured incoherently, for the ghost of the red policeman was plainly visible. Its lofty carriage of the head and pendulum-like swing of the arms were gone, and it was struggling in a most fleshly manner to lead a recalcitrant costermonger to the station. In the intervals of the wrestling-bout it blew loudly upon a whistle.

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Pinner, nervously. "Lifelike, I call it."

The fireman watched the crowd pass up the road, and then he turned and regarded her.

"Would you like to hear what I call it?" he thundered.

"Not before the baby, Charlie," quavered Mrs. Pinner, drawing back.

The fireman regarded her silently, and his demeanor was so alarming that she grabbed Charles Augustus Pinner suddenly from his cradle and held him in front of her.

"You've kep' me here," said Mr. Pinner, in a voice which trembled with self-pity, "for near three weeks. For three weeks I've wasted my time, my little spare time, and my money in making perambulators and whitewashing and papering, and all sorts of things. I've been the larfing-stock o' this house, and I've been worked like a convict. Wot 'ave you got to say for yourself?"

"Wot do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Pinner, recovering herself. "I ain't to blame for what's in the paper, am I? How was I to know that the policeman as died wasn't your policeman?"

Mr. Pinner eyed her closely, but she met his gaze with eyes honest and clear as those of a child. Then, realizing that he was wasting precious time, he picked up his cap, and as C 49 turned the corner with his prize, set off in the opposite direction to spend in the usual manner the brief remnant of the leave which remained to him.

He Sculptures in Ice

[*Continued from page 139*]

culinary artist. He made what is called in German a "Phantasie Aufsatz"—a fancy cake of artistic and original design. He was then sixteen years old. The cake was entered in an exhibition of culinary creations and won a prize. As a result the last year of his apprenticeship was not irksome. He became the right-hand man of the kitchen chef and did the decorating.

After he finished his apprenticeship he worked as a cook in some of the best hotels in Germany. By the time he was twenty-one he had reached the position of chef. "A chef is something quite different on the other side from a chef in this country," he told me. "Here chef means a cook; there, a chef really means a 'chief.' He buys all the supplies. He is boss of the kitchen."

In his first job as chef, Muller had eight cooks under him; in his last, a few years later, his cooks numbered twenty-one.

THEN he came to New York where he immediately found out that he could use his talents to a better advantage as a pastry baker than as a chef. He got a job in a fashionable hotel outside New York City. Soon his creative brain began to assert itself in new ideas for culinary decoration. He began to paint in sugar. His first large piece was a winter scene, his hotel, the snow covered landscape, people skating. This was exhibited and took a prize.

Sugar painting is a specialized art.

Mr. Muller became interested in reproducing the pictures of movie stars in sugar. He painted a picture of May McAvoy on a candy-box and took it to the kitchen superintendent of the S. S. *Leviathan*. The superintendent offered him a job right away as decorator of the ship's cold buffet.

This buffet offered a daily display which was eagerly visited by the passengers. Paul Muller's first creation was a Statue of Liberty, the height of the cabin, with a body of sponge-cake covered with meringue. He did portraits in sugar of Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, and various other stars. His most noted sugar piece was a large oval palette. In its center was a raised picture of the S. S. *Leviathan* coming up New York harbor. Circling this were heads of movie stars bordered by roses in a decorative design. This took a prize at an exhibition in New York.

"How did you happen to begin your work in ice?" I asked him.

"I am always searching for new ideas," he answered, "and I happened to think of the way caviar is served in Europe—ice cut out all around it. Why, I wondered, couldn't ice be carved to look like something? So I set to work. My first ice piece was my hardest one. It was a girl dressed as a herald in a short full skirt, long stockings, tightly buttoned jacket, a cap with a feather, carrying a sword and a shield. The passengers were so enthusiastic about it that I had to make a new piece every day. I started with one cake of ice and kept making my things larger and larger until I used from eight to ten cakes of ice for one figure. My most decorative group was a water fountain with ice spray, and ice swans swimming about. This piece was illuminated with electric lights." Doesn't it make you feel nice and cool just to think about that?

Mr. Muller had been ice sculptor for the S. S. *Leviathan* for nine months when a Mr. Lowenstein, the owner of a restaurant chain in New York, happened to be crossing on the ship. Of course he visited the cold buffet. And he lost no time in offering Mr. Muller the opportunity of exhibiting his ice wonders at a much better salary than he was receiving on the *Leviathan*.

Mr. Muller accepted. For more than a year, now, New York crowds have seen his ice zoo and the flowers and fruits from his ice garden. The figures are set on cakes of ice and generally last for two days. The process of melting seems to fascinate the crowds as much as the perfect figure when it is first put in the window.

Mr. Muller exhibits his work in the windows of twenty restaurants, and is under contract to make four pieces a day. He works so quickly that the ice does not have a chance to melt under his hands. His simpler figures are completed in twenty minutes.

"When I first started to work in ice, I used several kinds of carpenters' chisels, a saw, and a hot iron. Now I need only an ice-scraper, such as is used to scrape out the ice served around oyster cocktails, to bring out a lion, a tiger—anything that is in the cake," said Mr. Muller.

On some winter day about Christmas time, New Yorkers may be surprised to see a giant ice Santa Claus in Madison Square Garden, or around February twelfth, a giant solemn Lincoln sitting on an ice chair in Central Park. For it is Paul Muller's dream to make an ice figure out-of-doors for all New Yorkers—a figure universally known and loved, that will last longer than a few days. Just at present, however, he is busily occupied, for the benefit of the crowds who watch his windows from the sweltering sidewalks, in turning out nice, cool, melting statues that are like a lungful of mountain air.—NINA PURDY.

A Globe Trotter Glances Back

[*Continued from page 16*]

and for the gracious courtesy that you don't get in any other country. The little people make a country, and the Japanese and Italians are the most agreeable to travel among. The little people of Japan are far more honest than any other little people in any other country, though it is often said that they are the greatest robbers in the world.

"Here is an instance of their honesty. At one time I was traveling with a friend in Japan. Late in the day we reached the town of Shimonoseki, and as I wanted my friend to experience native life at first hand, I asked to be directed to a good Japanese inn—you are usually directed to hotels of the European type. The street to the inn was steep, and for that reason when we arrived I paid my jinricksha man fifty sen, a good deal more than the usual fare. The man who had drawn my friend's rickshaw had gone ahead, and I found him in the inn, where I asked him how much I owed him. He said sixty sen, which I paid, though I felt that he was imposing upon me. In about twenty minutes, just as we were sitting down to dinner, the man reappeared. He had come back to return ten sen. He had not known that I had paid his partner, and he had been collecting for both."

Mr. Holmes gave another example of Japanese integrity. He was traveling by train and decided suddenly not to complete his journey that day, but to stop over in the mountains. He alighted at a small railway station, where he surrendered his ticket. Four days later, when he came again to that station to continue his trip, he was met by the station master, who had been watching for him, to refund something like eighty-seven cents due on his ticket.

Mr. Holmes' gifts are unusual. He has great power both in speech and with the camera, in presenting illuminating pictures of peoples, customs, and countries. His audiences revisit places they have seen with new eyes, or gain valuable information for their own future travels.

WHEN he talks you go with him along the Riviera, not only the Riviera of Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo, but the full sweep of the French and Italian resorts that he knows so well. Or you traverse Bohemia, where customs of long ago still repeat themselves, and where native costumes have not yet given place to the more conventional dress of an up-to-date world. You climb the Alps with him in Switzerland, and climb them again over the Italian border, each excursion with its different story, each with its own thrill. About Rome, that ancient city with its modern streets, you follow him and beyond the gates to regions rich with their glamour of the past. Then you join him in a caravan of his early journeyings, and wind slowly through mysterious Morocco.

Modes of travel have changed in speed and equipment since Mr. Holmes began his career of sightseeing. I asked if he had encountered much that was hazardous in his life of travel.

"It is astonishing," he answered, "that a man can spend half of every year, for thirty-three years in travel and never bump into a tragedy. I've never been in nor seen a railway wreck. I've never been in peril on the sea, except one night on a transport during the war. We had the submarine signal, but it turned out to be a false alarm. If it had been true, there would have been a tragedy, for we had twenty-three hundred doughboys on our ship, and there were twenty-three thousand in the convoy. As war-correspondent for the travelogues, I traveled along four fronts, from Belgium to Venice, and the worst thing that happened was, that the mud-guard of our car was hit by the fragment of a shell.

"Flying over the Pyrenees from Toulouse to Morocco in 1923," he continued, "is the most unusual mode of travel I have ever taken, and I suppose the most hazardous. We were in the air sixteen hours, four at a time, with only fifteen minutes between, for two days, and one stop overnight. Twenty-nine years before, in 1899, I traveled in Morocco on mule back. You could ride horses, but the wise ones rode mules; they were steadier and had more endurance. In those days it took twenty-nine days to cross the Moorish territory that we flew over in two hours. There were not even paths then. Now there are good motor roads built by the French."

The unusual has become the accustomed to Mr. Holmes. He is equally at ease on the back of an elephant, riding in a jinricksha, or motoring in an up-to-date car. He is a master traveler, one who is sympathetically a part of each country he revists, for it is revisiting that chiefly engages his attention. There are few countries for him to explore for the first time. But notwithstanding, he finds new zest in each trip. There is always something novel to bring back to his audiences. Changes that are coming about all over the world to peoples, to their methods of living, to customs. These changes, with his knowledge of what has existed in the past, make him an encyclopædia of unique travel information.

This year, he did cover some new ground, in his trip to Angkor the Great. He considers it the finest contribution he has ever made to the travel platform.

"Angkor, the Great," he remarks, "was a city of a million people. It flourished as the capital of the conquering and triumphant Empire of the Khmers, from the ninth to the twelfth century. Then mysteriously it fell, was abandoned, and became overgrown by the jungle. It is only beginning to attract the attention of the world today—a new wonder of an ancient earth. In Angkor, you find the remains of a great metropolis, its walls, its bridges, palaces, and temples, finely sculptured. Upon the walls of the temple corridors, or galleries, many miles in length, are pictures, sculptured in relief, which tell the whole story of the lives of this vanished race, who left no written record. Their public ceremonies, victorious campaigns, and incidental happenings are all depicted. The existence of Angkor is known to us only through its superb ruins, there in the tropical forest of Cambodia, French Indo-China. These ruins are amazingly well preserved, and hold a special atmosphere created by the jungle which has gripped them."

Angkor the Great is the newest thing in the world of travel, and it has become accessible to travelers through a good motor road built by the French from Saigon to Angkor. The four day voyage from Hongkong to Saigon was relieved, in spite of the heat, by the varied types, nationalities, and dress of his fellow passengers. Never had he seen so many pajamas of different cut worn as day-time costumes, nor so many fat French women devoid of Parisian style. The native life on shore he viewed with the same kindly humor and attention. In Saigon, there was a heterogeneous congregation of all races and religions, from high class Chinese to French civilians.

He found Saigon much like Paris in its streets, hotels, and open air cafés, with this exception: In Paris, to sit in a street café, means to Mr. Holmes, the meeting with countless friends among the passers-by, but in Saigon, only the suggestion of Paris lives. The passers-by are unfamiliar, and those interested in the American traveler, are the smiling and curious street urchins.

There was life, too, at Angkor. One moonlight night a group of Apsaras, or dancers, gave an ancient ballet of a thousand years ago in the largest and most magnificent of the temples.

MR. HOLMES is so much a world figure that special honors are conferred upon him, This year the King of Italy made him a *Cavaliere of the Order of the Cross of Italy*, and sent him the insignia, a jeweled cross. This was done in appreciation of his lectures on Italy given in this country last year, when he reported the finer side of the present Italian civilization.

The expert traveler must speak various languages besides his own. Mr. Holmes has several at his command.

"I speak French, Spanish, and Italian," he said, "and I can travel in Japanese. I don't know any Chinese, but everybody in China speaks pidgin-English. My German is not very good, and once, but only once, I took ten lessons in Russian, and crossed Siberia with it!"

As to the many thousands of miles he has covered, he replied at once: "I hold that the distance a man travels means nothing. It's not how far you go, but where you go, and how much time you spend along the way that counts. I've crossed the ocean twice every year since I commenced my travels, except for five years, which were devoted to work on this continent. I have been around the world twice, and out and back one way, and then out and back the other, making three round trips, to say nothing of the land travel, but I imagine that the larger proportion of my mileage is rolled up in Pullman cars in this country."

Burton Holmes is the world's greatest sightseer and raconteur of things that interest millions, but he is more; he is a collector, too, and one of rare perception. His apartment demonstrates his profound feeling for the Far East Not only the salon, which I entered first, but the room adjoining, and the dining-room are Chinese, with a Venetian bit here and there and many things from Japan and India.

He brought forth a strange black lacquer sandal with a small straw sole. It was about fourteen inches high. It was one of a pair of what are called geta.

"Geta like this," he said, "are worn once a year by fifteen of the most famous taiyu—taiyu means great courtesan—in a public parade."

He went on to explain that the taiyu must be very highly educated in arranging flowers, singing classic songs, and in performing the ceremony of the cha-no-yu, which is a tea ceremony. The fifteen who are chosen for the parade are those who have shown the greatest accomplishment in these arts. They wear heavy court robes with a great bow tied in front, and the enormous geta. On account of the weight of their robes, each of them has to be supported by two maids, and they walk so slowly that it sometimes takes an hour for them to pass one spot. It is a great occasion in Japan, and an admiring crowd sits on the ground on mats to watch them pass.

Though Mr. Holmes has all the love of the collector, he keeps nothing under glass. Everything serves some purpose of use or decoration. There are bamboo egg-cups, lacquered red inside, that stand on little red trays, lacquer bowls of many sizes, and lacquer plates. One set of twenty from Japan, over a hundred years old, black and gold with silver rims, are each decorated with a different picture of Fujiyama.

"The finer things in the Orient," he told me, "are sold in sets of twenty—everything else in tens. I bought these plates at the time I went to Japan to obtain material for a book on Lafcadio Hearn for an American publisher. I met Hearn's Japanese widow and son, and traveled about with the latter to the places where his father had lived. Hearn's life was far removed from the usual travel, and on the Island of Shikoku, I came upon an auction that I otherwise would never have known anything about. A rich Japanese of those parts was forced, through reverses, to dispose of his treasures of fifty years', collecting, and among them were these valuable plates. An auction in Japan is quite different from our auctions. You sit on the floor on your knees—I sat all day, when I bought these plates—while a procession of trays holding the various objects is brought to each person in the room. On these trays are little ballot boxes, and slips of tissue-paper, on which your agent writes your bid and his mark. You must deal through a native agent. The result of your bid is not known until each tray has passed every one in the room, perhaps an hour later."

I brought up the question of raising the bid. Could it be done at an Oriental auction?

He explained that it was possible in this fashion: If there is an object for which a purchaser is willing to pay as much as two hundred yen but naturally does not wish to give up that amount unless it is necessary, he instructs his agent to make out one ballot for one hundred yen, and five other ballots each for twenty yen. When the ballots are examined, if some one has bid more than the one hundred yen, the auctioneer will cover that mark with as many ballots of twenty as will procure the object for the desirous purchaser. He may have to part with one hundred and sixty yen.

FROM the dining-room, through a door, in which, between glass panels were fragile Japanese stencils, Mr. Holmes turned into the hall to a Japanese ecclesiastical reading desk.

"This reading desk came from the greatest Buddhistic temple in Kioto," he explained. "The former abbot of the temple was fond of a gay life. He was very extravagant and drew upon the temple funds for his good times. Then, when the money was exhausted, he would regretfully announce that he must sell the temple treasures. An auction would be held, and the pious parishioners 'to gain merit,' which is a phrase much used in the Orient, meaning 'to receive heavenly benediction,' would buy them at excellent prices and re-present them to the temple. The abbot would then have the money and the treasures, too, but at the auction I attended, the reading desk did not go back, since I did not share the pious sentiments of the parishioners!"

He said the most popular type of travelogue is usually determined by the tourist migration of the year before, that the more familiar the subject is to the audiences the more popular it is. Exotic subjects—something about which people know nothing—can only be counted on for a small house of the élite.

"I was at one time in Washington," he said, "and approaching the theater, when I passed two men standing on the curb, just as another, who had evidently come from reading the announcement on the theater, joined them, 'Say,' he said, 'do you want to hear *Burton Holmes?*' With one voice the two replied, '*Hell, no!*' "

This is doubly amusing to any one who has observed, an hour before the doors open, the long line waiting to gain admittance to a Burton Holmes travelogue.

Though Mr. Holmes gives new travelogues each season, he often accedes to the demand for the repetition of a lecture of the past. He calls them "extras," as they are not listed on his regular schedule. For two years he repeated the Panama Canal. He also gives new "extras" on places that are very much in the public eye, as for instance, Florida this year, with its contrast of real estate boom and fashionable resorts.

Just before I left, I asked Mr. Holmes what distinguished the American traveler as a tourist.

He laughed. "The majority of them wave the American flag, and talk about the greatest country in the world. They are very patriotic, which is very praiseworthy, but the poor foreigner gets a strange idea of our country. The greatest virtue of the American abroad is that he demands good plumbing, hot and cold water, and plenty of towels. Otherwise we wouldn't have had them. It's curious that many of us have a provincial look when we are abroad, but there is a small set of super-travelers, who have discretion and tact, and who have acquired continental ways. The others show too much good fellowship, which tends to break down the barriers between the classes. It may be a good thing but it sort of spoils the picture."

Mr. Holmes looks with a certain amount of regret on many of the changes that are coming to pass in countries all over the world.

"There have been great changes in Japan, especially due to their progress. They are much more progressive there than the people of any other Oriental country. But the big thing is that the leveling of all countries is standardizing everything, and there will, after a while, be no local color. People will all dress alike, live in the same kind of houses, and have the same motor-cars. Thus the whole flavor will be taken out of travel by furnishing at the end of your journey just what you left behind you."

But in spite of this sorrowful prospect, after listening to Mr. Holmes, and seeing the beauty of his Oriental abode, the enchantment of travel still holds its own.

Six Hundred Thousand Miles for $7.61

[*Continued from page 86*]

thentic. He is—or rather, was—the world's champion tramp. He was "A-No. 1, The Rambler," known from one end of the United States to the other as the most skilled vagabond traveler in all the world. He traveled 600,000 miles at a total cost for legal fares of $7.61.

In a way the man was a real artist. He was in a class by himself. A specialist of vagabondage! While stealing rides he wore, over a clean, but well worn business suit, a suit of overalls, with canvas gloves on his hands and a heavy derby hat to protect his head from flying sparks, cinders and small stones caused by the flying train. Arrived at his destination he looked, for all the world, like an ordinary trainman, and it was thus that he often escaped the arrest so frequently the portion of his fellow tramps.

Once away from the railroad yards he made a lightning change. The overalls were taken off and hidden. He shined his shoes, took a bath in the nearest stream, cleaned his teeth, shaved and washed his rubber collar. He then walked back into town—a shabby but clean individual, and when he started "panhandling" for food he told always the same story: He was a railroad man out of work. Because he was clean, polite, and because he looked what he professed to be, he seldom had trouble in securing food. He never used alcohol in any form and he does not yet know the taste of tobacco.

Wherever he went he carved on buildings, bridges, posts, his "moniker" or tramp nomenclature: "A-No. 1, The Rambler" with the date and an arrow pointing the direction in which he was going at the time. Hundreds of thousands of these signs may be seen today on water-tanks, fences, switch shanties, cattle chutes and all sorts of walls in every part of the United States. He has experienced a thousand thrills. More than once some enterprising officer of the law has chased him. Not infrequently he was caught and forced to serve an unhappy period in jail or workhouse as a vagrant, but still he kept on.

HE TRAMPED from Coast to Coast with such characters as Jack London. This was in the days when London was a boy, a wild, irrepressible youth cursed with a love of alcohol and troubled with dreams of greatness. They had interesting trips together and more than once the two vagabonds faced death.

"He was a queer lad," my informant told me. "Every once in a while he would scribble something on a sheet of paper and put it in his pocket. I asked him what he was doing and he told me shyly and profanely that he was going to write a book some day. I laughed. The idea was ridiculous. He had no more education than I—and I had left school at eleven. Years later we met again at London's Glen Ellen home and I spent a happy week with him. I didn't agree with any of his socialistic theories but we were good friends to the last . . . just the other day I had a nice letter from Charmian London."

The "Rambler's" thirty years of vagabondage had their lighter moments. More than once he played hide-and-seek with whole crews of railroad detectives. He would announce to a newspaper of a certain city that he was going to steal a ride to another city on a certain railroad, and dare any number of detectives to prevent him. Having uttered the dare, he carried it out. Once fifty railroad detectives attempted to prevent him from coming into Tucson, Arizona. But "A-No. 1, The Rambler" got in and enjoyed the game immensely.

While he was doing all this, he was an actual asset to the Society he had apparently abandoned. He has personally prevented over twenty train wrecks. Once it was a matter of flagging a Canadian Pacific passenger train just before it reached a culvert where the timbers had been burned out. Again it was a business of setting the hand brakes on two loaded box cars that were running away, down grade, at Butler, New Jersey. Another time it was preventing a wreck on the Erie at Beaver Lake, New Jersey. Often, in riding on the brakebeams, he spotted some trouble which he reported at the first stop thus preventing some minor accident. His financial reward in these cases was usually small. In the Canadian Pacific affair it was a matter of a purse of $100 collected by grateful passengers. More often his reward was in the shape of a signed card from the head of the railroad police saying that "A-No. 1 is O. K." This card protected him from arrest within a certain territory and in an emergency he would flash it. But he was too good a sportsman to use the card as a pass entitling him to a free ride on "the cushions"—he preferred to take his chances and to play the game. So he knows well what the game costs to the boys who run away from home.

"These poor boys!" he sighs. "They have such high hopes when they leave their peaceful homes. They want to go places, to see what is going on—to travel. Little do they realize the death they will face every day, the danger and disease and exposure. They will be forced to break laws and if they are caught they will be punished. It is inevitable that sooner or later they will become the companions of older tramps and turned into veritable slaves for these men, schooled in viciousness and knavery, taught to beg, to steal, and to commit crime after crime. Maybe they are just minor crimes at first, but the older a tramp grows the less his conscience bothers him and the fact that his 'boy' represents a ready tool, makes him want to use that tool to gratify his own wants. . . . I was eleven when I ran away from home. For thirty years I was a tramp. It was sheer luck that I did not become the victim of older tramps and hoboes. I wasted thirty golden years of my life, and while I achieved my ambition to become known as the champion tramp of the world, I found it an empty honor. Later I became a respectable member of a community through sheer chance."

This man feels deeply about the *Wanderlust* that adds annually to our vagabond population.

"It is a hard thing to explain, this *Wanderlust*," he said very seriously. "In the beginning, the races from which most of us here in America have sprung were wandering tribes. That gypsy strain has clung to us. Our American ancestors were largely influenced to emigrate to this country through the call of the open country. Some came to escape religious persecution; some came as fugitives from stern justice—but in the hearts of all of them was the call of a new land, new scenes. Most people feel the call today. Fortunately a large percentage of our population are able to gratify that call in a legitimate manner—witness the popularity of motor camping. Then it does people lots of good. But to others it can be almost a curse.

"Once you are within the thrall of the *Wanderlust*, you realize that it is more potent, more drugging than the opium-eater's false Paradise. It lies to you—you are in Miami and suddenly the sight and the sound and the smell of the city is distasteful to you. You do not like the looks of the people on the streets, the buildings are dull and drab and the sound of the surf makes your ears ache. You want to see the Golden Gate again. You want it as a hungry man craves food. You want the tang of the Pacific, you want to feel the enveloping gray wall of fog that drapes over San Francisco. And you go.

"If you are a tramp you ride the brake-beams, you climb atop trains, you hide in box cars. You starve on the trip; your throat aches with thirst. You cling to the brake-beams and listen to the hum and rattle and clatter of the wheels; your hands become cramped and you know if you let go for one little instant you will roll down under those thundering wheels to a terrible death. You know you must school yourself not to look at those swiftly revolving wheels lest you become hypnotized with the repetition of motion, endlessly repeated. You have lain there on those brake-rods and watched that happen to your companions. . . . And if you are on top of a passenger train you are facing other dangers. Sparks may alight on your clothing and in a split second you will become a living torch that leaps screaming into space—to death. I have seen that happen to tramps right alongside me. But at last you reach San Francisco. Once, answering Frisco's call, I rode a distance of 700 miles on the brake-beams—continuous riding! When I rolled out in the Frisco yards I was so cramped I could scarcely move and my right side was one great blister. . . . And after a few days you find that the Frisco fog is cold and chilling, and maybe you don't like the 'hand-out' the lady gave you. And Denver, the *Wanderlust* whispers, is the place. Let's go! A footless, unhappy, and dangerous life."

"A-No. 1, The Rambler" should know. I have seen maps of States in which he has traveled and the completeness of his wanderings is astonishing.

AFTER thirty years of aimless wandering as a vagabond extraordinary, after sharp adventures, jail sentences, fellowship with criminals, came the beginning of the Great Adventure. The editor of a little country weekly talked with the man and as he listened to his narration of venture and adventure, his tale of far away cities, his scramble of tramp-talk with its queer phraseology, the editor said to him:

"Look here! You've had some interesting experiences. If you will write up some of these stories and send them to me, I'll not only print them but I will pay you a little money for them. Are you on?"

"That offer astounded me," said the "Rambler." "I left that little office with my head in the clouds—here was a way to earn a decent living and still answer the call of the *Wanderlust*. And then in a filthy little flop house in Chicago I tried to write down my life experiences. The words would not come and I doubt if any one could have read my scrawling writing. In that fetid and stinking place there came to me the real tragedy of my misspent days. I was forty. I was ignorant. I couldn't put down on paper what was in my head." He waved a white hand dejectedly and his clear eyes clouded at the memory. In another room of his home his daughter Ruth was dancing a Russian ballet solo for the entertainment of my wife, and through the half-opened door we caught a glimpse of her elfin gracefulness and the throb and beat of the music came to us. He smiled cheerily and again took up the thread of the narrative.

"That realization," he continued, "was staggering. I knew then I was facing the toll of wasted years of energy. It angered me. I had a lone quarter in my pocket. I took it and went out and purchased a pocket dictionary. That very night I started to learn the English language with a view of being able to use it intelligently. I studied that little book on trains; I would memorize page after page of it—how a word was spelled, what it meant, and how it was pronounced. And every night I would copy down phrase after phrase, word after word, and then I would check my work against the printed page. Slowly but surely my vocabulary increased and my penmanship grew more legible. But it was hard work! Day after day, month after month—even today I can quote whole pages from that blessed little book!"

He chuckled softly.

"Then I started sending in little items to that newspaper. By and by the editor wrote me to send him more. His readers liked it. And that led to my first book—the first of twelve I have written on trampdom and my own adventures."

These books, by the way, have reached a combined circulation of millions—they are paper covered, luridly colored affairs, sold through train butchers. And yet—a sale of millions. Not so bad, eh?

But before the second book was written or published came the Big Adventure—in the shape of a pretty girl with compelling eyes. For the first time in his life the Rambler felt the call of Love—a thing stronger than the *Wanderlust*—an emotion so strong that for the first time in his life he had visions of a home of his own, his own fire—his own chair—regular meals. He married the girl after an interesting courtship.

"The luckiest move I ever made!" he admits. His wife is charming, a perfect hostess, and an ideal companion for him. Before he married he registered a solemn vow that his days of trampdom were over. He had some small means, not much, but he was resolved to increase them. He settled down in Erie, Pennsylvania. Here it was that he wrote eleven of his books. This work completed, he again felt the subtle urge of *Wanderlust*. He cured himself by throwing all his energy and vitality into business. He has succeeded wonderfully well. Perhaps some of his love of change has been satisfied by moving! He has lived in more than thirty of the houses it is his business to buy and remodel.

Today I think he is about the happiest individual I know. He is prosperous—more than prosperous, really wealthy. He is a respected citizen of the city of his adoption. He is the father of a charming little miss and a bright boy. He adores his wife and the feeling is mutual. His enthusiasm and health are boundless. If he has a single regret in life it is the thirty years of life he says were wasted. But perhaps they were not wasted, after all.

One picture I carried away with me. It is a picture that I will always remember. He reached in a drawer of his desk and pulled out a small bottle. He held it out to me.

"My only friend for twenty-five years of wandering," he said simply.

It was a bottle of cyanide of potassium!

"To be used in case I was caught underneath a wrecked train—a preventative for a lingering suffering," he explained with Gallic terseness.

I shuddered. It rather took away that aureate glow, that species of necromancy that surrounded my childish complex of runawayism. There is so much romance written about the "Open Road" and the "Trail that is Always New." And you get such a different picture of it from Leon Ray Livingston, real estate dealer of Erie, Pennsylvania, who was known for upward of thirty years by an initial and a number, and whose real identity was completely submerged while he was on the road. I think if I had a boy who pricked up his ears at the sound of a locomotive whistle, I'd like to have him talk with "A-No. 1, The Rambler"—and see that little bottle of cyanide of potassium.

HE feels deeply about vagabondage and he is anxious that fewer boys leave home for the Call of the Road. During the thirty years he spent as a super-tramp he saved over two hundred runaway boys from being tramps. He became their companion, he talked of home and home comforts.

"And once in a while I'd let them go without food for a day or so," he chuckles. "And then I'd begin to talk about home and food and pretty soon I'd have a homesick lad on my hands. Just what I wanted! I'd slip away from the 'jungle', where we were camped and wire to the parents of the boy to send money and I'd see that the boy was sent home. When the money came the boy was glad to get it. And happiness reigned in some home when he returned. Some boy tramps I induced to enter the Navy when they proved obdurate about returning home. That cured them; it gave them the opportunity of seeing the world, of satisfying their *Wanderlust* and they were sure of comfortable quarters, adequate food, and a regular wage. When their enlistment was over they were able to return home with their self-respect."

He showed me scores of letters from grateful parents. And best of all, a small bundle of letters from the boys themselves: awkward, ill-spelled epistles, but utterly sincere in their gratitude for the tramp who had been kind to them.

Today he is still deeply concerned over the two hundred thousand boys who leave home each year. He is spending his time and his substance in going places and lecturing to boys and to parents, showing them the real dangers, the real hardships, and the generally unhappy lot of the average tramp. He has lectured to many large audiences on this subject and his talk carries conviction, for the man is terribly in earnest and very sincere. He has been through the mill. He knows.

Grateful Hundreds Call Him Dad

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most modern theories are put into working practice. And the Deems farm is used by farm journals and farmers' meetings as a model upon which to base sermons of efficiency and productiveness. But Roy Murphy is more than a very intelligent and successful manager for the extraordinarily successful man who employs him.

He calls Mr. Deems "father" and Mrs. Deems "mother," though he is not their son, and in fact, his own father is still living. In their big white country-house framed with spruce trees, he, together with a rosy-cheeked boy of ten whose name is "Lad," and whose sister is to the household "Anna," live as the sons and the daughter of the Deemses, though none of the three are adopted children. They are only three of the many young people whom Mr. and Mrs. Deems have been taking into their homes and "raising" as their own. To such youngsters they have given the chance to go to college and train for a profession, and at the same time an opportunity to enjoy the peace and beauty and affection of a pleasant home, in which Mr. Deems is "father" and his wife "mother" to the young boys.

This is no childless couple trying to fill an empty life. They have a son of their own, a distinguished physician in Massachusetts. In fact, they began this work when their boy was only twelve or so himself, and some of the young men they have helped, grew up with their own son as if they were his brothers, until they had completed their education, and found a start in life.

In addition to those whom they took into their home, there have been a great number who have been assisted by partial scholarships, whole classes of boys helped through night school, or given a "life scholarship" for boys at some Western college. Naturally, those in whom Mr. Deems has the deepest interest are those who have lived so closely to him. "I want to see," he explained with a little smile, "the horse I bet on, and so we take the boys into our home as often as possible."

He has helped the boys he has been sending into life to enjoy the advantages of modest but comfortable youth, but he himself has been working since he was eleven, and whatever education he himself has obtained was secured by studying at night.

THERE is something of the classical, traditional America in this man, big, square, quiet, blue-eyed, and tanned, with the heavy hair that only recently turned gray brushed back from his forehead. There is something of the spirit, and the history, too, of the sort of Americans now becoming rare. Frank Deems shows his Welsh ancestry. "My people," he told me, "came to Pennsylvania pretty soon after the *Mayflower* arrived. I was born—though it seems almost like boasting now to say it, doesn't it?—in the historic log-cabin of earlier America.

"The very ground our home was on had been received by a Deems on a government grant. My father, a boat-builder, heard in our little back-woods Pennsylvania town that there was a boom in Illinois for his trade. My mother was expecting another child, and he went to seek his fortune while she waited behind. But he died two months before I was born. Somehow, my mother managed to drag a living out of her one acre of ground. There were nine of us children to be fed. She saw," smiled Mr. Deems, though surely it was a fine woman etched in his short phrase, "that we were well-fed, and sometimes half-clothed."

Most self-made men who have fought through poverty insist on the need of poverty and hardship as makers of men, but Mr. Deems has never felt it is hardship that creates strength and power and character. "I've known young men, and old, in shops and in mines—and in the seats of the mighty," he said definitely, naming a number to illustrate. "It never mattered, as I have found it, what sort of economic environment a boy had, if he had the right heredity and the right home. The finest man I knew as a boy was Pete Patterson, a machinist, and the finest I knew as a young man was Judge Atherton, a scholar and aristocrat. I know young Vanderbilt, worked with him, a rich man's son, and a fine chap; and I have had hundreds of young men, from all sorts of homes, associated with me. They were working men's sons, or rich men's sons, and they were admirable, or the reverse, according to their family's heritage, not according to its comforts. My mother gave us the finest environment she could have chosen, when she made her cabin hold three things for us children—work, love, books."

His mother was, of course, an uneducated woman, as women were a century ago (for Frank Deems's life touches, through his mother, as far back as that). But she managed to bring, somehow, "reading," of a sort, but reading anyhow, to her children, that they might grow up "knowing, and wanting, and used to print." Perhaps the desire was made no less deep than if she had opened a nobly selected library to her boys and girls. "So deep," says Mr. Deems, "did she make the need for 'print' part of my nature that it has dominated my life, again and again.

"I've worked with my hands—I am a machinist by trade, you know, and all my executive experience has been with working men—but it is the need for books, for reading, that has given my life vision. I have not used my education to make money. I have used it to enlarge my life, as she meant it to do. And, in all my experience with young men, I have never once urged a young fellow to obtain an education for the sake of enriching his opportunities, but for the sake of enriching his outlook. The boy who has got it in him will make good. The college education he gets can only help him enjoy what he gets for himself." That is not the pragmatic view of education with which we are familiar now, and yet Mr. Deems is not only a very practical man, and a successful one, but a college graduate as well. He has, in fact, trained himself for two professions, both outside his lifelong work as a railroad man.

The concern of modern society for "the preschool child" did not take account of children in America almost three-quarters of a century ago. Before he was six, young Frank understood he must help obtain the family living by going into the forest to shoot game or by catching fish. Once, when his one pair of boots had just been mended, the little boy trudged through a winter night, making his way through the forest barefoot, the precious boots in his hands, that they might not be scratched.

At eleven he left school, and became a mule-driver in one of the little coal mines in western Pennsylvania. But at night he would go off to the popular and exciting "spelling schools" of the time. One night he sat until two in the morning, steadily spelling away, until he finally overpowered the astonished high-brow stranger who had come to the wilds to organize a spelling bee for the natives, and found himself bested by a determined and infallible little boy who drove mules for a living. At sixteen he discovered what he wanted to be—a machinist.

He learned his trade in the National Locomotive Works, and his boss was Pete Patterson. Patterson was both friend and father to the sixteen-year-old, lonely boy. Square and kind, and intelligent, he taught the young apprentice a lesson he has never forgotten. He taught him how to understand and sympathize with workers as men, and how to appreciate the dignity of their judgments and opinions. This was the essential quality Deems needed for a future in which, as a master of mechanics and a leader of men, he was to make his success.

Near the works was the California Normal School, an excellent college, and it had classes at night. It seemed entirely natural for Frank Deems to go to those classes. It gave him a chance to read all he wanted! That he received a teacher's certificate presently was only incidental. Then, suddenly, the shop closed production, and he was jobless. Before he was dismissed, the boy took his teacher's certificate, walked most of the night to a village near by, met the school director before he had had breakfast, and found himself with a teacher's job.

BUT he always meant, of course, to get back to his main absorbing ambition, to work with his hands. This he did very shortly in a small Iowa town. It was while working there he met a Brooklyn girl of fifteen, with whom he fell in love. Frank was only nineteen himself, but they both thought they were old enough to be married. Half a century ago fifteen-year-old girls became wives and mothers. The couple will soon celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary, and to this day Mr. Deems believes in early marriages for young men as one of the contributing factors for success. Contrary to present opinion, he has always helped his boys to marry as soon as they wished.

When their baby came, he used to sit in the evenings, night after night, reading on the stoop of their little house. One evening Judge Atherton, a prominent citizen of the town, seeing him forever absorbed in a book, said, "Why don't you read law, Frank?" The young machinist looked up. "That would be something," he agreed thoughtfully, "to occupy my evenings while I'm home here with the wife, wouldn't it?" He began at once, read steadily, was admitted to the bar—and went right on working at the machine shop. This new profession he had mastered was something that enriched and enlarged his pleasure in life, but his real work was the work he was doing, at the bench in the shop.

In the early eighties, a young man of twenty-six with a wife and a little son, he went to another small town, this time in Illinois. His job was that of mechanic in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad shops. In two months he was promoted and made gang foreman, with a few men to manage.

Then he was sent to Burlington, Iowa. He started in earning two dollars a day. Twenty years later he left to manage a thousand men in the employ of the American Locomotive Works, at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year. This concern, one of the biggest in the country, needed its whole business reorganized when he took charge. He found the men dissatisfied and the work lagging. He at once proceeded to systematize the whole huge business and he introduced a then radical change, the piece-work system. Meanwhile he made friends with the union, which was then by no means friendly to executives of big companies, and won not only the cooperation, but the deep affection of the men under him. It was his job to cut production—and he did. It was his job to keep the unions from running him, and that he did. But at the same time it was his job to win the confidence of the individual members, and he won not only their confidence, but their obedience. These men were not the highly organized conductors and engineers. They were foundrymen, boiler makers, mechanics, men hard to deal with but impossible to fool or to beguile.

In Mr. Deems' study in his farm there hang today fifty or more signed portraits of various men. They include his close friends, great financiers, bankers, and railroad men. There are among them men of international importance like Herbert Hoover. And among them is one dedicated to "friend Deems," and signed by Samuel Gompers.

One hears a great deal now of vocational guidance, and one is impressed with the need for it. Yet here was a young man without friends to direct him, with only his own practical judgment to advise him, who possessed the training for two professions, law and teaching, and yet steadily held to less honored and more humble work. He felt instinctively that he belonged to this particular work and that his training in the other intellectual fields was most valuable to him in broadening and making big with opportunity the field he had made peculiarly his own. It was as a machinist, with education, and with executive ability gained in experience among his own kind, that Frank Deems found his success.

His innate sympathy and understanding of the men responsible to him gave him the principles on which to work with them. He made it his job to see that workmen who were hurt received proper care. He arranged personally for their attention, and when he felt that a man's wife was too harassed to give her husband sufficient attention, he took the injured man into his own home, to be cared for there. We are accustomed now to think of the responsibility of great plants to their workmen, but remember, this was before the day of industrial welfare.

The young machinist who had been made superintendent was employing a principle now accepted as axiomatic by huge businesses. What underlay his success was his feeling of intimate relationship and understanding with the American workman. When he left his job, all the labor organizations decided to club together and give him a token of appreciation. It was to cost, possibly a hundred dollars. But when the workmen had sent in their contributions it was found that the total amount available for a gift for "the boss" amounted to $1,500.00. A gigantic fifteen-quart silver cup was presented to him. It bears the names of all the lodges, and unions, of the boiler makers, blacksmiths, machinists, and iron ship-builders, with whom Frank Deems fought, and worked, and made friends.

The newly created job to which Frank Deems was going was a spectacular one. As "General Superintendent of Motive Power, Rolling Stock, and Machinery," he was to direct all the motive power, mechanical equipment, and personnel connected therewith, on the Vanderbilt and allied lines. There were thirteen railroads in the system, thirty thousand men, and thirteen thousand miles of railroad. It was reckoned the biggest mechanical job in the railroad world. Frank Deems had gone a long way from the young boy who found his first friend and teacher in the machine shop of Pete Patterson. Working closely with the brilliant elder Vanderbilt, he tore into this new job with all the energy he possessed. His work was a success from the start. The only reason he is not still at it is a sudden breakdown that made him realize for the first time in his life that he needed a rest.

For forty years he has been paying his debt to Pete Patterson, his friend. His method is a unique one. To the sons of working men such as he was, he has given not only such friendship as Pete Patterson gave him, but also the opportunity for an education and his own home to make theirs. Recently he wrote to a great organization which sent him an appeal for money: "My (or rather, our) hobby has been the taking of poor boys into our home as members of the family, educating them, and trying to give them a start in life. This is not a spectacular way of dispensing largess, but I am constrained to believe that with the home influences and elimination of overhead it is quite worth while."

HE DESCRIBED to me how the work began, by chance, one evening. He was a master mechanic at Burlington, Iowa, his first big job, living not far from where their farm now is, with his wife and their little son, Oren. Coming home one night he saw a little boy down by the railroad tracks sniffling and crying. Frank Deems knew every man responsible to him, and he knew their families as well. He remembered this little fellow's father, a hardworking man married to a second wife. "Harry!" he called to the woebegone little figure. The youngster looked up, wiped his cold little nose on his sleeve, and then went right on crying. The big boss without another word swooped down on him, swept him on home and presented him to his wife and his son. Harry stayed there all that night, and then he stayed right on, through school and college. Of course he chose to be what Mr. Deems was, a railroad man. When the time came, it was to Mr. and Mrs. Deems he told of his sweetheart, and it was to them his young widow, later, sent her children, "Lad" and "Anna," to be educated as their father had been educated before them.

The other boys Mr. Deems has found in much the same way. Roy came to apply for the job of chauffeur, that he might work his way through college. Eventually he was asked to stay with them and then he was sent to college. They have never had any boys sent by organized social agencies or charities. Mr. Deems is not enthusiastic about organized charity. He has the old-fashioned suspicion of "overhead expenses" needed to maintain the large, skilled staffs of the great social work organizations. He believes, primarily, in the personal contact between giver and receiver that most scientific social work seems to disapprove of. His largess is given only to those in whom he has a personal interest and for whom he has an affection. Giving money without personal friendship is to him simply charity, and he has never felt he is giving charity to the young men he befriends. Nor do they feel so.

What he expects in a young fellow is little, but he is exact in his requirements. "I want the boy to be of good stock; education can put on frills, but it's heredity that puts the right qualities in character." He expects a boy to be a good fighter. "I haven't any use for a boy who's not a scrapper; he has no courage. And he must *like* to work." They are qualities that seem old-fashioned in these jazz days, but they have been characteristic of many fine Americans in the past. Other than this, Mr. Deems has nothing more to ask of his protégés, except that they be normal boys, even with all the faults of average youth. As Mrs. Deems explained, smiling, "When our boys live with us (and when they're at college, too) we observe a rule we've learned. It is this—what you don't notice, you don't have to scold about. Most things young people do aren't important enough to notice or worry about."

They have not asked that the boys they help be brilliant scholars or academic successes. As a matter of fact, most of them have not been either. "Walter" is superintendent of motive power on a railroad. "Roy" is a successful farmer. "Harry" became a master mechanic. But the greater number of them are simply part of intelligent, simple-living America.

Mr. Deems has not felt a young man failed him because he made no brilliant college record, nor a great name for himself in a profession. It happens that only a few have gone into the professions. Perhaps because of the natural admiration of the boys for "Father," as they all call him, and their desire to follow in their friend's footsteps, many have gone into various kinds of railroad work.

However, though Mr. Deems has never stressed the need of "high grades" or "honors" with the young fellows he helps, he is eminently practical, and if a boy has not the college mind he will not send him to loaf for four years. When the college authorities wrote him that "Joe" was not doing even moderately well, that though he was likeable, honest, willing, he was by no means "the scholastic type," Mr. Deems called Joe to him, had a good talk with him. He explained to the young fellow that they had been happy to help him, and wanted to see him continue happy, but that he did not feel it would be anything but a waste of money to keep him at college. Joe went into business, and is doing strikingly well in a field suitable to his excellent abilities. To this day Mr. and Mrs. Deems are his good friends.

This practical benefactor of children expressed his evaluation of a college education in a talk he gave recently to the graduating class of a Western college, when he said: "If I had a dozen children and it took the last dollar I had to send them all through college, that last dollar would go without a whimper. But nothing can be more harmful to the cause of real education than the idea that a college course is an education. It was the prevalence of this idea in years gone by—and encouraged, I'm afraid, by the colleges—that sent the young man back home after graduation obsessed by the conviction that of a hot summer afternoon he was fulfilling his mission by sprawling on his back, in the shade of a tree, looking up through the branches at the blue sky. No man ever turned a furrow in that position!

THE practical details of this "hobby" of Mr. Deems are characteristic. As long as the young man is in the home he is treated as if he were a son in the house. He gets clothing, allowance, and so on. When he is sent off to college, another plan is followed usually. "I know what the tuition fees are, and find what living costs are. I then set aside a sum, and that is given directly into the young man's hands, with the whole responsibility his for its expenditure. It costs, in a college in a small town, about $1,200 a year to send a boy to college now. At the end of the year I can judge how well a young fellow has managed his money. I do not expect marvels, but I do expect common sense."

The traditional extravagance of the college boy, and his plea for funds from home, is a stock joke, but Mr. Deems has never asked of the young fellows he sent through college that they do without the fun of youth. Fraternity life, dances, clubs, all the social life at college he firmly approves of for the student. It's all part of education, he thinks.

From the beginning Mrs. Deems and their son have made Mr. Deems's "hobby" theirs, too. If the young fellows have had a home with them, it has been through the mother and the son in that home that they found it theirs to love and to enjoy. As Mr. Deems says, frankly, "If I were asked by men who wanted to give their money away what to give it to, I'd say—to children. Invest your money in work for boys and girls, or, if you must give to organizations, give to those doing work with children. But I must say candidly that I do not advise others indiscriminately to do just as we have enjoyed doing with our young boys. It can be done only in the way we did it, in the most deeply personal way. Mrs. Deems and our son have done it together with me, and it was possible for me to do it only because they wanted to do it as much as I."

The personal work with such boys is, of course, the most appealing work that Mr. and Mrs. Deems do. But in addition to them, other youngsters have been sent to college from their own homes. Some have been given scholarships, and a number of others have been provided with assistance over hard places in various other ways. One whole class was helped by Mr. Deems to a night school education. Long before, he had devised the entire plan for a school, new then in conception and purpose, which he started for the Vanderbilt system of railroads, and which, in the past twenty years, has influenced, directly or indirectly, the lives of thousands of men. The idea started in this way:

While Frank Deems was at Schenectady, New York, with the American Locomotive Company, an announcement was made one day that if any boys in the plant wished to go to night school, the books and all other equipment would be supplied them without charge. A score of boys accepted at once. Every week or so these young fellows were asked to dinner at the house of the superintendent, to talk over their plans and progress. But it was not until he left Schenectady to go with the Vanderbilt Lines that they learned their expenses had been paid all the time by the "boss," to give his boys in the works a chance for an education. One of these boys is now a very successful lawyer; others hold various responsible positions in the company.

Corporations now have classes available to their young workers, and understand that even from the standpoint of his employer, education is valuable to develop the boy employed. But long before industrial corporations were beginning to think of the present day "educational work," even before the continuation schools made it necessary for the state to educate its working boys and girls, Frank Deems had introduced the principle in his shops.

When he came to the Vanderbilt Lines he found himself in a somewhat unusual position. Here he was, prepared for two professions, teaching and law, neither of which was a particle of use to him in his new job. His real training for it had come from experience, and from the practical teacher of his boyhood—Pete Patterson. "The only educational process that stands for success in life—if success is what one wants," he expressed it, "is told by that short crisp word of only four letters: WORK. Any one who thinks there's another way is only fooling himself. We learn a thing by doing it. I'd like to ask how many men learned to swim by reading books on swimming; not one. They learned to swim by swimming, to row by rowing, to write by writing. If they want to learn banking or railroading—they must learn in a bank or on a railroad."

To learn railroading with the railroad as a great school was the idea he brought to Mr. Brown, president of the company, and a friend of his since boyhood. Through the perspective of his own whole life he worked out a plan, and created the Apprentice School of the New York Central Lines, the first school of its kind established. Its aim was to give the youths in the company better training and its method was entirely practical. Two days a week, two hours a day were to be spent in a classroom where a teacher would teach the young boys not only theories, but how to use the models and drawing tools. Books were part of the equipment, and they were to be read. But the startling thing was that the two hours for classes, and the two days of instruction, were to be "on the company's time," and the boys while learning, were to be paid by the company for the time in which they studied.

OF COURSE his plan was enormously successful from the start. A hundred boys entered the classes at once, and there have been thousands who have since gone through the Apprentice School. Even at the beginning the company was able to pick out intelligence, ability, special aptitude, through the classes, and for the boys there opened a whole world of opportunity. All special vocational training nowadays is developed along the lines of the plan of this school, which Frank Deems worked out almost a quarter of a century ago.

It has been ten years since he left railroad work, to "rest" by going into farming. The big white house on the farm is known all through Iowa for hospitality, and "the dear old man," as the editor of a famous Iowa paper wrote me about him, is a beloved figure throughout the state. He has been Food Administrator of Iowa, and the state insisted on making him a candidate for governor, a nomination he lost only by a technicality.

"To those of us who have passed the meridian and whose shadows are lengthening toward the East, the all-important question is," he said to me, "have we done and are we doing our full duty in seeing that the means of preparation or education, so far as schools and colleges serve that end, are placed within the reach of all who conscientiously desire to avail themselves of such means? Opportunity forms no alliance with the unequipped. I feel I have done a little if I have helped a few to that education they ought to have." To this he adds a love and understanding of the American boy that Mark Twain, one of his favorite writers, shared.

If there is anything striking about this quiet work he has done, it is the fact that he has done it for the sons of working men, for boys like himself. It is as if he paid back, vicariously, the little fatherless boy he used to be, who read and studied nights until dawn because he so much wanted the education he could not get in the daytime. When Frank Deems was in Spain, he saw, as a railroad man, the problem of transportation. But when he spoke of it, he spoke through the memories of a small boy who loved the little mule he used to drive in the mines—"I want to register my high regard for the poor little ill-treated, sad-eyed, patient, plodding donkey who is everywhere present and who represents seventy per cent. of the transportation in Spain. A monument to his honor would be much more to the credit of the country than many of those standing in honor of bull-fighters, butchers, and blood-suckers."

FRANK DEEMS has made education the biggest outside interest in his life because his mother so loved books and so much wished him to know them. He has made the working man the biggest interest in his career because he knew and honored a fine man and an honorable worker, a mechanic. He has spent thousands of dollars on the education of poor boys, and has given them a share in his very home because all through his boyhood he felt there could have been nothing more precious to him than his own father.

The story of this man is typical of an America that is passing, of the old-time working man, of the self-made builder of industry. It is the idealized story of the American railroad man.

A Champion Basket-Maker of the West

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of slender willow shoots. The Pomos call these willow sticks *bam* and from them a number of their baskets are named as *bam-tush*, which means evenly woven, and *bam-shibu*, three bams. The thread is obtained from the bark of shrubs and trees and the roots of trees and grasses. A sedge with long running roots which grows in most of the Pomo country is the commonest source of fiber. Mary splits the roots with her teeth, coils them in bundles and drys them, ready for use. Various other plants are used.

The favorite feathers were from the red head and the yellow throat of the woodpecker and from the green head of the mallard duck. Plumes of the male valley quail were much esteemed and any sort of bright feathers were often used with picturesque effect. Using thirty to fifty feathers to the linear inch, the Indian weaver made a soft, smooth surface, like red plush. Two hundred and forty quail plumes provided a finishing touch to one of these feather gift-baskets which was two years in the making. But while interesting as specimens of barbaric achievements, the gaudy feather baskets are less admirable, judged by white standards of beauty, than are the various types in which attention has been centered on excellence of weaving and of form rather than on ornamentation. It is in these softly colored, symmetrical bowls with simple, vigorous designs brought out by the red or yellow or brown fibers that Mary has embodied the perfection of artistic basketry. Firm and water-tight, these baskets are a delightful combination of beauty and utility. As well as being perfectly adapted to their various purposes, they have also fascinating decorative qualities, and they are made to wear a hundred years or so.

Among the "root" designs which Mary inherited from her basket-making ancestors is a triangular pattern like a butterfly with folded wings. Another is known as the quail-tuft pattern and another resembles arrowpoints. A pretty design often seen in the coarser weaves is a motif called spotted snake or garter snake. The weaver uses these and other basic figures to form individual designs of her own, appropriate for the particular basket she happens to be making. Her only tools are a sharp knife, an awl, and a dish to hold water in which fiber is kept soaking so as to make it pliable. The weaver has no visible pattern before her but plans the design in her own mind and carries it out as she weaves.

In this day of the machine-made, standardized products so necessary to a smooth functioning of our civilization, it is no light thing that craftswomen like these Indians are doing for us. During the last decade, there has been a noticeable turning to the hand-made products of the American Indian. In many cases it has come just in time to save some hitherto unregarded craft from extinction. Now the blankets and pottery of the Southwestern Indians, the beadwork and leather of the Northern Indians, and the baskets of our Eastern and Western aborigines are really beginning to come into their own. In the development of a distinctive American art it may well be that historians of a future time will give a prominent place to the patient, sincere craftsmanship of such unassuming characters as Mary, the Pomo squaw.

—CRAIG HENDERSON.

Her Job is to Keep People Married

[*Continued from page 34*]

The writer nodded.

"Then," continued Mrs. Anglin slowly, thoughtfully, "I can answer your questions. The average marital failure is never wholly the husband's fault. The wife is always to blame, too. In a great number of cases the blame is fifty-fifty. Behind a husband's desertion or unkindness we usually find intolerable home conditions."

"What are some of these conditions, Mrs. Anglin? In what specific ways are women today falling down on the wife-job?"

For a long moment she was silent, toying with a pencil as she looked back over her years of Family Court experience. Suddenly she said emphatically:

"Before I answer that, let me go further back and point out that the big general reason for the prevalence of marital unhappiness in this country today is that people are leaping into marriage without looking. Getting married rashly, impulsively, thoughtlessly (and hence mistakenly) is the bane of our modern social order.

"Add to this the fact that most of these couples refuse to make the best of the situation, as their grandparents most certainly would have done, but rush to the courts at the very first sign of friction, and you will understand why we have so many disrupted homes today.

"You will understand, too, why we have so many inefficient wives. And—now I am answering your question—in my opinion all-round inefficiency is the great wife-sin of present times. The modern girl rushes recklessly from business into matrimony overnight. She is wholly untrained. She has not the least idea how to keep house, to raise children, or to make a man comfortable and happy. And like all foolhardy workers undertaking a highly technical job for which they are untrained—she fails."

THIS failure, Mrs. Anglin went on to explain, takes form in certain disastrous wife-faults which, if not corrected, will drive any man from home. These she listed as follows: (1) slovenly housekeeping, with crying and unkempt children; (2) the tendency of the childless wife to become a vapid, stupid companion through living a petty life within four walls; (3) jealousy; (4) running for advice and sympathy to mother or girl friends; (5) dissatisfaction with the husband's utmost earning capacity; and (6) nagging.

"If I were to cite a seventh, an eighth, and a ninth fault," Mrs. Anglin added sadly, "I would say nagging, nagging, nagging. Nagging has driven more men from home than bad food, money troubles, drink, or all other causes put together. It is a wife's final hopeless blunder. No matter what mistakes she may have made, if she hasn't nagged, reconciliation is always possible. A man will forgive a sweet-tempered woman almost anything.

"But when a husband comes into this court with his chin set, and growls: 'Sure, I'll support the children. But don't ask me to live at home. I've stood her nagging for seven years, and I'm through!'—the case is pretty nearly hopeless."

Here Mrs. Anglin was interrupted by a probation officer who informed her that a certain couple was outside; a Mr. and Mrs. X.

"Will you say a word to the wife? He's on probation, because she came in several months ago and claimed he wasn't earning regularly. He's doing a little better, and he's still living at home. But they've quarreled, and she wants him to leave. There doesn't seem to be any reason why he should. He doesn't want to go. . . ."

Rising, Mrs. Anglin turned to the writer.

"Come along. I know the case. It's interesting."

A moment later, in the big outer room with its rows of desks behind which sat probation officers receiving wives' complaints, Mrs. Anglin and the writer were listening to the fiery accusations and retorts of a very handsome, well-dressed young couple who were hardly more than boy and girl. He was brown-haired, blue-eyed, an American. She was a very pretty, slender, delicately molded girl swathed in a fur coat—a girl of Spanish descent, with the flashing black eyes of her race.

"What seems to be the trouble," asked Mrs. Anglin in her friendly, motherly way. "Do you want to live apart?"

"No," said the man.

"Yes," snapped the wife. "He never keeps a job, and he stays out at night. Besides, he struck me. I'm through."

"You hit me first!" the man broke in.

The wife colored. "I did; but you know why. You came in at two o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, yes; some fellows."

"A woman you mean!" she flashed bitterly.

"I have never looked at a woman since I married you, and you know it. And I'd have held my jobs if you'd given me decent meals and hadn't nagged me to death." He turned to Mrs. Anglin. "The trouble is, I've spoiled her. The first year I even got up and cooked my own breakfast, and she stayed in bed."

"You got your own breakfast!" cried the little wife, springing up. "Why—why, I wanted to get it. And you wouldn't let me. You told me to stay in bed. Now you throw that up to me—as if I wouldn't cook you a breakfast. I'll not stay with you. I'll work and support myself. The court will make you support the baby."

She burst into passionate, angry weeping. The man rose.

"Just a minute. . . ." Mrs. Anglin motioned to them both to sit down. Then she turned first to the man.

"You lived with your mother before you married? Yes. I thought so. And she was an experienced housekeeper. She cooked good meals for you and made you very comfortable. She spoiled you. Then you met a pretty girl at a dance? Am I right? And you begged her to marry you at once. You knew she was a business girl. Probably she told you she couldn't keep house. But you said that would be all right; you'd be patient till she learned. Didn't you? Be honest."

"Yes," said the man, "it was about like that."

"All right. Have you given her a square deal?"

Without waiting for his answer, she turned gently to the wife.

"You were sick of office work when you met this young man, weren't you? Yes, I thought so. And you had an idea marriage would mean a long rest. You figured you'd buy most of the food at the corner delicatessen, and you'd persuade him to go to restaurants for a good many meals. You didn't take housework very seriously. And about not getting his breakfast—that was your first mistake. No matter what a man may say, a wise wife will always get up and cook him a good hot breakfast. She will never send him to work without it.

"Let me tell you, from my years of experience here, that if she doesn't it will be the first grievance he will cite against his wife if they ever come to court. I've seen it happen time and again. Men can't seem to help it. There's some twist in their minds that makes them feel more abused over that one slight—even though they may have insisted on it—than over any other thing. Now, be frank. Don't you think you have been a pretty poor partner?"

BEFORE the wife could reply, Mrs. Anglin rose.

"I'll just sound this one more warning. This is to both of you. You say you have a little boy? Do you love him?"

"Yes," said both quickly, huskily.

"It's for the kid's sake I think we ought to stay together," said the man.

"You ought—if you can stop quarreling. I suppose he's overheard you fighting? He's seen you strike each other?"

They were silent, though the girl gulped.

"Then let me tell you this. There was a couple in here yesterday with a little boy whose eyes had turned inwards—just from fright at seeing his parents quarrel. He is incurable. All their lives they will have to care for him and feel they were responsible."

There was a long, deep silence in our corner of the big room. All around us rose the murmur of voices—voices of men and women, tearful, angry, hopeless, forgiving, weary. It was as if all the marital sorrows of the race had been washed, like a great tide, into that busy room.

Suddenly the young wife looked up. Her face was still tear-stained, but it was chastened, softened.

"He can stay. I'll try to do better," she said.

The man's face lighted, the joy and relief fairly leaping out of his brown eyes.

"So will I," he promised. He turned to Mrs. Anglin. "You won't see us in court any more." And tucking his hand under the arm of his wife, he led her away.

"That case," Mrs. Anglin remarked to the writer as they returned to her private office, "happens to illustrate most of the wife-faults I cited. That girl was typical of the young wives who come in here—clever, pretty girls with rouged faces and silk stockings and French heels, who can't cook a disgestible meal or tend a baby or manage a man. 'I didn't marry you to wash dishes'—how many times I've heard one of them say that!

"And at the very same moment the husband will be complaining: 'I haven't any home. My wife shops or runs to the movies. The house is filthy, there's no dinner ready, the children are crying. I'm hungry and tired. And if I say anything—bang! She takes the children and goes to her mother's. Then she hauls me into court. Is that fair?'

"It isn't fair! Successful marriage is not built on any such shifting sands of feminine selfishness. And every day more deserted wives are finding it out.

"No man should be expected to live in a dirty house, to eat badly cooked food, to spend his evenings listening to unruly children. And few men will—for long. So much for the first wife-fault.

"The same," she continued, "may be said of the second wife-blunder—that of getting into a narrow mental rut. This is a mistake the childless wife is most likely to fall into. For any home blest with lively, growing, well-reared children contains as much variety and excitement as the average three-ring circus."

Mrs. Anglin went on to point out that gray monotony cannot settle on a couple surrounded by wide-awake boys and girls who are daily bringing their friends and interests into the home.

"Children are an absorbing interest, and often hold together in comfortable happiness a man and wife who would have wearied of each other and parted, otherwise. If all young wives could realize this—that the one permanent hold on a man's affections is a lovable child—there would be fewer childless wives and fewer divorces today," she declared.

The childless wife should continue to educate herself, to read and to learn. She should keep wide awake and abreast of the times, not only scanning the newspapers but attending as many lectures, and meeting as many thinking people, as her household duties permit. She should have a hobby, and encourage her husband to have one.

"Above all," emphasized Mrs. Anglin, "she must cultivate a sense of humor. Not at her husband's expense. Oh, never! That is fatal. A man cannot endure being laughed at. Neither will he endure a sour, humorless mate with only household mishaps to relate to him at night . . . the fact that the milkman left sour cream that morning, that Mrs. So and So next door made a catty remark, or that the rug bought last week is beginning to wear.

"A man, like a baby, has to be kept interested. That's part of a wife's job. And it ought to be the pleasantest part. It's where the real companionship comes in.

"But to return to our wife-faults . . ." Mrs. Anglin glanced down at the list jotted on her blotter. "We have come to jealousy. I have already told you that the accusation most frequently made by husbands in this court is, 'She wouldn't get up and cook my breakfast.' Now let me add that the most usual wife complaint, after nonsupport, is 'There's another woman.'

"Usually there is no truth whatsoever in the charge. In many cases the husband is a meek, mild little man who, although extremely polite to women, is horribly afraid of them. Yet it is useless to try to point this out to a jealous wife. Jealousy is a sickness—a pathetic dementia."

Mrs. Anglin went on to tell—half in pity, half in amusement—of a case which had recently come into the court. The man was a street car motorman: a splendid type of American, unselfish, sober, industrious. He worked very long hours, never taking a holiday year in or out. Yet his wife was not satisfied with what he gave her to run the house on, declaring that he was spending his money on other women. She said that he left home an hour earlier every morning so as to visit some other woman.

The poor fellow was investigated by the court. And it was discovered that he was the victim of his wife's fanatical jealousy. He was a plain, homely, fat, middle-aged man. Where she got the sheik concept of him he couldn't imagine. When asked, he shook his gray head in bewilderment. But he declared that she had gone to the superintendent of the road and reported him as a desperate flirt. And this having no effect, she had armed herself with a china cup and a hat pin one day, got on his car and had threatened to strike and stab him. Every time a pretty girl got on and paused for change, his wife had flown at him, charging him with flirting.

"That case is still not settled. He is very kind, very patient. He loves her, and he thinks the children need her care. She is sane in every other way. He thinks she will get over this when her health is a little better."

Mrs. Anglin pulled open a drawer, took out a scrawled letter, tore off a name, and handed it over.

"Read that if you wish another proof that jealousy may easily become insanity. That letter was written by a wife whose crazy jealousy drove her husband from home. She is determined he shall return. Would you—if you were the man? He is in hiding at present."

The letter, in part, was as follows:

> Phylip . . .
>
> My first husband . . . I framed him up and it cost him a fortune. But you, I will frame you up so hard that you will never come out of it. If I find out that this letter is shown to the probation officer, I will not be responsible for your life. If you want to do something . . . you'll have to see me this week. Do not forget . . . that your life will not be worth a cent; and you'll have to watch every move you make. This will be the first and last letter I will write you.

Mrs. Anglin sighed as she restored the letter to its place in the drawer.

"Pitiful, isn't it? Jealousy has never yet held a man back from infidelity. But it has driven many into it. Years of suspicion, of spying, of accusations, seem to have the effect on certain men of driving them finally into 'giving her something to be jealous of, since she doesn't believe in me anyway.' It's not very manly reasoning, perhaps. But it's human. It's Adam still blaming Eve. 'My wife nagged me to it and I did flirt,' is the twentieth-century version of the old cry."

MRS. ANGLIN went on to say, earnestly, that it is the duty of every wife to build up her husband's morale and self-respect by such an undeviating faith in his integrity, such an unshakable confidence in his honor, that only a cheap cur could betray such implicit trust. If all young wives would do this, she declared, the problem of infidelity would be half solved.

Instead, all too often, a jealous bride makes it a practice to discuss her every suspicion with her mother or her "dearest girl friend." Thus her troubles are enlarged upon, and she is sent back home primed for a scene and possibly a separation.

"This brings us to our fourth wife-fault," continued Mrs. Anglin, "that of permitting mother or girl friend to steady one's marital altar. It is a foolish blunder. Meddlesome mothers have spoiled almost as many marriages as nagging. When in-laws prove aggressive, they should be treated as outlaws. If they were, there would be fewer separated couples today.

"But even worse than the officious mother-in-law, in my opinion, is the 'dearest girl friend.' She is a day-and-evening pest. She entices the young wife to leave her dishes and run to the movies. She brings disturbing gossip into the home, breeding discontent. But, worst of all, she makes the young couple's home her club. She 'drops in' at all hours, particularly at dinner time, sitting at the table and chattering of things no tired, serious man can take any interest in. She is a nuisance, a bore, and an expense."

Mrs. Anglin gave a little laugh. Then she told of a young husband who had been driven from home by a "dearest girl friend," and been brought to court by his indignant wife on a charge of nonsupport.

"I'll come home, when my wife gets rid of that professional dinner guest," he assured the probation officers. "I only undertook to support one woman."

His wife, thoroughly frightened, banished her "chum," and the husband came home thankfully.

In another instance, where the wife's tears and protests that she couldn't be parted from her "dearest girl friend" prevailed, the husband accepted the situation in despair. But before he left the court, a wise probation officer drew him aside for a word of motherly advice. And as a result, he, too, imported a "dearest friend": a loud-voiced drummer who put his feet on the table and told funny stories till midnight, bellowing with laughter. In one week this nightly caller had driven the "dearest girl friend" away forever. And in a month he too was banished, the wife having admitted that she saw the point.

"As to the next, and fifth wife-mistake—discontent with a man's best efforts at earning," declared Mrs. Anglin, with a ring of indignation in her voice, "there is no crueler thing in domestic life! Surely any sane woman must realize that contempt or criticism will eventually break down a man's morale, whereas patient faith and encouragement will work miracles, developing in him latent powers and abilities.

"We are all capable of more than we do. And many a wise woman has spurred a man on to great achievements, lifting him out of mediocrity into brilliant success. Sometimes a man does get into a rut. He needs to be vigorously aroused, so he will try his wings. But—behind these energetic urgings there must always be a respect, a sincere conviction that he possesses unusual ability. Otherwise a wife's efforts will only become another form of nagging."

Of the thousands of disgruntled wives who stream into the Family Court each year, Mrs. Anglin went on to say, perhaps a sixth of them express contempt for their husband's earning powers. In many cases these wives were business girls, with larger salaries before marriage than the husband possesses after ten years of wedded life. And they are too petty and conventional, too concerned with neighbors' opinions and standards, to thank God for a moderately happy, comfortable home life.

"It is a class of women with whom I have little patience," said this executive with a flash of her blue eyes. "Usually behind such a woman you find a discouraged little man who sidles into court like a whipped dog. She has spent twelve years or so in making him ashamed of himself; and yet she wonders why he isn't a brilliant business success.

"It never seems to occur to her that he is what she has made him. Often men come into this court who are mentally unfit for work, so engrossed are they in family troubles. Let a man return every day for years from the harassments of the business world to a home where complaining is the rule, and something is bound to break—his moral restraint, his health, or his mind."

Mrs. Anglin sat silent for a moment, lost in thought.

"It's strange. The unselfish woman is nearly always married to the brute; and the unselfish man to a hard, domineering woman. Of course the reason's plain. The selfish do the choosing."

She glanced down at the list of wife-faults on her blotter.

"There's one more. Nagging! I've already said a good deal about that. You know how a rush of steam proves that there's something wrong with the boiler. It's like that with nagging. It lets a husband know—and usually the world too—that a woman is falling down on the wife-job. The fretful wife is always the unsuccessful wife."

"What are some of the things wives nag about, Mrs. Anglin?" inquired the writer. "The principal things?"

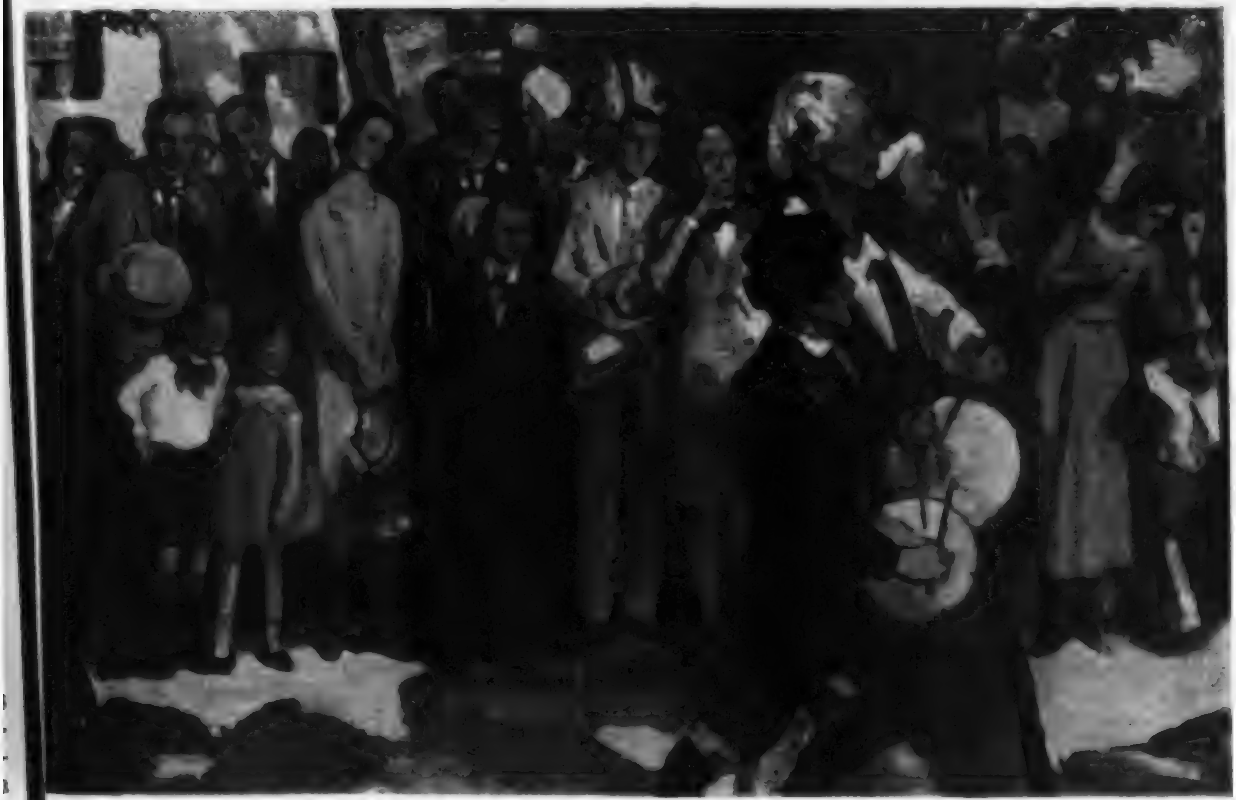
"Oh—muddy overshoes, bathroom faucets left dripping, guest towels used by mistake, tobacco strewn about, a boisterous laugh, an occasional silent mood, using the wrong fork, a leaning toward girl shows instead of Shakespearian drama, dull jokes often repeated, rough teasing, little errors in grammar, snoring, positive opinions, putting his feet up on the good chairs. Isn't it pitiful that marriages should be wrecked on silly little things like these! And yet they are.

"How much better, how much wiser, for a wife who feels she must have her way in little things to gain it by tact!"

MRS. ANGLIN told of a clever bride—the grandniece of a great American statesman—who, on getting settled in her new home, came very near having a bitter quarrel with her

When Fourth of July bands are playing—and the cannon are roaring out their celebration of another day of Independence and Freedom

—have a Camel!



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RIGHT

"I HAVE BEEN USING Fleischmann's Yeast for six months and it has done wonders for me. I was under treatment for indigestion but nothing seemed able to relieve the intense pain. A friend of mine called my attention to Fleischmann's Yeast. I started to take it and almost immediately I had fewer attacks of indigestion. Now I am enjoying good health. My skin is clear and I feel rested when I wake in the morning."

MILDRED HARRIS,
Springfield, Mass.

BELOW

"MY ENTIRE BODY, on account of chronic constipation, was completely run down. This condition brought about heartburn, dull eyes, a sallow skin blotched with pimples and recurrent boils. On the advice of a specialist, I began to take two Yeast cakes every day. The result: Within five weeks my stomach was restored to normal working order. Today my body is vigorous and healthful."

R. W. HELSER, Philadelphia, Pa.

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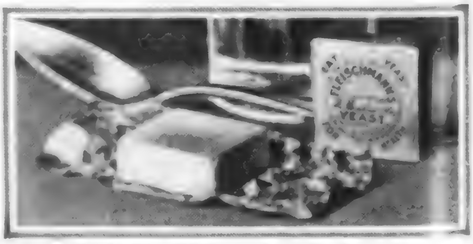
Their ills corrected—youthful vitality again—through one food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-30, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

husband. For he insisted that the living-room bookcase be placed in the middle of the side wall, while she was equally determined it should be near the window. Being the descendant of a diplomat, however, she submitted graciously to her husband's request. The bookcase was placed against the side wall, just where he desired it. But every day thereafter she moved it one inch. And by the time, many months later, when it had finally reached the window, he had completely forgotten their discussion. Or else, his stubborn moment past, he was now able to laugh at it all, deep down inside himself.

Mrs. Anglin threw back her head in an appreciative laugh.

"That is an example of perfect husband-management!

"Now," she continued: "here's an example of the other sort of thing. One day, just a few weeks ago, a very well-dressed woman, the type you recognize as the middle-aged wife of a prosperous business man, was presenting her case to one of our court interviewers downstairs.

"I happened to be passing by, and I saw that this petitioner in the Family Court was a woman of my own acquaintance, with a beautiful home in a fashionable suburb outside New York. I had always thought of her as a particularly fortunate wife.

"I stopped to learn the facts. After twenty years of extremely happy married life, her husband, several weeks before, had begun to act strange. He had grown morose and cold, even rude to her. Shocked at the change in him, she had nagged steadily, trying to get him to tell her what was the matter. He had evaded her questions.

" 'But I kept on asking,' she assured me firmly.

" 'I'm sure you did,' I thought to myself rather grimly. But I only said: 'Well?'

" 'He's still queer. He won't talk. I can't imagine what's the matter! I'm about crazy! I can't stand it any longer! I'm going to leave him!'

" 'How will you earn your living?' I asked.

" 'Somehow!'

" 'Livings aren't earned somehow,' I warned her. 'You're not prepared to go out into the world and earn your living. Now, why don't you try a little patience? Remember the twenty happy years you've had. Some of the people who come in here haven't had twenty weeks of happiness. Quit questioning him. Quit nagging. Just be sweet and loving and thoughtful. And wait!'

"She commenced to weep. There was a very pretty young stenographer in his office, a new girl. She was sure he was interested in her.

" 'Well—perhaps he is,' I returned brutally. I was irritated at her lack of fighting spirit. 'Are you going to help the girl take him away from you? Nagging will do it.'

"That woke her up. With a new light in her eye, she went home. And I knew that that night when her husband came home he would find a sweet, loving woman awaiting him.

"For two months I heard nothing. Then one day she came in to say that the whole thing had blown over. He was himself once more.

" 'I don't know what it was all about. And,' she added wisely, 'I don't need to know.' "

MRS. ANGLIN glanced at her watch and sprang up. She laughed.

"Well, we've been drawing shining halos around the heads of the men this afternoon. Just to counterbalance that, I'll cite a few little instances of another sort.

"We have a husband on our list who got drunk last month, locked his wife up in a clothes closet, built a fire before the door, and strolled out. The neighbors saved her.

"There's another one, a loving father, who succeeded in railroading his little boy to a reformatory on a trumped-up charge, to get him out from underfoot. The child has just been rescued.

"There is still another gentleman, who, after being put out of his own apartment and refused admittance to every rooming-house in the neighborhood, because he was dangerously drunk, returned home, showed a two-dollar bill, and begged to be taken in overnight in exchange for that. He was admitted. A patient, long-suffering wife and children fed him and put him to bed. He gave them the bill, then stole it back early the next morning when he took his final departure from their lives.

"On our list, also, is a young Italian who married his boarding-house landlady in New York, convincing her by means of faked proofs that her husband in Italy was dead. This young man got possession of her savings, some eight hundred dollars, and decamped. She can do nothing but weep, for it was bigamy.

"Then there is a brilliant, erratic, irresponsible scenario writer who declares, due to an accident of birth, that he is a Man Without a Country. He seems to glory in the fact. He has also proved to be a man without a conscience. For his deserted wife and children, being able to afford no other lodgings, finally took up their abode in a windmill on Long Island. The owner protested, but they refused to be budged, having nowhere to go. One day the mother went to town for a few hours, and some one—supposing she had gone for good—boarded up the windmill. The children were boarded up in it. And this was the situation she found when she returned at dusk. She got them out; and when last heard of the pitiful little family was living in somebody's abandoned house-boat.

"Finally—there is Dominicus! Dominicus who nursed a secret sorrow! His second wife and children were almost starving. But Dominicus could not hold a job. Because there was a 'trouble on his mind.' He was worrying about his first wife's burial attire. 'Every night she come to me. She tell me she was buried without her slippers. She cannot rest,' he would tell the court. It was a problem no court could solve. But finally Dominicus settled it himself. He borrowed a sum of money and bribed some cemetery employees to exhume his first wife and put some slippers on, or so they assured him.

"The next day he rushed into court, radiant with happiness. 'She come to me last night. She has her slippers, she say. Now she can rest. And Dominicus can keep a job; work hard.' The probation officer heaved a sigh of relief. And so did the famished-looking wife."

Mrs. Anglin shrugged, then a smile crept over her face.

"All interesting sidelights on the sterner sex? As I have said before, it is fifty-fifty, this married-life problem."

A California Lion Rancher

[*Continued from page 140*]

"We will begin with our kindergarten class," Mrs. Gay decided approaching a "den" where a dozen tiny cubs rolled about with the zestful abandon of plump Newfoundland puppies. "These," she said, "have just been taken from their mothers, and so they feel quite grown up and adventurous. Aren't they funny and cuddly and lovable?" she asked, as they crowded against her with every indication of pleasure. "They are about two months old, but they are not the tiniest ones we have. I must show you the two wee babies I have in the house."

"Real babies?" I inquired.

"Real baby lions," Mrs. Gay declared. "They arrived in this world very recently, for they are less than a week old. Their mother being rather clumsy, absent-mindedly stepped on them and her sharp claws tore great wounds in their tender sides. But they are healing nicely now and there won't be any scars."

"But to have lions in the house—" I ventured. "Somehow, it seems that even though they are gentle and fond of you, they might make a lot of trouble."

"Not a bit more than a couple of kittens," the Lady of the Lions insisted defensively. "See the group in the next enclosure? The biggest one, Prince Daniel Rolph, is nineteen months old and just beginning to grow his mane. He was the only one in his litter and, because of that, his mother was ashamed to own him. I took him into the house and kept him there until he was seven months old and he got too big to have underfoot. He was so full of life that he used to tear through the house like a young hurricane. When he couldn't think of anything else to do he would ask to go out, and then he would scratch at the door and cry to come in, exactly like a pet kitten or puppy." Nice idea, keep a young lion around the house; it brightens the home!

As she spoke, Mrs. Gay stroked the upturned face of the husky young lion and, with little pats and friendly greetings, included the rest of the sturdy, active animals as they circled affectionately about her. "It is time to feed the babies now," she decided as with final strokings, she left the lions at the gate. I heaved a great sigh of relief when I noticed how securely she fastened it behind her.

"We feed the babies with the bottle on a three-hour schedule and they are always ready, as you will soon see," she predicted, leading the way back to the house where the two alert and chubby cubs raised their voices in importunate demands.

"HOW did you think of going into this business?" I asked, when after deep bass gurglings and grunts betokening infinite satisfaction, the bottles were emptied and the two little baby lions contentedly drifted off to sleep.

"I didn't think of it, consciously, for quite a while. Then all at once the thought leaped into desire with such intensity that I realized how, unknown to myself, I must have been preparing for it for some time. To you, it may seem a long story, but to me the development has been amazingly rapid. When I tell you that I was a newspaper woman, busily gathering facts for a big London daily, you will quite naturally assume that lion raising and training was a subject entirely foreign to any plans I had for earning a livelihood. Of course London reporters do in a way pursue lions, especially in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament. But such 'lions,' while occasionally vicious and given to roaring, usually wear silk hats and have long strings of letters after their names.

"Ten years ago, in the course of my work, I met Charles Gay who proved to be not only a widely acclaimed trainer of wild animals, but a Hercules endowed with such a persuasive appeal that, almost before I knew what was happening, I heard myself saying 'I will,' and found myself firmly enmeshed in the bonds of matrimony!

"After a brief honeymoon, my husband, who was then employed as a trainer by a world-known firm of animal exhibitors, took passage for New York on a freighter with a cargo of wild animals for which he was responsible. According to arrangements, I followed a few days later on a liner and, when I arrived in America, proceeded to demonstrate the fact that I intended to be a good wife by helping my husband save his money.

"At the end of four years we had an opportunity to buy three lions. They were named Rosie, Cyclone, and Mary and they proved that they were willing to aid us in every way. For, within a few weeks after their purchase, Rosie presented us with a fine young family, and, much to our joy, she repeated the performance in another six months. Mary also proceeded to do her bit.

"How we worked with those lions! Mr. Gay took over the old ones, and, under his direction, I devoted myself to the babies, and so we kept on until we saw a good opening in the motion picture patronage and established our first 'farm' in Los Angeles. Gradually the idea of a real farm began to assert itself. We were already beginning to be crowded in our city quarters. Since we were determined that we would not offer stock for sale until we had a reserve supply of at least one hundred lions on the home place, it became imperative to find a suitable location where we might build permanently and expand as we desired. The urgency for this move was all the more obvious because we were soon due to get returns from the first young lions that had been born six years before.

"We selected this country property because of its nearness to Los Angeles, to the motion picture studios, and because of its excellent boulevard frontage. A year ago, when we came here, this five acre tract was just a ploughed field. Eight months later, with our buildings erected, our lions and their enclosures in order and our African setting perfected in character and detail, we opened the farm to the public as an educational exhibit. The response was immediate and we have never since found it necessary to tell the public where we are. People seem to know it instinctively and they are eager to see and learn all about the lions."

"It must have taken an enormous amount of money to finance such a proposition as this. Did you form a company and secure the necessary backing?" I asked, remembering her remark that lions do not reach maturity until they are seven years old, that in conformity with their original plan, no lions had been sold, and that the total aggregation of seventy-three then at the farm were constantly eating their way through wagon loads of beefsteaks. And steaks so high, too! Yet even this super "chow" bill would become a minor consideration when itemized beside the large expenditure entailed in the substantial buildings and equipment.

"We formed a company," Mrs. Gay admitted with a smile, "but it is emphatically a close corporation, operated on a fifty-fifty basis by Mr. Gay and myself. There is not one penny of outside capital invested."

"Do you mean that you saved enough money from your husband's salary to do all of this?" I asked incredulously.

"I helped him save sufficient cash to buy our first three lions," Mrs. Gay explained with convincing candor. "It is from motion picture patronage and exhibition fees that we have since made the more tangible accumulation. You know, of course, that horses and dogs rank with stars of highest magnitude in motion picture work. Well, this is supremely true of lions. Since we have been here and have increased our ability to properly stage spectacular features, many 'sets' have been built and producers frequently spend two or three weeks out here filming definite scenes. Our 'admission patrons' get a tremendous thrill from watching these pictures in the making, and, on request, we send cards to an ever lengthening list of importunate patrons who want to be with us at such times."

"Some of your older lions must be very valuable," I suggested as we paused before an enclosure where two magnificent lions padded stealthily about in the fine, loose soil.

"WE VALUE Numa at $30,000, but we would not sell him at that price, for he has already earned practically that amount just from his motion picture appearances. Numa is known the world over as the 'motion picture lion.' He does all sorts of stunts, you know, even crawling into bed with some of his admirers. Pluto is another famous lion and Mr. Gay is doing some remarkable work with him right now. We both feel that we are really just beginning to build up the marvelous exhibit this will some day be. In addition to our location and setting, you see, we already have the finest lions in existence. Their lithe, supple bodies, pliable skin and happy dispositions could be found only in animals in the pink of condition. Ordinarily, with lions, that would mean only in their wild state. But these lions are out of doors all day long and have ample exercise, proper food, fresh air and sunshine, and the equally important contact with the earth, which is far more essential than most people realize. That is why they are all vigorous and of the superb development that you see.

"Fresh meat is of course the diet of the half grown and adult lions, but as soon as we take the babies from their mothers and until they have passed their infancy, we feed them on goat's milk and fresh eggs. And, just to show that we are unwilling to take chances and face a sudden cessation of quality or supply, we have a herd of goats and a flock of hens and ducks diligently providing nourishment for our baby lions."

"Why do you take the tiny cubs away from their mothers?"

"Because, reverting to the jungle-bred instinct of self-preservation, when they are six or eight weeks old the mother will teach them to growl and be combative and to shun human contact. We begin to train them the moment they are taken from the cage and the first thing we do is to accustom them to intimate, human association. There is nothing difficult or dangerous about it in the early stages. The main thing is to learn the individuality of each lion and, having won his confidence, never to abuse it."

"I had pictured them in separate cages and was surprised to see them in such joyous groups. Aren't they ever ugly or snappy?" I asked.

"They are like the rest of us, distinctly themselves. One may be the personification of good nature, while another is inclined to be grumpy, and sometimes even vicious, but through kindly treatment and judicious group handling, this inhibition wears away and harmony prevails. Each lion has his own special cage where he eats and sleeps and thus secures restful privacy and time for meditation when he wants it. That makes him all the more appreciative of the daily intercourse with the class or group, to which he is assigned."

"How can you tell them apart and call them by name?"

"How can a mother recognize her children, or a teacher her pupils? It is precisely the same principle and equally as simple in operation. Working with them constantly as we do, we soon place them properly. We see the cubs as soon as they are born. As a rule, they weigh anywhere from a pound and a half to two and a half pounds at birth and there are three or four of them in a litter. Incidentally, the average lioness evidently considers it a waste of time to feed and care for a smaller family."

"You said this was a fifty-fifty proposition," I reminded Mrs. Gay, "but in our journey about the farm you have directed workmen, answered innumerable questions, welcomed a number of visitors, and attended to an infinite amount of detail. I have been wondering just where your partnership begins and ends."

"I really don't know any stopping point," she admitted thoughtfully. "In fact I think I can safely say that there is no end to my interest and willingness to aid in making our joint enterprise a success. I was brought up to do well whatever I attempted to do and I am seeing this through in the only way I know, and that is doing my best toward understanding and solving every phase of the work. My special responsibility is the financial side of the business. I keep the books, attend to the purchasing of supplies and the general disbursement of funds. That in itself is a big job and I am glad my partner feels that I am filling it acceptably."

"Indeed he does," Mr. Gay agreed, as he joined us en route to the house. "I've been managing lions for more than twenty years, but it is only since I secured this efficient little manager that I have made real progress. Have you told our guest the secret of your success?" he asked his wife with a quizzical smile as, tall and bronzed, he towered high above her.

The Lady of the Lions looked up with an answering twinkle in her eyes. "I've told her that all of this has come about because I liked my job and stuck to it," she said.

—CHRISTINE EMERY.

Harvey Garrard's Crime

[*Continued from page 67*]

"You had better let me have it," Harvey instructed. "At what time is it necessary that it should be handed in to the bank?"

"Provided the funds are there or some arrangement has been made, any time before four."

"I will go there immediately after lunch, then."

The cashier fidgeted for a moment nervously. One hand which was gripping the back of a chair showed white about the knuckles. With the other he was continually smoothing the lapel of the worn front of his frock coat.

"If you will excuse the liberty, sir," he ventured, "do you anticipate being able to make any arrangement with the bank concerning the bills?"

"I fancy there will be no difficulty," Harvey assured him. "I was not, of course, able to put my hand upon such a large amount of cash at a minute's notice, but I have some satisfactory securities which I am prepared to offer them."

"Thank God, sir!"

Harvey leaned back in his chair and looked at his manager with a new curiosity.

"Sit down, Greatorex," he invited.

The cashier obeyed promptly. He was a wan figure of a man, thin and lanky, but there was a certain strength in his face. He had a shrewd, firm mouth and a good forehead.

"Greatorex," his employer continued, "you seem relieved to find that we are likely to tide over our immediate difficulties. Let me ask you a plain question. This business is without a doubt in a bad way. Do you think it is possible to reestablish it?"

The man hesitated.

"Not under the present conditions, sir," he acknowledged sorrowfully.

"What I want to get at," Harvey persisted, "is just what is wrong in those conditions."

Greatorex still hesitated.

"Mr. Armitage used to tell me, sir, that I had no vision," he said diffidently. "That I was a bookkeeper and couldn't see further than my ledgers. He may have been right, sir, but at least I have been able to see some of the mistakes this firm has made during the last seven years. We have entrusted all our buying to agents, sir, for one thing, and if I might venture upon a little latitude of speech I should say that our buying had been automatic rather than inspired. We have bought just when stocks were low and not when a good opportunity presented itself."

"I follow you," Harvey admitted briefly. "Now about our selling?"

"Our travelers lack a free hand," Greatorex continued earnestly. "They have to sell at one price, and our principle seems to have been—Mr. Armitage's principle—to lose the business rather than ever make a cut. As markets are at present our values are all too high, our travelers are tired of making offers which are always refused, and we lose prestige as well as the business itself."

"YOU are giving me some excellent ideas," Harvey assured him. "Now during the next hour or so kindly prepare for me a list of the monthly sales for the past three years. Let me also have your latest stock list at cost and selling prices. How many travelers do we employ?"

"Seven, sir. One for Scotland and the north of England, two for the Midlands, one for the Eastern Counties, one for Bristol and the West of England and two for London."

"Are any of them on the premises?"

"The three most important ones are here today, sir, and our London men are within call. Mr. Poynton is our best man. He came home from Leicester yesterday in a most depressed state."

"At five o'clock," Harvey directed, "I shall be glad if you would bring to this office the travelers, the heads of the departments, and come yourself. In the meantime kindly prepare those figures I asked you for. I will change my plans for the day. I will go to the bank at once and you can have the particulars I want ready for me when I return. Don't forget the stock list with the cost and selling prices."

"Everything shall be in readiness, sir," the manager promised.

"In less than an hour, then," Harvey announced, rising to his feet and reaching for his hat, "I shall be back."

There was no suggestion of the impecunious client about Harvey when he descended from his Rolls-Royce, threw away his cigaret and entered the bank with an assured air. His demand to see the manager was, if anything, on the peremptory side. He was ushered without delay into the private office, and immediately made himself comfortable in an easy-chair.

"I have brought you back the advice for these bills, Mr. Poulton," he announced, passing the slip of paper across the table. "I haven't been able in this very short time to realize much in the shape of cash for you, but I am proposing to deposit a million dollars' worth of American Treasury Bonds which I presume you will consider adequate security."

"A million dollars' worth, did you say, Mr. Garrard?" Mr. Poulton exclaimed.

"At today's exchange," Harvey continued, as he produced the packet of bonds, "this should be more than sufficient to meet the bills and wipe out the overdraft. So far as I can see we have no acceptances due at all until the fourth of next month. We shall require these met and to perhaps overdraw to a moderate extent."

"That is quite in order, Mr. Garrard," the manager admitted, turning over the bonds. "A reasonable amount of accommodation to a firm of the standing of yours, it has always been the bank's pleasure to afford."

"No doubt," was the somewhat curt reply. "On the other hand nothing but very careless management has rendered the overdraft necessary. I intend to remodel the business within the next few months."

Mr. Poulton was tactless.

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

Harvey looked at him with upraised eyebrows.

"We grew a little too opulent, I think," Harvey observed. "Too satisfied with holding just what we had. I imagine that business is very much like life—one must go backward or forward. A stationary position is impossible. . . . Well, I won't detain you any longer, Mr. Poulton. I have a busy day before me. Send the usual note to my cashier that you are holding these bonds as collateral security. Good morning!"

Harvey sauntered out of the bank in leisurely fashion, escorted to the steps by the manager, a smiling, distinguished presentment of a class a little alien to the neighborhood. In every respect, as he nodded a good-humored farewell to Mr. Poulton and lighting a cigaret, entered his limousine, he presented the appearance of a man at peace with himself and the world. Nevertheless when the car had started, he leaned back in his corner and there was for a moment a haggard look in his face. He had burned his boats. Henceforth the visionary hand of the law would rest always upon his shoulder.

TO BE CONTINUED

What Makes Tilden "Unbeatable"

[*Continued from page 92*]

through a faucet. You might as well be racquetless when you face him. All you can do is say: 'Good Shot' and watch the placement aces go hurtling past.

"NOW a famous figure in tennis circles, he shall be nameless, is called Dick the 'Headless Wonder.' Dick is the only man in tennis, on either side of the Atlantic or the Pacific, who aims to make every stroke an ace, the only man who has no defensive shots, who scorns defensiveness. I have often talked to him about this trait. His answer is:

" 'I'd rather have one perfect day a season on the courts than go on the defensive even for one single shot.'

"Well, of course, that spirit is sublime. But, if he built up a sound defensive-offensive game, he'd still have his big day and he'd keep the rest of us on the jump the other days."

"But Bill," I interrupted, "some folks say you have no defensive game. They say even your lobs and back-hand half-volleys are designed for placement aces when they leave your racquet."

Tilden's eyes twinkled, he stretched his long limbs and ran his hands through his hair. Then, a bit of a laugh:

"Well, that's kind of them. But I have a defensive game just the same. I think it's as important as offensive play. Now, when I lost the upper third of this finger three years ago—" he held up his right hand with his abbreviated second digit—"I knew I had to revise my game to remain in the first flight.

"I still had my old spring and speed but I knew I could not depend any longer on outsteadying the other fellow, getting the ball back twenty or thirty times in each rally. Sooner or later, I knew my racquet would turn in my hand because of my unavoidably treacherous grip.

"What was the answer? Why, to shorten the rallies. To draw my opponent out of position sooner for the finishing stroke. So I had to develop more power, make my drives deeper and gain greater accuracy. All that winter, 1922-3, I practiced.

"When I stepped on the courts in the spring of 1923 I didn't know what was going to happen. But I did a Dick Williams and took a chance. The result was that I seemed to be trying to make every shot a kill. As a matter of fact, I was playing for my tennis life. Every shot had to be a forcing one or this finger would go back on me and my racquet would slip. That's all there is to this talk about my attempting a placement ace on every shot. Nobody in the world tries that, laddie, except Dickie Williams."

"Big Bill" emphasized how control of one's nerves in the pinches is half the battle in tennis as in life. Some years ago he was playing a series of exhibition matches throughout the East with Nathaniel W. Niles, of Harvard and Boston. Nat Niles, as any expert on the game will tell you, has style and an assortment of strokes almost matchless in their mechanical brilliancy. Yet, despite his cool exterior (he wears spectacles and has a coldly academic appearance) his nerves were fluttery.

One evening, after he had defeated Niles half a dozen times, Tilden said to J. D. E. Jones, of Providence, a wealthy patron of the game:

"Tomorrow I'm going to let Nat get me five-three and forty-fifteen on his serve in the deciding game. Then I'm going to pull the match out of the fire."

"Big Bill" did just that. With the count forty-fifteen, Niles served two perfect first balls. After each he dashed into mid-court. In each case, instead of shooting his returns down the side lines, Tilden banged two liners straight at the Boston man. Niles was so flurried he drove the first return into the net, the second over the back stop.

And all he had to do was to block either ball with his racquet, angle the ball down the side line and walk off with the match.

The story of Tilden's sudden rush to the front in tennis is a more remarkable one than most of us have ever stopped to realize. Ten years ago, Tilden was writing tennis for a Philadelphia newspaper. He played in the Middle States and other tournaments and by 1917, when he was twenty-four, he was ranked among the second ten in the national list.

That year of America's entrance into the war, he joined the army. He was training for Signal Corps work at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh when his commanding officer, Col. John W. C. Crooks, came to him and said:

"Mr. Tilden, I am a tennis fan. I know your name. While you are training here I want you to play some matches for the Red Cross."

It was the first time Tilden knew his name as a tennis expert had penetrated beyond the Schuylkill. He became tremendously interested and began working to further improve his game. When the war ended and he was discharged from the service, he went at it harder than ever. Before the end of 1918, he was ranked No. 2 in the country. He had been defeated in the finals of the championships by R. Lindley Murray, the red-haired comet from the Coast.

In 1919, he lost to William M. Johnston. Since then his career has been the marvel of the sport world.

"How did you pull up so suddenly from mediocrity to championship caliber?" I asked. "Was it good professional coaching?"

"Professional coaching nothing!" he replied abruptly. "I have never had a lesson in my life. I don't believe in professional tutelage. Of course, the pros will teach you pretty stroking, correct stance and that sort of thing.

"If you are middle-aged and want to learn proper form and that sort of thing, the professional instructors are of value.

"But the pros cannot supply the will to win—that's the main thing in tennis. A man instinctively knows his weaknesses in tennis. And all of us have weaknesses. On paper, any pro in the country can shoot great holes in Billy Johnston's game or mine or almost any one else's. Yet Billy today, under even conditions, can lick any pro in the world.

"I had a fatal weakness six years ago. I knew it. I had no back-hand drive. My back-hand was a sort of poke or push. I had to develop depth and punch. So I set out to overcome that weakness. I had a job in Providence, Rhode Island. Each afternoon or evening, I went to the only covered court in the city, the one owned by Mr. J. D. E. Jones.

"Mr. Jones is a good player himself and so are his sons, Jed Jr., and Arnold. Hour after hour, I played with the boys and Mr. Jones, had them batter and batter and batter away at my back-hand. Finally I began to crash them back, to angle my shots, to aim for placement aces off my back-hand. By the following spring, I had developed a back-hand passing stroke that has been one of my principal dependencies ever since."

"Then you don't think there is an invariably good and a mathematically bad way to make every shot in tennis?"

"Of course I do," replied Big Bill, "but a fellow who wants to succeed badly enough will learn correct and incorrect form for himself. Instruction isn't necessary.

"Mind you, I am not knocking the professionals. I've had many offers to turn pro—perhaps I may some day. I have the deepest respect for professionals such as George Agutter of the West Side Tennis Club. But many pros teach parlor tactics and they may have ruined as many as they've made. They don't supply fighting heart and the competitive spirit that is so *absolutely essential* in any sport.

"They can't, at least they don't seem to be able to show a youngster how to keep his flag flying high in the face of disaster. You can't expect a paid professional (at three or five dollars an hour) to say to a kid as I do constantly to the boys I coach:

"'Son, you kept your tail between your legs in that match. You've got a better game than he has but he outgamed you.'

Since boyhood, one particular hero has been enshrined in the heart of "Big Bill." Who is he?

"I worshipped this man before I knew him," enthused Bill, "worshipped him because he had brains and personality and was able to accomplish so much by a minimum of effort. After I knew him my respect grew. Think of it—he was champion batsman of the American League for nine consecutive years and led his league at the bat for twelve out of thirteen years. Lord, I shall never be able to equal the record of Tyrus Raymond Cobb!" Be that as it may, Tilden has certainly set a record that tennis champions are likely to be shooting at for a long, long time to come.

"Big Bill" holds that his toughest match since he became universally recognized as the greatest tennis player in the world was his five set encounter with René Lacoste, of France, in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, September, 1925, in Philadelphia. Tilden won this match by the terrifying score of 3-6; 10-12; 8-6; 7-5; 6-2.

Three times Lacoste had the American champion "match point" with two sets to play. Then Tilden rallied and commenced putting over brilliant placements. He won the third and fourth sets and overwhelmed his young adversary in the fifth set.

The critics, amateur and professional, began to throw knives at Tilden. They said the man who'd won eleven successive Davis Cup singles matches owed it to his country not to hippodrome in his twelfth combat.

"There never was a time Bill Tilden couldn't spot Lacoste half-thirty and beat him," wrote one critic dipping his pen in vinegar.

THIS critic and others may be interested in learning that Tilden walked on the court that afternoon suffering excruciatingly from an attack of ptomaine poisoning. I lift the veil upon this little drama of sport, not with Tilden's permission but because I think this explanation is due him after almost a year of silence. I got the true story from one of "Big Bill's" intimates. When I asked Tilden for verification, he said:

"Leave that out, will you. Alibis are so damned common. Besides, you know, when you are suffering from ptomaine poisoning, you get stronger as you exercise and perspire. Sam Hardy didn't think I'd last out the first set against Lacoste, but I fooled him."

On my own authority, I chose to leave the incident in this narrative because to me it illumines the character and the outlook of "Big Bill" Tilden. In a way you have here an epitome of the qualities that have made them call this tennis marvel "the unbeatable."

So You Are Not Superstitious?

[*Continued from page 116*]

4. Do you ignore the fact that wishing on an eyelash will bring luck?
5. How often do you save the wish-bone of a chicken, so as to see when you snap it with a friend, whether or not you will get the short end, which means marriage?
6. Do you say "bread and butter" to avoid ill luck, when you pass on a different side of a post from a friend?
7. Is it bad luck to trim your fingernails on Sunday?
8. Do you believe that "A change of name and not of letter, is a change for the worse and not the better?"
9. When you shiver unexpectedly, do you think: "Some one is walking over my grave?"
10. Would you rock an empty chair and brave the belief that by so doing you were condemning to death the person who owns the chair?
11. Do you bring home a piece of wedding-cake for the cake's sake, or to sleep on it?
12. In your case, do you trace your not marrying in a year to the fact that you stumbled up-stairs?
13. Do you keep the baby out of the moonlight for fear that it may grow blind or become simple-minded?
14. How many butchers have told you that meat killed when the moon was waning would shrink in the pot?
15. When you planted your garden, did your neighbor advise you thus: "Whatever grows above ground must be planted when the moon is waxing; whatever grows underground must be planted when the moon is waning?"
16. Do you believe that, if you find the ring in the bride's cake, you will be married within the year—unless, of course, you are married already?
17. How many times have you repeated to yourself: "Happy the bride the sun shines on, and sad the bride the rain rains on."
18. When you were married, did you insist on "something old and something new, something borrowed, and something blue?"
19. When you have lost something have you tossed a pin in the air, hoping that its point would fall in the direction you should look?
20. Has your nurse told you that a new-born baby must be carried up-stairs before it is carried down?
21. Has a sailor ever told you to stop whistling for fear you would whistle in a gale?
22. If you give a knife as a present, do you also insist on getting a penny back in payment?
23. Do you wish on the first star of the evening: "Starlight, star bright?"
24. Do you believe that a dog howling at night is a sign of death?
25. Why do children—and grown folks, too, as a matter of fact—step over the cracks in the sidewalk? Is it because "stand on sidewalk crack breaks mother's back?"
26. Have you ever been advised to wash your face in dew on May first to remove freckles?
27. When you were a child did you sleep on a tooth in the belief that during the night it would turn into money?
28. Have you any queer feeling about putting your hat on the bed?
29. When your nose itched, have you sneakingly looked for the fool to kiss?
30. Is it only a darky superstition that a snake does not die till sundown?
31. How many times have you gone out wearing some article of dress on the wrong side in the hope that it might bring luck? What has kept you from changing it to the right side?
32. Have you ever met a person who advised you never to cut your nails for fear of becoming a thief, or of stuttering?
33. How many curious remedies have you for the removal of warts?
34. Do you believe that a cat washing its face and passing its paw over its ears is a sign of rain?
35. If two people say something at the same time, should one of them make a wish?
36. Do you believe it bad luck to pass any one on the stairs?
37. Have you been convinced that failure to shave on the morning of an examination always brings good luck?
38. Did you believe when a child that if you never put your tongue in an empty tooth cavity a gold tooth would grow in?
39. If you trip with the right foot, are you sure you will meet a man you know, and if with the left foot, a woman?
40. Do you consider it bad luck if a black cat crosses your path?
41. Do you believe that a bridegroom should not see his bride in her wedding-dress before the ceremony starts?
42. Are you nervous about seeing a black hearse or cutting through a funeral procession?
43. If you spill oil on the floor, is it bad luck?

44. When you sweep, do you always sweep from the outside door in, so as not to sweep your luck out of the house?
45. If a canary bird's cage drops, does it foretell disaster to the house?
46. Do you believe that if a bird comes to the window it is good luck, but if it flies in it is bad luck?
47. Are you afraid to take the last thing on a plate for fear of being an old bachelor or an old maid?
48. When you drop a dish-cloth, does it mean some one is coming to visit you?
49. How many people do you know who carry a rabbit's foot for luck?
50. Do you ever cross your fingers to avert bad luck?

As I have said, every profession has its superstitions. I have asked physicians what superstitions particularly mark their profession, and though they say none, they agree that hospitals succumb to the patient's detestation of the number thirteen, by marking it off the calendar as a time for major operations (unless, of course, there is an immediate emergency). This is done largely in deference to the psychological effect it might have on a patient. Just so the owner of an office building will very often, in numbering his floors, skip the thirteenth! Would you, by the way, pass a comfortable night on the train in berth thirteen, or aboard ship in stateroom thirteen?

THERE is a whole literature of superstitions connected with the stage. Of all persons, the actor has his most flagrant pet avoidances, his overweaning fears. He will do anything to meet such an emergency. Clara Morris once wrote of her instinctive desire to rub an itching palm on wood. One evening she was in the midst of an emotional scene, when her palm began worrying her. She looked about. All the furniture was upholstered! There was no help near at hand. The only piece of wood available was a mantel on the opposite side of the stage. So, what did she do but stop short in her scene, walk across the stage and rub her palm on the edge of the mantel! There was a roar of understanding from the audience. Then Miss Morris walked back to her position, took up the threads of her emotion, and the audience quieted down. It was a dangerous thing to do—thus to play with an audience emotionally wrought up—and only an actress of Miss Morris's sureness could have afforded to tempt the moment.

Ask an actor if he would brave the belief that the "tag" or last line of a play should never be spoken at a rehearsal, otherwise failure of the play is likely to ensue, or the death of the person who thus wantonly speaks it. Miss Morris was frank—perhaps more frank than most of us—in her declaration that she would face any consequences to satisfy her love of opals, but, she added with that terse humor which marked her conversation and her writing, "I would consider that man an enemy of mine who tried to give me an opal." Actors would rather sacrifice their parts than brave the wearing of peacock feathers. Equal to this detestation is the manager's courting the presence of a black cat. Actors have been known to entice these pets behind scenes, and then to worry sick for fear the cat would pass behind rather than in front of them. So honored was the black cat in the history of the Drury Lane Theater, in London, that the manager added one to his regular staff.

Miss Morris's love of the opal opens up a gigantic stream of folk-lore attached to gems. Such an expert on jewelry as Dr. George F. Kunz writes:

> One of the latest Parisian oracles on mystic subjects, the Baroness d'Orchamps, says that emeralds should not be worn by women before their fiftieth year, although men may wear this gem without danger at any age. Sapphires, on the other hand, may be worn by both sexes at all times, since they have a potent influence for good luck. . . . As medicinal gems, the ruby and the moonstone are especially recommended; the former for chronic headaches, and the latter for the manifold forms of nervousness. Lastly, the diamond, if worn on the left side, wards off evil influences and attracts good fortune. The unjustly maligned opal is asserted to be robbed of all power to harm if it be associated with diamonds and rubies.

Disaster may at a moment's notice bring into disfavor something which heretofore has been held in high esteem. Such, we are told, was the fate of the opal, one of the most popular of jewels in Europe some centuries ago. The Venetian jewelers were particularly facile in their manner of setting this gem, and every one sought their workmanship. When, lo, a plague seized Venice, and at its most virulent moment it was noticed that a victim, at the point of death, produced a most peculiar effect on the opal he was wearing. It became brilliant in color, only to become dull when death occurred. A stone that behaved in such manner was immediately endowed with a malignant power, and we can imagine Venetians opening their windows and consigning their valued jewels to the depths of the neighboring canal. Under the conditions of panic which reigned at the time, there was no moment for calm reflection that possibly a skin burning up in fever heat would convey its heat to the stone, and that the chill of death might produce a contrary effect. So it was that superstition against the opal was started.

Superstitions may smoulder in one's being, awaiting the touch which wakens them into uncomfortable action. It would seem that smokers were in the way of forgetting altogether the old belief that it was unfortunate for three persons to get a light from the same match. Then came the War and the superstition was revived with tenfold force. It was said that the reason for this was a perfectly obvious one. Lights were always a menace at night in the fighting zone. In the front lines they were likely to be noticed by an enemy sniper, and in back areas they might attract the passing fancy of a hostile airplane. It is easy to imagine how often a match, kept going long enough to collect three different people and furnish them lights, must have brought down on those three smokers some very unhappy consequence, even if it was only the wandering attention of a Paris M. P. they had attracted. On the other hand, it was said that the old superstition was actually revived by overstocked match companies.

AT ANY rate the War seems to have revived a lot of old superstitions. Any particularly hazardous occupation seems to collect its own peculiar beliefs. Aviation fell heir to most of the war superstitions and invented several others of its own. In the French Air Service it was quite customary to wear a girl's silk stocking on one's head underneath the helmet. It made a comfortable enough knit cap, but there was much more to it than that. The aviator's best girl was supposed to fasten up the other stocking of the pair on the wall of her room, and as long as it stayed up, so did his airplane. Certain French aces always wore all their medals when flying, and there was quite a general practice of shaving and wearing one's best clothes when going on extra hazardous duty.

British fliers had other superstitions, too numerous to mention, and American fliers, even today, have a combination of both.

Superstition, after all, is a species of disease, with its symptoms and its consequent fumes and fevers. We hate to confess that we are in any way limited by such seemingly foolish beliefs, but we are. Our will is often deterred from action by some bugaboo that whispers otherwise; our desires and passions are whipped into frantic action; and our peace of mind is sorely disturbed. There is no reason about superstitions; they bring in their wake moments of pure dread, hence unhappiness. We are suffering from a primitive inheritance.

Every one has noticed that when children ask questions, they are restless, persistent, until they are answered. Then they are satisfied, and go off to play with no questioning as to whether the answer be right or wrong. So with those who believe in superstitions. They have an answer to their doubt; they have a remedy for their ill. They do not question—they merely cross their fingers if they pass a white horse on the street, and they look for fortune after they have passed the third white horse. In the South, when I was a boy, it was not so much the third white horse who brought the fortune, but a pretty red-haired girl. So does the same superstition vary with differing localities, just as children's rhyme games and counting out couplets differ north and south, and east and west. Education has nothing to do with the matter. Among school children, superstitions are particularly rampant. One investigator, among eight hundred and seventy-five students, extracted ten thousand common superstitions. The dignified faculty of Harvard University confessed—at least 73.4 per cent. of them did—that certain of their habits and customs were the direct products of superstitions fostered in them during childhood.

Read history and you will find kings and queens bowing before haunted rooms, and fleeing before evil spirits and ghosts. Cæsar stumbled on one of his campaigns, and confusedly told his generals that he did so on purpose, otherwise panic might have resulted among those who believed it a sign of disaster. William the Conqueror fell flat on the beach when he landed in England and his superstitious Normans were almost ready to quit when some one wittily pointed out that thus he was seizing the land. On the other hand, a quite different man in a very different age, Gladstone, when ready to make his maiden speech in Parliament, invoked aid from on high.

Yet there is such a fine line between arrant superstition and the healthy quality of spiritual belief that the one often becomes identified with the other. New religions are often successful by reason of the very appeal they make to the credulous mind of the many who would rather accept than think, rather have an explanation served up ready-made than work one out for themselves. You may be talking with the most intelligent of persons; he may have the profoundest explanations to make regarding the *n*th dimension, or Einstein's theories of relativity, or the ether of space. And still, with all this equipment, he may have in his pocket a horse-chestnut or a piece of potato, in the fond belief that it will cure an occasional twinge of rheumatism. Some people can't stand the steady gaze of any person. Probably this is an excrescence of belief in the evil eye, still widely common in places like southern Italy. There's no such thing, you say? Ask doctors, and they will tell you of mothers who have licked the faces of their children to avert the spell of the medical gaze, intent on necessary examination.

In fact, the more we study this subject of superstition, the more uncomfortable we get, the more we dodge this and that, or court the other thing, always with an intention of playing safe or courting fortune. What fools we mortals be! I say that, and at the same time finger the lucky quarter in my pocket to be sure that— Well, I'm taking no chances.

Supply and Demand

[*Continued from page 138*]

gasoline enough for the run. When I docked there was Fatty waitin' for me.

"Pratt," says he, "I've got a word or two to say to you. I ain't kickin' at your givin' me tit for tat, or tryin' to. Turn about's fair play, if you can call the turn. But it's against my principles to allow anybody to beat me on a business deal. Do you suppose," he says, "that I'd have paid your robber's prices without a word if I hadn't had somethin' up my sleeve? Why, man," he says, "I gave you my *checks*, not cash. And I've just telephoned to the Orham Bank to stop payment on those checks. They're no earthly use to you; see? There's one or two things about high finance that you don't know even yet. Ho, ho!"

I held up my hand. "Wait a jiffy, Mr. Williams," says I. "I guess these checks are all right. When we fust landed on Woodchuck, I judged by the looks of the shanty that Baker hadn't left it for good. I cal'lated he'd be back. And sure enough he come back, in his catboat, on Thursday evenin', after you'd turned in. Them checks was payable to 'Bearer,' you remember, so I give 'em to him. He was to cash 'em in the fust thing Friday mornin', and I guess you'll find he's done it."

His eyes and mouth opened together.

"*What?*" he bellers. "Do you mean to say that a boat stopped at that dummed island and *didn't take us off?*"

"Oh," says I, "Darius didn't feel called on to take you off, not after I told him who you was. You see, Mr. Williams," I says, "Darius Baker was my partner in that wheat speculation I was tellin' you about."

The Only Aquatic Dean in the World

[*Continued from page 141*]

tanned old man or one of his assistants is constantly on duty behind a pair of binoculars.

A series of whistle signals has been arranged by this lake chief to call him should he be out on the water in time of trouble. 'Phone calls locate the scene of a mishap and regardless of where he is "Cap" Isabell can tell the nature and the approximate vicinity of any accident by counting the whistle blasts.

It's the picturesque side of "Cap" Isabell's life that brings him most into the university limelight. His is the talk of the old sailor. His experiences are those of the men who sail ships for a livelihood. And he likes to talk—talk in generalities, hinting at something here and there that he has noticed through the field glasses, a twinkle in his eye, but no names.

"In spite of a little trouble now and then, I like to be with the young folks," he confides.

THERE is always a group that seeks escape from the pressure of scholastic thought and so "Cap" Isabell never lacks an audience for his yarns as he sits in the sun on the boathouse platform. His stories sometimes deal with the days when he donned a diver's helmet and sought the lake bottom in the salvage of a wreck. His memories are replete with tales of tangled gear and twisted air hose and his methods of escape. Then come the yarns with scenes laid above water, all night adrift in a small boat with a storm blowing, or perhaps being marooned amid some deserted wilderness in the biting cold that just precedes the halt of navigation for the winter.

In language at least, "Cap" Isabell differs materially from his fellow deans. If he thinks a girl is "sassy" he doesn't try to call it by a more polite term. Recently when he found a group of expert swimmers on the pier refusing to dive for a man who had gone down he called them a "bunch of cowards." Coming from old "Cap" Isabell no ones takes offense.

This life saving pilot by no means sets up to be the college gossip, but he avers that if he ever wanted to "start something" he might set the campus rocking with gossip. Some students know about "Cap's" binoculars, but there are always some who indulge in love-making on the university side of Picnic Point—desolate and out of sight of every one but "Cap" Isabell and his powerful glasses.

But there isn't any gossip that comes from "Cap." He admits there isn't. Occasionally he has one too good to keep, but it is always a story without names or possibility of identification. That is how "Cap" indulges in his love of a good yarn and still keeps out of rows and hard feelings over such things.

Occasionally some one comes to the platform group with the tale of the latest culmination of a college romance.

"He was a kind of a short, heavy-set fellow with light hair?" Cap queries.

"Let's see, she used to wear a kind of a striped dress and they had that red canoe?"

"Cap's" queries verified, he sits and smiles and smokes. If it were not that he is so necessary as a life saver, he might qualify as a first-class society editor.—FRED L. HOLMES.

Every Day is Flag Day to Him

[*Continued from page 23*]

In the center of the flag is a two-colored whorl, often described as the representation of two inverted, intertwined whales in conventionalized design. It is a diagram of very ancient origin, the symbol of any two opposite elements such as male and female, earth and sky, water and earth. In popular conception it signifies the beginning and end of life. The Coreans believe that the site of the Garden of Eden was in their country, therefore they use this symbol on their flag. The four black diagrams of three parallel lines each at the four corners of the flag are called pakwa. They were invented by a mythical Chinese emperor, have somewhat the same significance as the central design, and form the basis for the oldest of the Chinese classics.

The comparatively new Jewish flag with its two blue bars on a white ground, symbolizes the ancient Hebrew faith by adopting the color and design of the talith or prayer shawl of blue and white stripes which, in Biblical days, Jews were required to wear in the temples. The Mogen-Dovid or star of David, which is emblazoned on the broad white stripe in the center of the flag, is also an ancient Hebrew emblem, symbolizing the twelve tribes of Israel. It is noticed that many Jews carry this emblem as an ornament atop the pole of the American flag. The Jewish flag is now recognized on the high seas.

I asked Mr. Ames if he hadn't something to tell me concerning the actual making of a flag.

"Well," he answered, "today we can manufacture a good-sized flag in an hour. Formerly it required three days to make such a flag by hand. There has been an evolution in the machines for flag-making as well as in machines for every other purpose. When I came into this business we used a machine which turned out a flag in from four to six hours. Twenty years ago, however, a high-powered machine was invented which sews two seams at one time and also sews the stars on both sides of the union at once. This machine, with various improvements, is the one in use today. Our less expensive flags are printed. These comprise twenty per cent. of our output.

"It is erroneous to suppose that all flags are machine-made. The costly silk flags which are displayed in churches, lodges, and various patriotic societies and functions, are entirely hand-made. One costly American flag is the woven flag. This is made up in heavy white silk on which the red stripes are woven. The only objection to it is that a torn stripe cannot be replaced as it can in a flag made up of stripes sewed together.

"All flags made for outdoor use are machine-sewed. The majority of these are made of wool of a finer grade than that used in a business suit. The average life of a flag is about six months. The strain on flags, flying from the tops of New York buildings, for instance, is tremendous because of the velocity of the wind.

ALTHOUGH many people do not know how to hang and properly display our flag, according to Mr. Ames it is a thing they are eager to learn. He had so many requests of this sort that he filed the questions and answers. In a short time he found that they numbered seven hundred. In 1915 he published a pamphlet answering a set of these questions. Since then he has mailed a million copies of this pamphlet.

He gives some of this information in a few salient sentences:

"The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset. There are four exceptions to this rule—one is a grave and three are buildings. The flag flies continually over the Capitol and also over the Senate and House office buildings. And over the grave, in Frederick, Md., of Francis Scott Key, author of 'The 'Star-Spangled Banner,' the flag floats day and night.

"When the flag is flown at half-staff as a sign of mourning at a funeral it should be hoisted to full staff at the conclusion of the ceremony.

"On shipboard the National Flag is the flag to be raised first and lowered last.

"Where several flags are displayed on poles with the National Flag, the Stars and Stripes should be hoisted first and on the tallest and most conspicuous staff. Where two flags are displayed, one of them our National Flag, it should be placed on the right (to ascertain the right of a building face in the same direction as the building).

"When flags are used in unveiling a monument, tablet or statute, they should not fall to the ground but should be carried aloft, forming a distinctive feature of the ceremony.

"When the National Flag is used as a banner the union should be at the left (as you face the flag). When used as an altar covering, the union is at the right (as you face the altar), and nothing should ever be placed upon the flag except the Holy Bible.

"When, in parade, the National Flag is carried with any other flag, it should have the place of honor, at the right. If a number of flags are carried, the National Flag should either precede the others or be carried, in the center above the others, on a higher staff."